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SALVADOR FREIXEDO

LA GRANJA HUMANA

¿Quiénes nos han gobernado desde los albores de los tiempos?

Lectulandia

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This book constitutes the second chapter of Salvador Freixedo's basic trilogy. In it, Freixedo articulates one of his fundamental theories: man is nothing more than a guinea pig, and humanity is a farm, which has been exploited by beings more evolved than us, just as we would our own animal farms.

Without realizing it, the cows, oxen, sheep, and many other animals we exploit happily eat and graze on what we *generously* give them, then, still unaware of the intentions of "their protector," they meekly follow him to the slaughterhouse and sacrifice themselves, although not so willingly.

We're suffering the same fate, according to Freixedo, only in this case we don't know exactly who *the shepherd is.* Freixedo presents four real cases, specifically investigated by him, of this *agricultural exploitation* that these entities carry out on us. Freixedo's investigations point to the *little green men* so often mentioned in magazines, movies, TV series, etc. (who, by the way, are not green but gray in most cases).

Freixedo emphasizes the need for us to realize that these beings LONG AGO stopped walking in our skies, and that we become aware that they are among us.

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Lectulandia

Salvador Freixedo

The human farm

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To Magdalena, my wife, who with me has been an eyewitness
to how the gods play with us.

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WARNING

I don't know if with this book I'm signing my death warrant. I hope someone will defend me. But if not, I'd happily leave this unfortunate planet run by imbeciles and populated largely by sad, crazy ants.

Go..., where to?

I don't know. Only religious fanatics know that for sure.

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INTRODUCTION

This book isn't science fiction, much less a novel based on phantasmagoria imagined by the author or mystical books. This is a book that narrates facts. Inexplicable and even absurd facts, if you will, but real facts, most of which I researched directly. And in some cases, I experienced and even suffered.

The eternal doubters continue to say that in the paranormal world "there are no proven facts." Indeed, for the closed-minded, there will never be enough cases or evidence.

But "the scabies are not in the sheets." The scabies are in the closed head of the some "intellectuals".

The cases I present in this book are concrete and proven, and many of them are evidence that could be relied upon in a court of law and that I have found convincing. Others, however, are merely "circumstantial evidence" that helps us reach certain conclusions.

Does this book have anything to do with the UFO phenomenon and ufology? It has a lot to do with it, and it has nothing to do with it. It has a lot to do with it because it constantly refers to these mysterious devices that fly through our skies and talks about their occupants; and in one respect, it gets to the heart of the "UFO phenomenon."

And it has nothing to do with it because ufology persists in remaining mired at a primary level, devoting its efforts to compiling and even computing statistics on the shapes of the aircraft, the frequency and location of landings, and the size of the occupants. And in this book, that's not given any importance because it ceased to have any a long time ago.

What matters is investigating what these crew members are doing in our world and what they've been doing for thousands of years. But not from their ships, but rather mingling with us on our streets, inside our homes, and, above all, inside our minds.

Because what ufology fails to understand is that these crew members learned many years ago to get out of their aircraft and walk among us doing very strange things.

To present their multiple, hidden, and varied adventures in our world and, above all, to see what our reaction should be, is what I aim to do in this book.

Meanwhile, "ufologists" (what is that?) will continue collecting cases without knowing what to do with them, and will become more confused every day.

On the other hand, this book is not for people who believe that everything that can be invented has already been invented, nor for those who think that science is capable of solving all the mysteries of the world, and that everything that it is not capable of solving is not a solution.

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finding a solution has to be rejected as absurd or non-existent.

In this world we live in, regardless of the vastness of the infinite Universe, there are an enormous number of facts that far exceed the limits of science and cannot be explained by it because they simply exceed the comprehension capacity of our brains.

Furthermore, the entire realm of the spirit—and the Cosmos, according to great astronomers and philosophers, gives the impression of being a gigantic intelligence and is more mental or spiritual than physical—completely escapes the methods and purposes of our science.

So let us enter into the consideration of the strange themes of this book, calm as to what scientists may say against us. "Primary" scientists, if they deign to heed what we say, will for a moment lift their heads from the routine task by which they earn their living and cast us in disdain, considering us to be poor, dream-chasing lunatics or myth-worshipping lunatics.

And they will continue routinely and relentlessly repeating their observations and experiments in their laboratories and clinics, to further their knowledge of the subject and also to provide for their families. God bless them.

They are the workers of science, thanks to whom we improve our instruments and sometimes our health. Humanity must be grateful to them for their arduous work, which often ends up dulling the best qualities of their spirit and intelligence by forcibly and routinely limiting them to a single area of human knowledge. We must be understanding of their disbelief and their shortsightedness.

The other scientists, the "graduates," who are not mere workers of science, repeaters of experiments or recipes, but who go beyond formulas to philosophize about the why of life, and instead of following plans or guidelines laid out by others, design new paths for the mind, becoming architects and strategists of humanity—those will not criticize us. They will simply observe the fruit of our research in the fields of mystery, knowing that life itself is a gigantic mystery.

What enormous pleasure I felt the day I learned that the patriarch of modern "graduate" scientists, the great Albert Einstein, had as his bedside book none other than The Secret Doctrine, by the queen of esotericism—so reviled by mainstream science—Helena Petrovna Blavatski!

And how my spirit rejoiced when I read The Mystical Writings of the World's Most Famous Physicists (Heisenberg, Schrodinger, Einstein, Jeans, Planck, Pauli, Eddington) edited by Ken Wilber (Kairós, 1987)!

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The thesis of the book you hold in your hands is highly audacious, but it is supported by thousands of facts that go unnoticed, intertwined with many others that are woven into our daily lives. However, it sometimes happens that throughout history, incredible figures appear or inexplicable things happen, which curiously do not awaken us from the lethargy into which social theories and religious myths have plunged humanity. Historians, sociologists, politicians, and the great modern mythologists—theologians—each explain them in their own way and according to their knowledge or interests. And humanity continues blindly walking down a dead-end path that only leads to self-destruction.

The thesis of this book is the same as the one I presented in Let's Defend Ourselves from the Gods. But here I delve deeper into it and provide new evidence that the manipulation I described then continues to occur on a large scale, although concealed and hidden behind a thousand veils.

The grand thesis of that book holds that humanity is a farm of the "gods," understanding "gods" as rational beings, usually invisible, superior to man in understanding, who, in the end, are the true owners of the world.

In the order of transcendent ideas, we humans believe what they have made us believe—and this is the origin and essence of all religions—and as far as our knowledge of Nature is concerned, we know what they have let us know.
Until just a century ago, technical and scientific advances were largely due to what these beings communicated to some of their "enlightened" friends.

The amount that primitive tribes—so ignorant in other respects—know about the healing powers of plants, and the amount that the Chinese have known, for millennia, about the bioenergetic currents that flow through the human body, with their corresponding acupuncture points, are just two examples of this "revealed" science. There are many other cases of inventions and discoveries due to some "private revelation."

Today, things have changed radically in this regard. The human race has freed itself from many taboos that the "gods" had made it believe—precisely to prevent it from advancing—and is unraveling the secrets of matter and Nature for itself.

An important circumstance that must be taken into account in this thesis is that these mysterious beings who dominate us from the shadows are neither good nor bad in and of themselves: they simply use us, just as we use animals. Although we hunt them and organize shows with them, we do not hate them: we simply use them for what suits us. If that use involves good treatment (domestic animals, for example), we treat them well; but if that use

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It involves bad treatment (animals slaughtered for our food) we kill them without any remorse.

The same thing is done to us by those beings who dominate the world and the human race.

The great deduction that can be drawn from this is that men are not the kings of the world, as we had believed, nor are we the most exalted of God's creatures, nor are we on the eve of embracing Him eternally if our works have been good during our stay on this planet.

All of these are childish things these beings have fed our egos with so that we remain oblivious to the greater reality that we are their slaves. They are the true masters of the world, and we only do what suits them, for which they have invented formidable strategies that I describe in detail in the book I referred to.

And since I don't want to repeat what I've already written, I'll simply make it clear, because I consider it of great importance for the correct conception of this new way of understanding the world, that not all of these beings are equal. The diversity among them is enormous, much greater than that among humans. If among the latter we find whites and blacks, tall and short, Europeans and Asians, males and females, etc., etc., among the "gods" the varieties are much greater, since our differences only concern external, non-essential qualities—since we are all human beings belonging to the same species—while theirs extend to the very essence of their "persons."

Many of them are radically different from each other, and the only thing they have in common is their intelligence, although we have to say that many aspects of their intelligence are beyond our understanding.

Some types of "gods" give the impression of being benevolent to humans, or at least to some individuals, while others act in a very negative or, at the very least, dangerous and illogical manner.

What do we base this on?

In facts. In thousands of facts that have existed since ancient times, known in all cultures, written about in all literatures, and present today in the lives of countless fellow citizens whose testimonies we cannot ignore.

The fact that official science has no explanation for them, or that the powers that be prefer to ignore them for political reasons, does not prevent the facts from continuing to await and demand a rational explanation, whatever it may be and wherever it may come from.

This is what we try to do in this book, knowing that we are exposing ourselves to the ridicule of those who know everything and those who can do everything. Again, God

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bless.

Life is a dream. And they too dream of their technical advances, their dogmas, and their political powers. And like all dreamers, they also have nightmares of neutrino bombs, Star Wars, eternal hell, and rivers and forests poisoned by the chemical waste from their factories.

Our efforts to unravel so many of life's mysteries are no less valid than theirs. Therefore, we have the same right as they do to use our minds to discover the reason for something that has troubled human minds for centuries.

Surely the religious authorities will join the chorus of those who denigrate us. But you can't throw stones at someone else's roof when you have your own glass roof. Christian leaders have their creed full of angels and demons, which are in no way distinguishable from the "gods" and entities we are referring to here. The only difference is that their angels and demons see their activities limited to the dogmatic framework of Christianity, while our "gods" act freely on the planet, with all human beings, whether Christian or not.

Not only that, but the alleged "God" of Christianity, who manipulated the Hebrew people from a cloud, is, according to our thesis, just another of these mysterious entities that have always dominated humans.

Saint Paul repeatedly calls these beings "the lords of the world," and he had a very bad opinion of them. In his Epistle to the Ephesians, he wrote the famous passage, as confusing as it is illuminating:

> «Our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the world rulers of this darkness, against the spirits of evil in high places» **(Eph. 6:12).**

These same "evil spirits in the heights" are what we refer to with the very generic name "They." At the end of the book, I compile all their qualities, which we will see emerge scattered throughout the cases I present. Of these, most were investigated directly by me and were selected from a large number of inexplicable events, which I have witnessed more or less closely.

Some of them have left an indelible mark on my life, and I carry the deep scars of being involved in them. And precisely because of this manipulation we're talking about, I'll most likely go to my grave without being able to reveal all of its intimate details.

I must warn the reader that in several cases I change the location of the

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facts and the names of the protagonists at their request. In others, I have been forced to distort the event itself somewhat so as not to betray the identity of the individuals who, if I were to narrate the event exactly as it happened, would be easily identified by their relatives or neighbors. But the essence and paranormality of the events, and above all their reality, are not affected by these small distortions.

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THE VISIBLE OWNERS OF THIS WORLD

Since throughout this book we are going to talk about the invisible owners of this world, I think it will be appropriate to first talk about its visible owners, who in one respect are nothing more than puppets of the *invisible ones.*

It would be a childish mistake to believe that everything that happens in our world is directed from beyond, by "divine providence," as Christianity believes, or by some kind of meddling spirit who, for unknown reasons, likes to interfere with human lives and activities. The daily life of men and nations is shaped by a series of figures whom we will discuss in this chapter.

This does not mean that on certain occasions, a particular event, seemingly due to perfectly known human causes, does not have other causes completely different from those apparent. But, speaking generally, we can say that everyday events happen due to human causes, in which humans act freely when they could have acted in a completely different way.

Something similar can be said about the course of history. However, in this regard, we can no longer be so categorical, because when events become magnified or as they are considered over a longer period of time, man loses control over them, and the course of history becomes erratic. Man seems to have control over one event or several concatenated events; but, in the long run, the course of history seems to obey laws beyond his control. This is the province of the gods, who, far from giving man a leading role, turn him into a farm animal; or, better yet, a soldier: they give him a sword or a rifle and set him to kill his brothers or animals or anything else in sight for a sacred cause. Such has been the long, stupid, and sad history of humanity.

But let's return to the forgers of daily history; to the visible owners of this world; to the perpetrators of the childishness and horrors that newspapers around the world promptly report and gleefully present to us every morning on their front pages.

We could divide them into four classes: politicians, military men, money-mad men, and religious fanatics. Let's examine them one by one.

Politicians are pure power maniacs. They don't like weapons or physical violence, but they like to command. They love to be seen, to be trusted, to be consulted. That's why they melt with joy in front of television cameras or a microphone. They generally have psychopathic personalities; they feel they lack...

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Something within them, and that's why they want to live in the scent of the crowds. They fear and love journalists because they have the power to destroy them or turn them into idols of society. And journalists, in turn—including newspaper editors—have a weakness for politicians, because they're like national buffoons who provide them with fresh news every day, free of charge, to fill the pages that will be eagerly devoured by the mass of party-following idiots.

Someday someone will have to conduct a psychoanalytic study of the curious symbiosis between journalism and politics, and more specifically, between journalists and politicians. They love and hate each other; they need and detest each other; they build and destroy each other. There are the recent "gate" cases: politicians deceiving journalists, and journalists destroying politicians. But in the long run, they can't live without each other. They are the lovers of Teruel.

It has been said that power corrupts politicians in particular. But this corruption does not refer precisely to the misuse or misappropriation of other

people's funds, but rather to the complete change in mentality and customs that occurs among them once they are installed in positions where they become invulnerable.

They become corrupt because they say yes to things they had previously said no to; they become corrupt because they don't keep their promises and because they use demagoguery just like their predecessors; and the most powerful become corrupt because they completely lose touch with the people and no longer defend their interests as much as their own and those of the party, and their ultimate goal becomes staying in power.

Therefore, seeing how frequently this metamorphosis occurs in politicians once they take office, one begins to think that it is not that power deforms them, but that they already come to it deformed.

But—good or bad—the truth is that politicians have enormous power to twist or straighten the course of society and even to make the lives of individuals happy or unhappy.

At high altitudes, professional politicians lose perspective on society and see it in a completely different way. It happens to them like those who travel by plane: from above, they see things differently; in some ways better and in some ways worse. They don't recognize the places they know very well from below, because from above, you can't see the facades of the houses; you only see the roofs. From the heights of power, you don't see the faces of the people and their daily, concrete needs; you only see budget deficits. You don't see the individual; you see society, the nation, the state. The concrete person becomes blurred, lost, and the politician forgets about him, floating as he is in clouds of coalitions, alliances, pacts, and struggles to stay in office.

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Politicians who reach great heights frequently organize ritual trips of mutual visits, with great pomp and attendance, offering bouquets of flowers, solemn receptions with parades of poor, executed slaves, speeches on carpeted platforms, and grand banquets. They never fail in this. The most important part of these state visits and the very serious working meetings of great statesmen is a grand banquet on which no expense is spared. They no longer remember that those who pay for these banquets are their neighbors; but they themselves have not had neighbors for a long time, because they have isolated themselves from the common people and live in secluded, heavily guarded houses. All they have are party colleagues or electoral candidates.

They believe that the one who pays for these banquets is the "Treasury," which is just one word; and they've also taken the precaution of including them in the "General State Budget," which is another three impersonal words.

Politicians, from the heights of power, forget that what the men and women of their nation and the entire world want above all is peace, yet they spend millions buying weapons to keep the military at peace. They fail to remember that what men and women ask for, after peace, is a job, and politicians allocate billions to luxurious works, to opera houses—for the delight of a few who don't work—to commemorate discoveries, to loans to their political friends in other countries, while millions of real people, once their fellow citizens and for whom the anniversaries of discoveries and operas sound like heavenly music, continue to suffer from their lack of culture, dragging their despair through the streets of our cities and begging for state handouts every month. But ordinary people don't want handouts; they want a job to earn their bread.

Politicians, from their megalomaniacal heights, fail to realize that it is a tremendous mistake for a family to buy a piano for one sibling when another doesn't get enough to eat. Years ago, I made a terrible discovery one gray afternoon outside the United Nations in New York, after a grand gala reception: the ambassadors of the various nations were leaving, and the more miserable the country they represented, the more elegant the ambassador's Cadillac.

It is true that politicians are not the complete masters of this world and have to share power with other members of the "black brotherhood"—as the esotericists say—but how much better things would be if, once in power, they did not dehumanize themselves so much!

Let us now analyze the military, the second visible owners of this world.

The military are the successors of the cavemen, but in uniform.
Unlike politicians, they love violence. They believe that anything is possible.

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They settle things by beating them up. They're fascinated by guns, their favorite toy, and they spend their lives asking politicians to give them more. And the latter spend an enormous amount of the people's money buying them weapons, the best they can hope for is that they're useless, because if they are, it'll be for waging war or killing the very people who paid for them. The politicians give them the weapons reluctantly, but they think they'll be able to sit quietly in their barracks, playing with them, forgetting about uprisings and rebellions, and they'll let them play with their political hide-and-seek.

At first, professional soldiers appeared in societies to defend them from external enemies. But since today there are almost no external enemies threatening to invade, and since they still retain the same primary instinct for violence and fighting, they turn their energies inward and from time to time succumb to the temptation of beating up their fellow citizens. Instead of being defenders of peace, they are a constant threat to it. In a modern democracy, people fear the military within more than they fear enemies without. And should one emerge, the military will call up the university students, the workers, and the peasants, put a rifle in their hands, and send them to fight. And the old adage will remain true:

The bullet that hit me also grazed the captain. They did it to him.
Commander, now I'm... at the hospital.

Military personnel typically have a simplistic view of the homeland, morality, and life as a whole, and tend to apply the styles and attitudes of the barracks to family and social life, failing to realize that the military spirit has a castrated imagination and runs counter to human fraternity. The military style is only good for the barracks, but it's disastrous for society. It kills creativity and even culture, and ends up fattening only a few scamps, with or without stripes.

When the abuses and errors of the general-ministers, citizen discontent, and enormous foreign debts shake the military regime, the military patriotically surrenders power and takes refuge in its barracks. But even then, it doesn't stop threatening to take up the club again. This has been the sad spectacle of almost all South American nations over the past fifty years.

The power of the military isn't subtle like that of politicians. The power of the military is brute force. They are the bullets that pierce soft human flesh, the cannons that destroy homes, or the bombs that wipe cities off the map. Politicians try to convince, even if they lie, but the military doesn't. The military commands, because they believe they are the law and order, and anyone who doesn't think like them is wrong, is a communist, and therefore must be silenced by any means necessary.

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That's why when they have power, it's forbidden to think freely. You can think, but always within military parameters.

With the money that militaries around the world spend each year on purchasing and maintaining weapons, and with the money that governments around the world spend on paying the military (whose best bet is to do nothing), we could end the poverty suffered by so many millions of people around the world and vastly improve the standard of living of citizens in every country.

But in this regard, humanity has not overcome the cave age and has a troglodytic mentality in which the club and violence are a necessity and a habitual way of living together.

The large and small "Pentagons" weigh like a millstone on this troubled planet, led by true maniacs of violence, who now threaten not only the peace of their own countries but also that of the entire world with their neutrino bombs and their Star Wars. Their war paranoia has reached such a point that, encouraged by the imbecility of the Reagans and Gorbachevs of the day, they have dared to place veritable apocalyptic monsters over the heads of all the planet's inhabitants, which wander silently through space and could fall from the sky at any moment, sowing death among millions of innocent people. The schizophrenia of a few madmen has revived the age-old myth of divine manna, transforming it into a hellish downpour.

The disease these violence-mads suffer from is currently the main threat to humanity. As long as there are individuals who believe the best way to fix things is through violence and killing, humanity will remain sick with anxiety.

Let's move on to other "lords of the world": the money maniacs. They come in two types: legal and illegal.

Illegals have less power to govern the world; rather, they indirectly contribute to increasing the prevailing chaos. They are the high-class pimps who want to live at society's expense and organize themselves into financial mafias and secret groups that blackmail and defraud society in a thousand different ways, with the sole aim of making money and living well. Sometimes they do it in a big, professional way, and sometimes freely and on a small scale.

Because of some and others, we live behind bars, society has to spend millions on police and security guards, businesses go bankrupt, and there are robberies on every corner of big cities.

If these gangsters disguised as honorable people manage to gain political power somewhere—as has happened in some large Latin American countries—then murder, extortion, embezzlement and all sorts of crimes become our daily bread, practiced by the most dignified

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authorities, and throughout the country a deep anguish and a rotten smell are beginning to be felt.

But these social pimps don't usually aspire to political power, and as soon as they get their hands on the money, they send it to Switzerland—the cesspool that thrives on covering up all the world's biggest thieves—and go warm their bellies in the Miami sun.

Someday we will have to institute the death penalty for these leeches who live voluntarily and consciously squeeze the blood of their fellow citizens.

Let's move on to the legal money maniacs, who are largely as pernicious as the illegal ones. They tend to be entrenched in large banks, groups, trusts, holding companies, financial institutions, etc., and from their luxurious glass-fronted offices high in skyscrapers, they pull the grand puppet show of national and international politics with extremely subtle but highly effective strings. The politicians, very serious, will gesticulate, make statements, or dance, depending on how these financial Mephistopheles pull their strings.

Sometimes, when they want to help one of their own because they see him as more useful to their interests, they prop him up from the bottom with abundant loans, so that he'll be more visible and have the opportunity to shout louder and convince a greater number of sheepish voters. And if he doesn't win the elections, the good and generous bankers are capable of not charging him interest on the loan. Because the men of the Bank, despite the much criticism they receive, also have their little bit of heart.

The relationship between politics and banking is, despite appearances, much closer than it seems. Politicians try not to harass the banks too much so that they can conduct their business with peace of mind (and, in places where things are more corrupt, so that they can be reimbursed in cash for their "permissions" and laissez-faire). And in turn, the banks finance politicians' campaigns with tolerable interest rates—normal interest rates are intolerable—and, above all, they welcome them into their fold when an unfortunate stroke of luck removes them from power and they have to abandon what is ironically called "public service." The offices of the major banks are often the safe harbor where many failed political ships have finally landed. The good deeds of politicians are usually rewarded by the Lord with good banking actions.

For organized money maniacs, the most important thing in the world is to increase it. Whether their demands plunge a nation into chaos or a company or individual into ruin—that's of no concern to the great financial moguls.

The only thing that counts for them is the dividends, and that's why they are very attentive to good business. The dozen wars currently going on on this crazy planet are a real gold mine for arms traffickers, and the banks, advised by politicians and military men, finance all sides so that the war doesn't end.

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business even if people keep dying. And if it were to end, they are willing to lend them money so they can bury their dead decently and according to sacred rites.

Unfortunately for them, the lucrative business of decades past, which consisted of lending money under abusive terms to underdeveloped nations governed by rapacious politicians, has come to an end. Bankers lent even though they knew that the money would further indebt the nation because it ended up in the private accounts of the thieving presidents, ministers, and generals so abundant in the recent history of developing countries. The patriotic and decent leaders who have inherited these shameful debts would be wise not to pay back the money that thieving politicians stole from swindling bankers.

The big banks are like carrion vultures: the more rotten meat there is, the fatter they are. They fatten themselves off the backs of "foreclosed" companies, the enslavement of creditors stifled by their excessive interest rates, and who knows what shady financial dealings produce the inexplicable paradox that when the national economy is in tatters, the profits of the big banks are buoyant. And there are the newspapers and the statistics to prove it.

The small banks that went bankrupt did so because they were too clever and fell into the very traps they had set for their clients.

And finally, let us prosecute the last member of the "black brotherhood": the religious fanatics.

There is nothing in the world that has separated humans more and made them fight and hate each other as much as religions.

Although the leaders of various religions boast that what they all preach at their core is love and justice, and therefore contribute to the unity of the human race, the facts throughout the centuries tell us the opposite: history is woven with wars caused purely and simply by religion.

Furthermore, each preaches love and justice in his own way; they preach them surrounded by a series of different circumstances that prevent that love and justice from extending to all people.

Religions are beliefs and rituals devised by certain individuals who heard, or believed they heard, voices from beyond, telling them what humans should do to "save themselves." All religions, without exception, stem from apparitions of celestial entities that someone witnessed. That is, religions do not come from humankind, but from outside of humankind, from something or someone who imposed them on humans, making them believe things and practice rituals that often go against basic common sense.

And the seer-founder, like a child, believed the nonsense dictated to him and organized his entire life and that of his followers based on these "commandments."

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coming from a nebulous "beyond".

Religions bring groups of people together by making them believe the same things and at the same time separate them from others who believe in different "dogmas." And since each of the followers of a religion believes they possess all the truth and are a faithful follower of God's will, they view others who do not believe the same as suspects and enemies of God, and in other times they felt they had the right and the obligation to persecute them and even kill them. Because God—the God they have in their heads—is the owner of all life. Religions engender a "holy hatred" of sin and, consequently, of the sinners who commit it.

In ancient times, kingdoms and empires were often theocratic; the king was also a priest or invested with some sacred power. God blessed him especially, and he felt like his representative, which empowered him to do whatever he wanted.

Today, while this situation continues to occur in less developed countries, in the West it has become a thing of the past, and religious leaders are a separate caste from civil leaders. The latter still show a certain pharisaical respect toward religious leaders, but ultimately, their only interest is to prevent them from inciting their faithful against government measures.

Western religious leaders do not intend to directly "govern" their parishioners, but by dictating guidelines for "living according to God's commandments," they govern their lives in a more profound way than civil rulers do. The former remain externally concerned with customs, while the former go deep into the conscience.

In underdeveloped countries, the power of religious leaders is enormous and sinister. Without weapons or money, relying solely on threats and promises about the afterlife, they wield total power over the lives of the poor people. The underdevelopment and lack of progress in these countries is largely due precisely to the commandments of their respective religions, which do not allow them to freely use their minds. And in many cases, the religions "preaching peace" are precisely the cause of this lack of peace. The hell that is the Middle East today is the best proof of what I am saying.

"Iran and Iraq are tearing each other apart with a holy ferocity inspired by Allah, already surpassing the horrific death toll of half a million. Iraq is avenging old national offenses against the Iranians, and the Iranians are fighting to spread a holy Islamic revolution. Druze and Christians are killing each other, driven by an inherited religious resentment.
Palestinians are annihilating each other for patriotic reasons mixed with religious ones. Syria and Libya are collaborating in the holy war against the Christian government of Lebanon. Americans and French are blowing themselves up with dynamite soaked in racial and religious hatred. And at the root of all this chaos, and

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as its origin, the blind religious fanaticism of Israel, which one day and against all rights (inspired by the words of Yahweh, spoken 4,000 years ago!) deprived the Palestinians of their homeland, turning them into a wandering and desperate people. From victims of Nazi savagery, the Israelis have become the Nazis of the Middle East.

> "Why all this horrendous hell in Lebanon? Because of "sacred" ideas fostered by religious leaders and fiercely defended by mindless fanatics who, instead of using their heads, are driven by their feelings." **(Let Us Defend Ourselves Against the Gods, chapter 9.)**

These are the "visible lords of the world."

With such gentlemen, can anyone be surprised that human history has been the series of horrors that it has been, and that today, when we already consider ourselves possessors of extremely advanced technology, we have half the world turned into a volcano of wars, with millions of people starving, with dozens of animal species becoming extinct every year, with lakes, seas and rivers poisoned, and with most of the forests sickened by the polluted atmosphere?

A truly rational and emotional man cries at such a sight.
But "the visible rulers of the world," so calm, continue with their "Star Wars" or playing at "summit meetings" without being able to reach any agreement, artificially inflating interest rates and gold prices, and even issuing new Encyclicals on forgotten dogmas, with which they try to continue to dull the minds of the faithful or encourage those who detonate car bombs to defend the glory of Allah.

Who will free us from such masters? And since they didn't come from outside but are our own flesh and blood, it's only natural to ask ourselves: why, as soon as human beings rise to power, do they become executioners of their fellow human beings and become so dehumanized?

Why, even though there are some upright and well-intentioned people among these gentlemen, have the governing machinery of the world, the social rules by which the planet is governed, the great international institutions, the greatest centers of knowledge where the new paths of humanity are charted, become so selfish and inhumane despite their pronouncements to the contrary, and have they forgotten so much about peace, justice, and love, which are the fundamental values to which every human being aspires?

I believe the solution to such an important question—although official science doesn't want to admit it—lies in what we will say in the rest of this book. It lies in the "invisible masters" of whom the "visible" ones are nothing more than mere servants, who are the only

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What they do is obey the orders that others dictate to them, even if they do it unconsciously most of the time.

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PRESENTATION OF THE CASES

A few words to serve as an introduction to the series of cases that
We will now introduce it to the reader.

Most of them are the product of my many travels and investigations throughout various nations of the Americas. Except for the first, which is a historical case, the others are contemporary, in which I have questioned witnesses and, on occasion, have gone with them to the very places where the events occurred, always trying to get to the bottom of the truth.

The reason for exposing them is to prove that the same things that have always been presented to us as "legends" or folklore gossip continue to happen today.

The cases are as varied as the actions of these entities in our world. We can say about them what we say about the entire phenomenon: they are contradictory; some are explainable and logical, and others are completely inexplicable; some are positive and negative, some are even touching, while others are horrifying. But they are all real, and I can attest to that.

However, the cases are by no means the essence of this book, as is the case with others dealing with the UFO phenomenon, in which the author limits himself to presenting the facts he knows, leaving the reader unsure what to think about such disparate actions.

Nor is the main purpose of this book to try to convince the reader that the cases are authentic and that the facts are not due to errors or misinterpretations, or that "everything comes from the mind" and that the phenomenon is ultimately real. It's a shame that we're still wasting time on this and searching for evidence to convince the unconvincing.

The essence of this book is the conclusions the author has reached after analyzing these and many other events in which UFOs do not appear anywhere and yet they come from the same great cause from which UFOs, religious phenomena, and many other paranormal events that occur in this world come.

To deprive the UFO phenomenon of its psychic, paraphysical, and even transcendent content is to have no idea what the phenomenon is. Just as to believe that the miracles of all religions are purely "divine" without having anything to do with the phenomena studied by parapsychology is simply to be a poor fanatic; and to refuse to admit that there are many strange events in this world that contradict the most serious scientific theories is to be a cerebral myopic suffering from "scientifism."

We present this whole mosaic of strange and inexplicable facts so that once and for all our thick heads of "pure rationalists" are broken against

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them and we finally convince ourselves that humans are not the lords of the world and the kings of creation, and that Nature and the cosmos are books in which we still have much to learn.

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Case No. 1 Dr. Torralba

We begin the presentation of cases with one that can be considered unequivocal, as it belongs to the history of the Spanish Golden Age. Not much has been written about him, but enough has been written to leave no doubt about his existence and the exploits that surrounded his life, although in the way he explains them, we disagree significantly with the conclusions of historians who have addressed the subject.

The main witness of the existence of this individual is none other than Cervantes, who has Don Quixote say, riding on his Clavileño:

> «Remember the true tale of Licentiate Torralba, who was carried high and low through the air by the devils, riding on a reed, his eyes closed, and in twelve hours he arrived in Rome and disembarked at the Torre de Nona... and he saw the entire defeat, assault, and death of Bourbon, and by morning he was back in Madrid, where he recounted everything he had seen; he also said that as he was flying through the air, the devil ordered him to open his eyes, and he did open them and saw himself so close, as far as he could have grasped the body of the Moon that he could have grasped it with his hand, and he did not dare look at the ground so as not to faint.»

In fact, Cervantes, allowing himself some literary license or historical inaccuracy in explaining the facts, refers to Dr. Eugenio Torralba, a famous Spanish doctor of the 15th-16th century, who after having lived in Rome for many years and after having gained great fame there for his healing arts, moved to the Spanish Court and associated with all the nobility and the high ecclesiastical hierarchies, who have always liked to rub shoulders with the powerful.

He was a native of Cuenca and upon his return to Spain he spent most of his time in Valladolid, where the court was mainly based since Madrid had not yet established itself as the capital of Spain.

There he was famous not only for the extraordinary cures he performed, but also for a strange friend he had, named Zequiel, about whom the rumor spread that he was not a being of this world.

Here is how Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo describes it in his History of the Spanish Heterodox:

> «...he appeared to the doctor as Mephistopheles to Faust, in the form of a handsome young man, white in color, dressed in red and black, and said to him: *I will be your servant as long as I live.* From then on, he visited him frequently and spoke to him in Latin or Italian, and as a good spirit, he never advised him anything against

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Christian faith or morality; rather, she used to accompany him to Mass and reprimand him for all his sins and professional greed.

He taught him the secrets of plants, herbs and animals, with which he achieved Torralba performed prodigious cures; he brought him money when he was short of resources, he revealed to him in advance the political and state secrets, and thus our doctor learned, before it happened, and announced to Cardinal Cisneros, the death of Don García de Toledo in Los Gelves and that of Don Fernando the Catholic, and the elevation of Cisneros himself to the regency and the war of the communities.

The cardinal began to desire to meet Zequiel, who predicted such things; but since he was such a free and strong-willed spirit, Torralba could not persuade him to introduce himself to Brother Francisco (Cisneros).

(It is worth noting that the name that this mysterious figure gave himself already provides the first parallel between him and the "extraterrestrials" of our time, who usually choose names that resemble some famous person or something related to the contactee. In 16th century Spain, it was necessary to be very clear about orthodoxy and, above all, about the lack of any dealings with the devil, since the Inquisition threatened, and not in jest, with its holy dungeons. The name "Zequiel" is very similar to one of the four major prophets - Ezekiel - and at the same time, in its ending, recalls those of the archangels, with whom Zequiel seemed to want to be associated, in order to avoid any possible relationship with Satan.)

Dr. Torralba's description of Zequiel coincides with what many modern "contacts" tell us about the people who visit them or transport them in their ships. One of Zequiel's most notable physical features was that he was very white and very blond, qualities almost normal in today's "good extraterrestrials," since "bad extraterrestrials" are much more frequently described by "contacts" as ugly, big-headed, and dark-skinned or of odd colors.

Dr. Torralba's first contact with Zequiel was rather indirect, as he communicated with a friar of the Order of Saint Dominic, who lived in Rome, and to whom he usually appeared on dates related to the phases of the moon. One day, the friar asked Zequiel if he would mind taking Dr. Torralba—to whom the Dominican was very grateful for having cured him of a troublesome illness—under his wing. Zequiel replied that he would have no objection, and from that moment on, the friendship that would unite them for life was sealed.

Of course, throughout Torralba's life, because Zequiel, judging by his statements, would continue to live long after Torralba's death.

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his protégé, the same one who had lived for a long time before he was born.

As we have already seen, Torralba, due to his extensive medical knowledge, had all the doors of the Court open to him, and his fame reached even abroad, where people came to seek his treatment. In 1525, he was appointed court physician to Queen Leonor, the widowed queen of Portugal, but his stay in that country was short-lived, although his time there worked wonders.

And Torralba was famous not only for his knowledge of medicine, but also for his extensive knowledge of theology, which was flourishing in Spain at that time. He enjoyed discussing theological topics with distinguished professionals, mostly friars, even though he was a layman and had not distinguished himself with his studies in that discipline.

Zequiel instructed the doctor in all sorts of things, and sometimes not only him but also other friends who asked him to, although he very rarely showed himself to them. On one occasion, a certain Camilo Ruffini, a native of Naples, asked Torralba to tell Zequiel a formula for winning at gambling. Zequiel, who on other occasions had flatly refused to do so, agreed this time and gave him a sort of formula consisting of cabalistic letters; Ruffini played with it and won the considerable sum of one hundred ducats. Zequiel himself advised him not to gamble the following day, because it was a waning moon and he would lose.

In Rome, Torralba enjoyed great friendship with no fewer than ten cardinals, and several of them came to him on more than one occasion to ask him to intercede with their protector on their behalf.

A curious detail is that Zequiel reprimanded his protégé because he charged, and quite a bit, for the cures he performed, using the knowledge he had given him. He told him he shouldn't charge, since it hadn't cost him anything to acquire that knowledge. At the same time, he censured him when he saw him sad due to lack of money. Curiously, however, after these reprimands, Torralba would often find in his bed or in some unexpected place, sums of coins that helped him get out of whatever financial difficulties he found himself in.

As the years went by, Torralba's trust in his protector and the superiority that developed over him led him to keep his strange relationships less secret, while at the same time daring to do greater things without worrying that this would raise suspicions in the Inquisition about the identity of his mysterious friend.

As Don Marcelino told us, he often made predictions of events that later proved accurate. One of the episodes that most put the inquisitors on guard was his detailed description of the famous "Sack of Rome" that occurred on May 6, 1527. Torralba, before a group of admiring men,

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An important figure at the Court in Valladolid, he described in detail the sacking and such significant events as the beheading of the Constable of France, Charles de Bourbon, and the imprisonment of the Pope in the Castle of Sant'Angelo. When asked how he knew this, he calmly replied that "because he had been there."

When, after several weeks, official news reached the Court, confirming all the details Dr. Torralba had provided, the Inquisition felt obliged to summon him to testify. This was the beginning of all his troubles. He was imprisoned, and after three years of imprisonment, during which the record of his trial was being prepared—the administration of justice was as slow and as poor then as it is today—he was sentenced to torture. All his ecclesiastical and Court friends then turned against him or abandoned him, some of whom, like Cardinal Volterra and a general of a certain religious Order, had begged him in previous years to grant them Zequiel's protection.

And as we saw, even Cardinal Cisneros had once asked him to introduce him to Zequiel, which he refused. It seems he knew the politicians and church leaders better than Torralba.

The way Dr. Torralba explained his travels is very similar to what some modern contacts tell us, and very similar to what we read about witches. On one occasion, in 1520, while in Valladolid, he told his great friend Don Diego de Zúñiga—another noble fisherman who later denounced him to the Inquisition—that he was going to Rome "through the air, riding on a reed and guided by a cloud of fire," which he did, and the day after saying this he was in Rome.

Much more interesting was the description of how he made the round trip from Valladolid to Rome, in 1527.

Here is how Menéndez Pelayo tells it:

> «They left Valladolid at eleven o'clock sharp, and when he was on the banks of the Pisuerga, Zequiel had our doctor mount a very strong, knotty pole. He told him to close his eyes and not to be afraid. He enveloped him in a very dark fog. And after a tiring walk, during which the doctor, more dead than alive, sometimes thought he was drowning and other times that he was burning, they remained in Torre Nona and saw the death of the Bourbon and all the horrors of the sack. Two or three hours later they were back in Valladolid...

Before parting, Zequiel told the doctor: *From now on you must believe everything I tell you.*

It would be too long to transcribe all the details of Dr. Torralba's life. In the annals of the Inquisition, where his entire trial is narrated, there is

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many other details that give us the right to see in him an authentic "contact" of the 16th century.

Naturally, the circumstances in which he lived determine his description of the entire phenomenon, with an absence of technical details regarding instruments, devices, or space vehicles. What is curious, however, is the use of a pole to ride on, which logically would have been as suspicious to the inquisitors as the use of cabalistic formulas or the connection with the phases of the moon, and even the sudden appearance of a small being, which occurred at Zequiel's request in Madrid. We could talk a lot about all these details, but this is not the place to do so.

Of course, official science (in this case represented by the famous Spanish psychiatrist Dr. López Ibor) does not believe that the facts narrated by Dr. Torralba and admitted by the Inquisition are true, and in fact calls Torralba a "great liar and madman" and says of him that this happens to those who "lie a lot at different times," adding that he did it out of "foolish whims or pernicious madness."

We radically disagree with Dr. López Ibor. Once again, science, due to its very biased and somewhat short-sighted principles, limits itself, rendering it unable to see reality. This is why I repeatedly maintain that there are certain fields in which researchers must pursue their investigations without worrying too much about what official science says, since it will logically be the last to find out what the reality is. Psychiatry, in particular, will take a transcendental step when it learns the reality behind the facts described by Dr. Torralba.

If he were the only one to tell such stories, I would be the first to attribute all his tales to pure fantasy. But throughout history and in our own time, there have been and are countless men and women who tell us similar things. And many of them, like Torralba, have evidence to prove that what they say is true. It's a shame that biased science often lacks the ear to analyze that evidence.

In those same years, in the lands of Navarre and La Rioja, very similar things were said about a clergyman, the priest of Bargota, near Viana, "who made extraordinary trips by air, but always with some charitable or curious purpose, such as saving the life of Alexander VI against certain conspirators, witnessing the battle of Pavia, etc., all with the help of his *familiar spirit* whose name has not come down to us."

And so that the reader can see that such facts are not pure gossip, the fruit of the feverish mind of the people, we will tell him that in the year 1527, one year before the imprisonment of Torralba, the Inquisition of Navarre held a trial against twenty-nine

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witches whom he condemned for crimes of witchcraft, including "blowing up."

And let the reader see what the wise Menéndez Pelayo says about it:

> «The investigating judge wanted to ascertain the truth of the case and offered a pardon to a witch if, in his presence and that of the entire town, she anointed herself and ascended into the air, which she did with marvelous speed, remaining three days later in a nearby field.»

That is to say, according to the records, she actually took to the air and stayed there for no less than three days. But instead of seriously studying how she could have accomplished such a feat or awarding her a medal for it, like the first female astronaut, the fanaticism of those judges meant that "the witches were sentenced to flogging and imprisonment as a result of all that uproar."

For the judges, or for Don Marcelino, taking to the air was merely "a hubbub." This is how biased science proceeds, and this is how justice has proceeded and continues to proceed in our time when judges are imbued with fanatical religious principles.

And the Navarrese witches were lucky, because some from Zaragoza "were relaxed to the secular arm (that is, they were burned alive), in 1536, after a long disagreement of opinions among the judges."

The reader will think that all these are "stories" in the pejorative sense of the word. But he should know that the same thing continues to happen today, although naturally, things like this don't happen every day, and right where he is.

In order to see something like this, I had to take the trouble to travel to the center of Portugal, to Ladeira do Pinheiro, where the visionary Maria da Conceiçao had already risen into the air on no less than sixteen occasions, disappearing among the clouds on some of them, in the presence of hundreds of devotees who fervently prayed the rosary.

I was not fortunate enough to witness such a prodigy, but I did see how he began to rise in the air to a height of about half a meter, then immediately moved to a chair where he remained in a trance for about two hours.

And in the field of UFOs, the famous case of a parachutist who, after jumping out of his plane, took three days to reach the ground, without being able to remember where he had been during that time, is famous.

In the final chapters of this book, the reader will find modern doctors Torralba with their corresponding "Zequieles."

But to describe their biographies I won't have to turn to any historian, because I myself have been a direct witness to their incredible feats.

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Case No. 2 THE IMPOSSIBLE TOY

I will narrate this case as it was told to me by the witness himself, who only gave me permission to do so after much hesitation and on the strict condition that I omit all details that could lead someone to his identification.

A few years ago, events like this were what undermined the credibility of the UFO phenomenon and discouraged researchers who considered themselves "scientists." However, today, after more than 30 years, the most enlightened researchers, and to a certain extent the public, are more prepared to accept this paranormal aspect of the phenomenon, just as they are becoming convinced of its many paraphysical aspects that so intrigue and even displease those knowledgeable in the physical sciences.

I will therefore omit names and locations, as requested by the contact, who has already suffered enough having been a silent witness for so many years to such mind-boggling and "impossible" events.

Just over 45 years ago, when our witness (whom we'll call Julio from now on) was less than 10 years old, he saw something floating in the air about 20 meters high above him, in a region where there has always been a great deal of UFO activity. Of course, he had no idea what it was, having never heard of such a thing in his life, but his naiveté as a country boy, combined with the natural curiosity of his age, prompted him to take an interest in finding out what that strange thing floating in the air was.

Instead of running away or being frightened, he began to observe. After a while, he felt himself lifted up from above, and in a few moments he found himself inside a circular room, with a light "that was not like that of the Sun" and surrounded by objects and things that were not only unfamiliar to him, but were totally different from anything he had seen before. so.

He had not yet recovered from his astonishment when he saw a little girl of about six years old who came towards him smiling and pretending to play, and indeed she immediately began to show him all the toys she had in that strange house.

Julio watched everything very closely, and although he realized he was seeing things that had nothing in common with anything he'd seen before, in his parents' humble home or anywhere else, he wasn't afraid and was genuinely interested in everything he was being shown. The girl continued showing him her toys until she came to one that will be the central object of this case.

The toy was a small box about 20 x 20 x 10 cm and had nothing on the outside to indicate its enormous potential. The girl placed her small hands on it and immediately a kind of vapor made of many lights began to form at the top of the box, which rotated vertiginously, until it almost

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Suddenly, a small, humanoid creature, about a meter tall and with intelligence similar to that of a monkey, appeared before them. It didn't speak and seemed very puzzled about where it had suddenly found itself, as if it had been brought there against its will.

The girl was able to take as many creatures as she wanted out of the box, all similar to the first, and they all obeyed her without question even when she put them back in, making them disappear inside the box in the same mysterious way she had taken them out. First, she transformed them into a kind of vapor, which suddenly rushed through a small slit into the interior. I say she made them disappear inside the box because the creatures obviously wouldn't fit inside, even if there had been only one. It seemed more as if they dematerialized.

Julio spent a long time inside talking with the girl and seeing the many things she had shown him, until it was time to leave. Then the girl asked him if he wanted to keep the box, because he had been so excited when he saw her so easily take those "monkeys" out of it. Without thinking twice, he said yes, and she gave it to him.

They brought him down in the same way they had brought him up, and here was Julio, the possessor of something that from that moment on was to become the center and concern of his entire life.

Naturally, he guarded his mysterious box with great care and even hid it from prying eyes, but he didn't make it an inviolable secret. He took great pleasure in secretly showing it to his little friends, and he remembers putting on a sort of small circus (for which he charged a penny) in which he would take one of those creatures out of the box, to the astonishment of his little schoolmates.

The grown-ups never participated in these children's "fantasies" and did on a small scale what society does on a large scale: if one of their children told them what he had seen, they simply attributed it to "children's imaginations."
Although it is also true that Julio never took out any monkey when there was an adult present.

This contributed to the idea that it was all "boys' stuff."

But something unexpected happened. The girl had explained to Julio exactly how to put the "monkeys" back in the box, but Julio, despite his efforts, couldn't manage it. The creatures, once they had recovered from their initial amazement, would stay for a while next to the box, as if waiting for Julio's orders, but showing signs of great nervousness. Later, when he tried to put them back in and couldn't, they would suddenly fly off at breakneck speed and disappear into the undergrowth.

These creatures soon became a burden for Julio, because far from disappearing they began to bother him and make his life miserable.

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When he, by laying his hands on the box, made them come out from inside, the creatures did not come out in such an easy and natural way as they did with the girl, but, on the contrary, when they materialized before his eyes, they appeared extremely upset as if they had been brought by force from somewhere else and began to look everywhere and show signs of great restlessness looking for a way to escape, and in fact they did so in a matter of seconds, with electric movements, without letting anyone grab or touch them.

They were rather hostile to people, although the elderly seemed oblivious to them. However, children and animals, especially dogs, saw them clearly and fled from them at full speed.

After a while, these creatures began approaching Julio's house and prowled around the area at all hours. Sometimes they approached him (the only person they did this with) and even touched him, showing very little respect for him: they even dared to play very crude and tasteless jokes.

For years, when Julio wandered around the countryside, they accompanied him, although always at a distance. People didn't see them, but, as I said, the animals did, and they would quickly move away when they approached, showing signs of great fear or anxiety.

Julio didn't know what to do, and this over the years has become a
a calvary for him, and one could say that it has had a fateful impact on his entire life.

Today, he no longer has the box with him; he threw it into the sea tied to a rock, far from the shore, because it seems that it was the box that attracted the creatures, and in fact, they haven't visited him for a while.

At one point in our long conversation—although I have subsequently visited him more often—Julio said to me with a sad tone:

"Believe me, what I would like is to die."

To my question why, he answered, always with the accent of a man who
carries a great weight or a great worry:

"I don't want to see any more strange things. What I want is to rest."

All of this left me with many questions. In fact, I got the impression that he still had more to say, that he was holding back, and that they were the ones causing him all this weariness with life. He links these creatures to certain

misfortunes that have happened in that region and believes they are capable of doing much evil, and that they do, in fact, sometimes do. Apparently, they are currently lurking near a place in the mountains, in

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where he had hidden the box for a time, and it's dangerous for people to go there. He specifically mentioned several deaths he believed had been caused by them.

Although it's been quite a few years since he released the last creature from the box, he seems worried and saddened by the more than 100 he released, who now face the potential threat of the public. It seemed to me he felt guilty for bringing them into this world, as creatures are forced to come to a place where they feel out of place and are suffering, unable to find a way back to their own world, and he can't do anything about it either.

These are not Julio's only adventures as a contactee from beyond. Apart from
Of these mysterious beings Julio has been in contact with ships on several occasions
from other worlds and their crews. But above all, he told me something that is of great interest to the overall theme of this book and that we will see emerge again in later chapters.

For those unfamiliar with the subject and for those who consistently disbelieve, this undermines the credibility of the whole affair, but for those of us who have been involved in this for years, it actually enhances it.

Julio told me with great reserve that on two occasions he had been forced to have sexual acts with strange women, who, although they looked very similar to humans, were not exactly like them. One of these incidents, which occurred high on a mountain, bears some resemblance to the classic case of Vilas Boas in Brazil, although in Julio's case everything happened outside, not inside, the UFO.

The reader might think all this is fantasy, but Julio has witnesses, if not to prove that every detail of what he says is absolutely true, then to attest that UFOs pass just a few meters from the roof of his house when he says they will, and some other strange events. His wife and two of his daughters attested to this and described the object that passed in slow motion just a few meters from the roof of their house. Other neighbors can attest to the same.

As for the "dolls" in the box, there are still some sixty-somethings who remember them. Two years after receiving these secrets from Julio
I consulted my notebook, where I had written down the specific information he had given me. There was the name of one of his childhood friends who had seen him take those creatures out of the box on several occasions. Julio knew he lived in a specific neighborhood in a city about 60 kilometers away, and he gave me a specific detail by which he could be located. He told me he had lost contact with this person many years ago, but I decided to look him up and corroborate this strange story.

It took me almost a whole day to find him, but I finally found him. I told him about his childhood, of his hometown and of Julio.

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As soon as I mentioned it to him and asked him if he remembered the circus he used to put on, he smiled and Shaking his head in disbelief, he said flatly:

—I don't know how that bastard did it.

"But what was he doing?" I said.

—I had a shoe box from which I took out some overalls, and the first time I saw them in front of me, I did it for my pants.

—And do you remember what they were like?

—Look. I was very young. And I left that town very early. That was about 50 years ago, and I barely remember. What I do remember is that I saw them only twice, and they scared me so much that at night I would dream about them and wake up crying and run to my parents' bed. And because this happened several times, they forbade me from hanging out with Julio.

"But what were those monkeys like?" I insisted.

—I don't remember exactly. I hardly dared look at them. They were as tall as me and incredibly ugly, with pointy ears. And they moved so fast they sometimes disappeared from sight. It was as if they were electric.

—And what happened to them?

—Well, I don't know how to tell you.

—And how could you get them out of a shoe box, if they were as tall as you?

—I asked myself that question many times afterward. I was so young back then that I didn't question it, aside from being terribly afraid of them. On the other hand, there were other, slightly older boys who told him to "get more." Although what he was doing probably didn't seem strange to them either.

I could barely get any more information out of him. But what he told me was enough to convince myself that what Julio had told me was not his invention.

Subsequently, after having written the previous lines and in the same country where Julio resides, I have come into direct and frequent contact with a person, a great researcher of these phenomena, who has corroborated with me in great detail many of the things that Julio has told me, with the peculiarity that this person does not know Julio nor has any knowledge of the things that have happened to him.

This person, whose house is quite isolated in the mountains, has seen on many occasions some strange beings that generally coincide with Julio's; and not only has he seen them, but he has begun to have some relationship with them, despite the fact that I have warned him that in the long run it is dangerous for humans to associate with this type of creatures [1]

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Case No. 3 MACABRIC JOKE

Before delving into the core of this chapter, I would like to inform the reader about some facts that will help them understand what I will finally describe, and which I admit are not easy to accept without prior knowledge.

In November 1978, I visited the state of Tabasco, in southeastern Mexico. Well, if you do a little research in that region regarding UFO sightings or unusual beings, you'll find a large number of reliable accounts from all walks of life and all corners of the state. Naturally, all this UFO activity is not limited to the borders of Tabasco, but is abundant in the neighboring states of Campeche and Veracruz.

It was enough for us to pay a visit to Don Santiago Gil to leave with a series of impressive details that he had witnessed, with all the farmhands on his estate, and there are many photographs of it—currently in the possession of a journalist who carefully guards them—that I was able to observe in detail.

One of the incidents that had most impressed Don Chago, despite the fact that he is not easily impressed after having witnessed many strange things on his farm, was the event that occurred on September 9, 1978, very close to the stables and houses that make up his farm, located 78 kilometers from Villahermosa, near the top of Tulijá.

"First of all," he began, "we heard a tremendous crash, as if a truck had suddenly dropped a whole load of large iron pipes, the kind that *PEMEX (Petróleos Mexicanos)* uses for its oil pipelines. Immediately afterward, a large ball of white smoke appeared in the middle of the field, about 50 meters from us, flattening the spot where it fell, while boiling and growing larger and larger. The ball fell," Don Chago told us, "precisely where I had been standing on horseback a few moments before, so that if I hadn't moved, it would have crushed me."

»It immediately began to move slowly, and it seemed as if it wanted to get up but couldn't, because it kept jumping and gaining speed, but it couldn't get up, and as it ran, it tore clods of earth and grass from the ground and threw them a great distance. We were all amazed at this thing, and we couldn't explain what it could be.

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We felt like it wasn't part of this world, and at the same time, it seemed to have a life of its own. In its bounding race, it reached the edge of the property where there were large trees; when it reached one, it circled around it, and suddenly we saw how the tree, whose trunk was well over 70 centimeters in diameter, was uprooted, roots and all, and it's still there for anyone who cares to see.

In fact, I could see not only this tree, but many others that had had large branches torn off, as well as a long wire fence that "the ball" tore up in its path and threw into the air for a great distance. Don Chago complained that he had to replace about a hundred meters of wire.

The thing finally managed to take off from the ground, though without gaining any altitude. It then headed toward the houses, and because it was so low, it crashed into the roof of the hut that served as a dwelling for one of the laborers, leaving it tilted, as can be seen in one of the photographs. It finally gained a little more altitude, and when it was about 50 meters from the ground, it began to emit smoke upwards until it disappeared from sight over the horizon.

And tonight was not, by far, the only time that Don Santiago Gil has had in his farm the visit of strange artifacts.

On another occasion, in 1976, at night, a rectangular, vertical board was seen hovering above the property, suspended in the air. Suddenly, a powerful beam of highly concentrated light shot out from it, directed toward the mountains, illuminating a small section of them.

The great thing about this is that the mountains Don Chago was referring to are no less than 20 kilometers away, and that beam of light was able to remain compact over that entire distance and illuminate a single section of the mountain, as if it were a gigantic electric flashlight.

"One day, about five years ago," he told us, "I went with my son to the Tulijá River, and we saw, about a hundred meters above our heads, a kind of cigar that, seen from that distance, seemed to measure a meter and a half. It had red and blue lights. It passed very slowly over us and disappeared over the horizon.

"Another day, while I was out riding at night on my farm, a light began to circle around me, about a hundred meters above my head. I stopped and told them to get down, that I would wait for them, but after circling around a lot, they left.

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»Another time, in 1977, we saw a strange object that came from the air and went underwater, in the river. People heard about it, and divers came and searched for it, but they found nothing.»

Don Chago continued to tell us a whole series of episodes in which he, most of his family members, and estate employees had witnessed UFO activity. And, apart from Don Chago, we met other people who told us about sightings, landings, and encounters of all kinds that had occurred that same year or in the years immediately preceding.

With this background, the reader will be better prepared to hear the story that follows, which took place not only in the State of Tabasco itself (which is not very large in area) but in the same region where the events described above occurred.

The incident I'm referring to occurred on the night of January 9, 1978. Seven men—all of them workers for Petróleos Mexicanos—were packed into a Gremlin van, partying along the Circuito del Golfo highway, from Villahermosa to Cárdenas. They were very cheerful and eager to have a good time that night, having just gotten paid. Just as they were having the time of their lives with their jokes and pranks, a tremendous impact shook the car, and they all felt the impact of small stones on their faces. These stones later turned out to be tiny pieces of the windshield, just like car windows, which shatter into a thousand tiny pieces when they receive a strong impact.

They hadn't recovered from this shock when the three people in the front seat began to shout at the driver to stop, because on top of their legs they felt the weight of something that, due to the darkness, they couldn't quite make out what it was, but it gave the impression of being a large animal or a man with a missing part.

The driver, panicking, accelerated even more instead of braking. It was a true miracle that they didn't crash or run off the road at that moment, because what unfolded inside the car was hellish: screams of terror and desperation from those in front trying to get rid of the thing, and those behind him pushing the driver to stop, while he could barely see through the impact of the windshield glass on his face. The reality was that the vehicle didn't stop until about three kilometers from where he had felt the strange impact.

By then, those in the front seat had realized that what they were carrying on their legs was half a human body, severed at the waist. The part they were carrying was the upper body.

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When they finally stopped, beyond the town of Loma de Caballo, in the middle of the darkness of the night, with understandable excitement and nervousness and not knowing what to do, they decided to abandon the corpse of that half-man right there and return to the place from which they had started.

Naturally, they weren't able to keep quiet about what had happened to them, and as a result, within a few days they were all in jail, accused of running over that man. All except the driver, named Fabián, who, possibly more frightened than the others—since he was the one they were going to blame for the incident—disappeared, and no one could trace him. From the outset, he claimed he had never run over anyone and named all his colleagues as witnesses.

The lower half of the body was found near the road where they had felt the impact with the windshield, with the subsequent appearance of the upper half of the body on top of their legs. Curiously, however, it wasn't on the road or in the ditch, but in a nearby field. The deceased turned out to be a poor day laborer.

Why do we put this case as caused by the intervention of some UFO, when the men were accused of running him over with their vehicle?

It's true that I have no conclusive evidence that the entire incident can be attributed to UFO enthusiasts; however, there are many circumstances that lead us to suspect that this was indeed just another joke by a certain type of mysterious being, who seem to play with humans, sometimes carrying out pranks as macabre as the one described and other similar ones I know of and which I won't describe here because I haven't personally investigated them like this one.

If this were the first fact of this type that I had encountered, I would certainly be very reluctant to admit it without further ado, but unfortunately it is just one more in a very long list; and this is despite the fact that it may weigh on the defenders of the "big brothers of space" or those who want to conduct research into the UFO phenomenon with a scientific methodology and style.

«chemically pure».

Here are the reasons to suspect that the whole incident was a joke. macabre of this type of malignant entities to which we referred previously.

Initially, the immediate witnesses to the case—the seven men in the car—swore that they didn't run over anyone and that the body fell vertically through the air. And it's certainly very difficult for someone hit by a car to be split in half, with one of the halves passing over the engine and still have the strength to completely shatter the windshield.

Furthermore, the windshield of the "Gremlin" is very tilted backwards and offers little resistance to an oncoming object,

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pushing him more toward the roof of the car. Normally, the car hits the person first, and if it doesn't throw them to the side, it ends up running over them. However, we admit the possibility that he could have been run over, and we wouldn't mind leaving things as they are if there weren't other circumstances that make the incident highly suspicious.

These circumstances were reported to us by the victim's son, whom we visited at his home. They were also already known to the authorities and the judges, which in part motivated them all to be released from prison shortly afterward until the entire strange incident could be clarified.

The first thing that surprised us in our conversation with the son of the "run-over" man was his spontaneous statement that he didn't believe his father had been hit on the road by the car. He had two main reasons for saying this. The first was that his father was a very homely and quiet man and had nothing to do at that time of the morning in a place so far from his home; he certainly wasn't used to walking in that lonely place at that time, much less in the middle of the road.

The other reason his son gave more weight to was that his father did not have the normal injuries that someone who had been hit by a car with the violence with which his father was supposedly hit would have.

—My father was sawed at the waist. I don't know who. But he wasn't hit by a car.

This statement by his son, without any suggestion from me, electrified me, as I automatically recalled other similar incidents that we who study the UFO phenomenon without prejudice know about.

According to him, his father gave the impression of having been carefully cut at the waist with some instrument; there were no tears of any kind in the clothing or flesh, even though the cut was in an area where there would necessarily be hanging tissue, either from the stomach and especially the intestine; there were also no shreds of cloth.

Clothes and flesh were sliced in a straight line, as if cut with a large guillotine or a giant knife. Furthermore, the whole thing was incredibly strange because there was no blood anywhere, when naturally, the man had bled completely dry, leaving a huge puddle.

In fact, these unexpected details shocked his son so much that he couldn't look any further and called his wife to take charge of everything, as he didn't have the strength to contemplate it. His wife confirmed all these details to us, including something that is of great importance to this entire investigation: the lack of

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of bloodshed. The dresses were also not bloody, which is a very strange and highly suspicious detail to help clarify what we are trying to prove; that is, the involvement of some strange element in all this affair.

According to what he told me—something I couldn't verify—there were no bone fractures, which would be expected in someone who had been beaten so violently. Since he had been broken at the waist, the only "bone" broken was the spine, and it appeared to have been cleanly severed, with no fractures in the vertebrae. Naturally, neither the deceased's son nor daughter-in-law could give me many medical explanations about these details, and I have to confess that I was left waiting for the results of the autopsy performed by the coroner.

Another detail was that the clothes were not only not stained with blood, but also not torn or soiled with dirt or dust. If he had been run over, these two circumstances are inexplicable, since logically he would have had to have been dragged somehow, leaving unmistakable marks on his clothes. One of the things both his son and daughter-in-law emphasized most was precisely this: the shirt was cut as if with scissors, with no tears, blood, or dirt.

The family simply didn't know what had happened, and I get the impression that the intense nervousness that gripped their son was the result of him having, in a confused way, realized that this wasn't natural, and that deep down it had to do with witchcraft or something mysterious that he couldn't even imagine, and that's why it terrified him.

He kept saying:

"My father *was sawed off."*

I don't want to relate this case in detail here to other similar ones we find in the abundant UFO case histories. That would take up too much space and take us far away from the fundamental theme of the book. But the reader should know that in the annals of UFOs, one can find events very similar to the one we have described here, and in those, the conclusion was reached that the strange event had been caused by the crew of a UFO.

In this case, the new circumstance arises: they dropped it from above onto the windshield of a moving car, with the premeditated intention of breaking it and penetrating the vehicle, frightening its occupants. But even this dropping of dismembered human bodies from above has precedents in the history of the UFO phenomenon, and I have addressed this in another book.

The detractors of the whole phenomenon and the eternal doubters who continue to say

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that there are no "proven facts", what they should do is read a little more and not talk about what they don't know.

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Case No. 4 BLACKOUT IN HONDURAS

For years, major blackouts in cities and entire regions have been linked to UFO sightings. However, I have the impression that in none of them has such a clear relationship been established between cause and effect—that is, between UFOs and the loss of electrical power—as in this one we will present to the reader.

Credit for this excellent investigation must be attributed entirely to engineer Enrique Castillo Rincón and Mr. Samuel Medina. The former is a well-known "contactee" from Costa Rica who has traveled aboard a UFO on several occasions, as witnessed in part by the authorities of Colombia and Venezuela.

Further proof that his adventures were not imaginary could be the fact that he was almost forcibly brought to Washington by mysterious American agents.
There, he was subjected to endless interrogation for several days and later returned by special plane to Bogotá. I have had a close friendship with both investigators for many years, and it is a source of honor.

The events referred to in this chapter occurred on October 14 and 27, 1978, in Honduras. On the 14th, there was a blackout across almost the entire country, lasting 10 minutes in the central region and 25 minutes in the southern region, beginning at 6:10 p.m.

Before presenting our reasons for claiming the blackout was caused by UFOs, we want to reflect on some other famous blackouts. Although most people are familiar with the two famous New York blackouts (largely because this city is the headquarters of the world's major news agencies, and everything that happens there easily gains worldwide notoriety), there have been a number of equally large and extensive blackouts that are also believed to have been caused by UFOs. Among them, we currently recall two in Canada, one very extensive one in Texas, two in Argentina, one in Australia, and so on.

It's true that some of these have even taken photos of UFOs flying over the darkened city (New York), which apparently didn't happen in our case. However, the abundance of testimonies, the concreteness of their observations, and the strangeness of some phenomena reported by the power plant engineers themselves lead us to believe that the two blackouts were caused by the concerted work of several space vehicles of unknown origin.

We have no choice but to dispense with much of the abundant material patiently compiled over 15 days by Messrs. Castillo and Medina, as well as numerous testimonies, in order not to make this chapter too long.

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Here is what Rogelio Bercian, 24, advertising coordinator of the
La Tribuna newspaper of Tegucigalpa:

«It was exactly 18:06. I was in the vicinity of the
El Picacho Hill, while checking my car, I spotted a strange object in the distance moving at high speed from south to north. Believing it was a conventional airplane, I watched it very carefully and in amazement, as it was traveling very fast and coming dangerously close to a heavily populated area.
From where I was, I could see the entire city very well.

Suddenly, the object made a lightning-fast, almost suicidal figure-eight maneuver, and I could see its shape and configuration; it resembled a giant *boomerang* or a hang glider, with a very bright light in the center. The moment it descended and came closest to the city, almost over Toncontín Airport, the city's power immediately went out; I saw all the lights dim until they were completely extinguished.

The strange flying object ascended rapidly into the sky, carrying a tail of light *seemingly attached* to it, after completing an incredible maneuver and launching itself almost vertically upwards. It was possibly at its lowest point over the city at about a thousand meters above the southern zone. The approximate dimensions of the object I saw were about 25 meters from wing to wing and about 8 meters long, although I cannot estimate its thickness or height.

This fundamental story could be corroborated in virtually all its parts.
by many other witnesses.

"It was approximately 6:10 p.m. when I left to take the minibus. I observed what seemed to be a star detaching itself from the sky and then performing a strange maneuver, as if it were slowing down its fall, when it suddenly changed course, describing a half-wave, and rising rapidly until it was lost to sight. The moment it stopped its fall, I saw a flash, and immediately the city's electrical power went out... The object I saw had delta-shaped wings... I can say it was large..."

Regarding this object, Castillo and Medina still obtained more testimonies, but the curious thing is that there were other people who saw other strange objects at different points in the city at the same time.

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"Several objects in the sky, shaped like an orange ball about two meters in size, and also a cylindrical object that disappeared, making a strange whistling noise." (Luis Silva, 12, and a friend of his, also 12; both live in the Toro Tagua neighborhood.)

It should be noted that the Torotagua neighborhood is located south of the city, while the accounts of the first two witnesses are located north of it, above La Leona, the substation that distributes electricity to Tegucigalpa.

There are still more accounts in which other witnesses saw other types of UFOs in other parts of the city "at approximately 5:11 p.m." A woman (who did not want to give her name) along with her four children and a neighbor saw "two silvery objects moving together at high altitude; they then separated and headed in opposite directions."

Another curious detail that coincides with other suspicious blackouts is that the following day "a squadron of UFOs was seen flying very high" and two days later a teacher from the Vicente Cáceres Central Institute (who also preferred to remain anonymous) discovered some strange marks on the grass at the entrance to the Institute, as if a fan had been floating very low above the ground.

The investigations carried out by Castillo and Medina regarding this first blackout only include testimony from the capital, but curiously, when they approached the competent authorities in search of a technical explanation for the blackout, they found that they were given new details of "unexplained anomalies" occurring far from Tegucigalpa, specifically at the El Cañaveral generating station. As the reader can see in the first engraving—made by an engineer from the "ENEE" (National Electric Energy Company)—the El Cañaveral plant stopped operating "after a strange glow was observed."

But not only that, 200 kilometers from Tegucigalpa, in the southern part of the country, the San Lorenzo and Choluteca stations were also affected. And as engineer Martín Baide, head of public relations for the "ENEE," explained:

> "We can't fully explain how the blackout occurred; if it had occurred in the southern Choluteca-San Lorenzo area, it would have only affected that area and not continued to Tegucigalpa, as it did, since the circuit would have automatically shut down..."

And it is very noteworthy that exactly one year before there had been several blackouts and failures to which, according to the same engineer Baide,

> "The cause could never be found; there were several and very short-lived,

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returning or flowing the energy alone again.

This is completely normal in all mysterious blackouts. The power comes back on without technicians knowing how.

The summary of this first blackout is as follows: At the precise moment in which several types of UFOs are sighted flying over Tegucigalpa and when precisely one of them dives in the vicinity of the La Leona substation north of the capital, and at the precise moment in which the El Cañaveral generating plant, very far from the capital, a strange glow is observed, a major blackout occurs that affects most of Honduran territory and the region of León, in neighboring Nicaragua, which is connected to the Honduran grid.

As a conclusion, we will say that when asked if he saw any possible relationship between the presence of UFOs and the blackout, engineer Baide replied: "Personally, I do not rule out the possibility that technologies superior to those of man could be the cause of these anomalies, since we have not been able to satisfactorily explain the true causes of these blackouts."

Let's see what the blackout of October 27th was like.

If in the case of the 14th we see a fairly direct relationship between UFOs and the [See suspension of electrical power, in the case of the 27th we will see an even greater relationship. Illustrations 1, 2 and 3]

One of the special circumstances of this blackout, which leads us to link it more closely to the UFO phenomenon, is that it wasn't simultaneous like the one on the 14th in the different cities it affected. The aggravating factor is that the respective blackouts occurred precisely when the different cities were being flown over by mysterious unidentified objects.

Let us listen to the testimony of Mrs. Aída Zúñiga de Oviedo, 40, director of the Independencia Academy of Women's Secretaries, in Choluteca (200 kilometers south of Tegucigalpa):

«At 6 o'clock in the morning it started to rain heavily, with lightning strikes at first... I was in my office when one of the students named Egdomilia Quiroz was called by a classmate to go outside and see something very strange that was flashing in a large cloud. It looked like a gigantic basin, which, according to the calculations of six young ladies, was about 100 meters long. It was truly impressive.

The height at which the device was static could be about 800 meters and you could see windows around it; all the girls stood up.

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very nervous, to the point where two of them were almost in hysterics, screaming. The device was camouflaged with a large cloud or fog, but its shape could be clearly seen; it looked as if vapor was rising from around it. One of the girls said it looked like the one in Close Encounters of the Third Kind.

"It remained parked in the same place for about 10 minutes, making no noise; only flashes of lightning came out, but no sound. Then it began to move and fade away.
There was still electricity, but minutes later all power went out in Choluteca.
Some people thought there was a big fire somewhere in the city, because the light they saw was circular and they thought it was the glow of the fire. »The strangest thing of all was that when the device left it stopped .

raining immediately. The light from the object changed color, from yellowish red to pale pink and disappeared. Several people tried to start their cars but couldn't.

After the rain stopped, some cars started running normally... This moment was terrifying for the girls and we will never forget it.

It's worth noting that the city of Choluteca, like many others in the South, receives its energy from the Pavana power plant, which "inexplicably was also affected," according to experts from the "ENEE." The vast region of Nicaragua supplied by this same plant was also affected.

Exactly two hours later, a strange aircraft appeared over Tegucigalpa, heading directly for the La Leona substation. Investigators collected very precise and extensive evidence of this aircraft and its maneuvers.

Here is what Miguel Herrero, the worker who was on duty at La, said.
Leona the night of the blackout:

«It was exactly 8:06 p.m., as I had just looked at that large electric clock..., when suddenly the image of a small television began to fade until it was lost and at the same time I saw a bluish glow and immediately there was an explosion in the courtyard where the transformers and the output distribution are.

I was momentarily blinded, and as soon as I recovered, I ran to the courtyard and saw sparks coming from that tower where the insulators are... Then I saw a very blinding light rising toward the sky; I had to close my eyes again because the light was blinding me, and besides, my eyes had been watering from the beginning. It was something indefinite... It rose with a buzzing sound.

Miguel Herrero (who several days after the blackout was still wearing glasses)

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(because he said his eyes were very red and irritated) said that at the time of the blackout, two circuits were disconnected, so there is no possible explanation for how it could have affected the entire country. According to him, the points on the control panels suffered a strange alteration "as if the power had vanished or been lost."

As with the previous blackout on the 14th, it appears that not just one UFO flew over the city, but several, judging by the many witnesses who claim to have seen several objects.

An exceptional witness, who despite being unaware of everything was nevertheless the recipient and unifier of many testimonies, was Rodrigo Wong Arévalo, assistant manager of the Cadena Radio América station and director of El Noticiero, in Tegucigalpa:

"I received many calls—12 in total—from people claiming to have seen strange flying objects; two of them told me they had seen an octopus-shaped flying object—note how all the witnesses agree on this detail, even though they describe it in different ways.

We kept the public very well informed about what was happening. I don't know if they were telling the truth; I just reported it. Some of the callers were really excited.

Miss Julia Martínez Flores, female police officer from the La detachment Leona said verbatim:

"It was 8:10 at night, and I was on guard duty alone when the power went out. I went outside to see what was happening and noticed some lights spinning in the sky. I saw a very low, bright red light that was spinning around itself, hovering more or less above the La Leona plant. It was silent in flight; it had *little tails* pointing downwards; I thought it was the end of the world."

An apartment building security guard, Rosendo A. Ponce, said he heard a crash-like noise at the exact moment the power went out. He went outside and saw a very strange light about two meters long coming over the power lines; it passed about two meters away from him, "whistling in a very strange way."

Taxi driver Roberto Aguilar said he had seen a very large light in the sky.

When he saw him, he was going down quite a distance and he could see him better; he was terrified,

"Well, the device or whatever it was was shaped like an octopus with tentacles that

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They were moving in a spinning motion; it reached the site of La Leona and suddenly the city lights went out, which gave me a tremendous shiver because I assumed that what I had just seen was related to the blackout.

[See illustration 4]

Another curious detail about this witness, which coincides with what many other UFO witnesses around the world have said, is that in his opinion, "it was a flying animal."

These testimonies, while compelling, are, in my view, secondary when compared to the overall testimony of the Elvir Hernández family, who live very close to La Leona station.

Here is what Mrs. Donatila Hernández de Elvir, 40 years old, housewife, narrated.
home:

"It was 8:10 a.m. and I was in the kitchen when I suddenly saw a very strange glow that filled the entire kitchen and immediately heard an explosion, just as the power went out. I immediately looked out the window overlooking La Leona station and was quite surprised to see a strange device motionless on top of the mango tree, about a meter above it.

It was a meter thick by two meters long, and its shape was strange, as long metallic whiskers revolved around the device, from which sparkles of various colors emanated; however, what looked like a dome was stationary; only the whiskers revolved, and the device shone so brightly that I couldn't hold my gaze; then I screamed as loudly as I could out of fear .

A very strange thing also happened: at the moment the violet light invaded the kitchen, a strange buzzing sound began to sound that remained in the kitchen for several seconds... The violet color remained *stuck* to the kitchen walls until it faded...

Donatila's 17-year-old daughter, Elisabeth, was in an even better position to witness the incident, as when the UFO approached the mango tree after the explosion, she was only about seven meters away from it. She gives virtually the same details as her mother, although Elisabeth saw the UFO as soon as it appeared, shining brightly on the nearby horizon.

"The light was so strong and such an intense blue that it blinded me; I looked away. face and covered it with my hands because I thought I was going blind.

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In fact, he was unable to see for several minutes and fell into a fit of hysteria and nervousness that lasted two days, with headache and malaise. [See illustration 5]

Those who say that "there is no concrete evidence of UFOs" and that it's all a figment of the mind are unaware of cases like this one, where dozens of witnesses from all walks of life agree in stating and describing the same event—a very concrete event like the power outage across an entire city.

As for the witnesses' statement not being "proof," it won't be so in the purely scientific field—and even this could be discussed, since the ultimate and definitive witnesses of laboratory equipment are the senses of the people who operate and test it—but it is authentic "proof" in a human sense.

Judges in a court of law convict or acquit based on "evidence" or testimony that is often not as abundant or as consistent as that of the blackouts in Honduras.

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Case No. 5 THE CHILD HEALED BY "GOD"

The following case may provide the key to a radical explanation of the religious phenomenon. Naturally, many other aspects must be taken into account in the religious phenomenon, but we believe that in this case (and in countless other similar ones throughout history) there are certain elements that are essential for a radical understanding of the extremely interesting psychosocial phenomenon called religion.

It happened in Peru in 1960, in a place called Bailanca, one hundred kilometers to the south of Chimbote and in the vicinity of a large hydroelectric plant.

The main witness (of whom I have a detailed recording, not only of the event I am about to narrate, but of others that happened to him before and after in that same region) is a Yugoslavian engineer, head of maintenance at the power plant and a complete skeptic when it comes to extraterrestrial beings or flying saucers until the events described here occurred. Endowed with a very strong character and with a highly technical profession, very attached to the laws of the matter, he is the type of person totally opposed to fabrications and anything that smacks of mysticism or intangible realities.

His first relationship with the UFO phenomenon was a momentary blackout, midnight, at the central station.

When he left the office in a rage to find out what had caused it, he heard that One of his assistants, named Quirós, said in a terrified voice, breaking his voice:

—Those strange people have come down again!

As he was about to ask him what kind of people he was talking about, he realized that despite it being midnight, everything outside the power station was lit up as if it were daytime. He hurried outside to investigate the source of the light when he saw a large, lentil-shaped vessel at the end of the esplanade. While he was staring at it, filled with astonishment, he saw two individuals talking to each other, and instinctively realized that they were the "strange people" Quirós had referred to.

Without hesitation, he grumpily approached them and asked what they were doing there, what permission they had had to enter, and if they were aware of the harmful consequences of a power outage, even a temporary one. They smiled, tried to calm him down, and told him they weren't responsible for the blackout.

They spoke to him in a calm manner, always trying to remove the bad mood that he openly showed, since according to his own confession, he told them

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words "which cannot be repeated in public." He was told that the temporary blackout had been caused by a buzzard (a type of vulture or buzzard that is quite common in the area) that had made contact with two cables with its open wings.

They added that they did not come to harm anyone and that they were coming to the Earth for many years from his own planet called Apu.

The Yugoslav, far from being reassured by these explanations, launched into further criticism of them, believing they were making fun of him. He told them he didn't believe any of the nonsense they were telling him and that they had to leave the power plant grounds immediately.

Without hearing any further explanation, he turned around and, still furious, headed back into the building. But before entering, remembering the strange vehicle he had seen at the end of the esplanade, he turned to see if it was still there, surrounded by that extraordinary light.

The vehicle was then rising vertically; when it reached an altitude of about 1,000 meters, it took a more horizontal course, accelerated at high speed, and was soon lost in space above the high peaks.

Despite everything he had seen, our man still refused to give in, even though he couldn't stop going over the events of that night in his head. But he didn't tell anyone about it, nor did he change his thoughts or his way of life, trying to forget the whole incident as if it had been a dream.

without consequences.

Shortly thereafter, while hunting deer in the Andes mountain range above 4,000 meters, he had another encounter in which he engaged in a more friendly conversation with them. This second encounter was followed by others in which he continued to receive new news and information about the planet of origin of the strange visitors, the formation of the stars in the solar system, and many other topics that interested him, which I preserve on the tape I referred to.

By then our engineer had already abandoned his hostile attitude towards them and had convinced himself that they were indeed non-human beings, although their shapes made them look very similar to us.

However, I want to emphasize one of his encounters with the "extraterrestrials" that, as I said before, I consider key to understanding an intriguing aspect of human history.

One day, when our engineer was engaged in his favorite pastime, hunting, following the trail of deer and bears at more than 4,000 meters above sea level and in places very sparsely populated by Indians, completely removed from civilization, he came across a small, closed valley, surrounded by high hills.

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He was surprised to see a small group of Indians gathered around something he couldn't see very well from a distance. Although he didn't speak Quechua, and most of those Indians didn't speak Spanish, he approached them to see what was going on there. Normally, on his hunts, he was accompanied by a pure-blooded Indian employee from the central office who spoke Quechua well and served as an interpreter for him to communicate with the natives; but on this occasion, he wasn't.

Moving closer, he could see that the Indians were all gathered around a child lying on the ground, covered with a large amount of clothing, as it was intensely cold and snowy. The child appeared to be in very bad shape, as his color was gone, and all signs indicated that he was dying.

The engineer was received with great coldness and distrust, and when he asked through signs what was wrong with the boy, they told him that he had fallen from some rocks and broken some bones. Seeing the state of despair he was in, and seeing at the same time the sadness and resignation of his parents and relatives, he told them that he offered to take the boy to the nearest hospital if they would take him to his jeep, which was much further down the mountain, quite a distance away. The boy's parents were very upset by this offer of help, and when the engineer insisted again that he had to take him to the hospital because the boy was very ill and in grave danger, they vehemently refused.

Intrigued by the parents' attitude and their opposition to him doing anything, despite the fact that they realized the child was in a very serious condition, he asked them why they didn't want him to be taken to the hospital, knowing that the child would die if they didn't.

Then they answered him with all simplicity something that the engineer managed to do. understand but at the same time filled him with stupor:

—Because "Dad" God is going to come and heal him.

With their hands, they simultaneously pointed upward and then immediately toward the child. He tried to imagine what God had to do with all this and kept persuading them to take the child to his jeep so he could immediately transport him to the hospital.

When he had already decided to leave the child to his fate, he heard the Indians begin to exclaim and all look toward a point in the sky. He immediately looked where they were looking and saw a vehicle, exactly like the one he himself had seen months before at the hydroelectric plant, hurtle down from the heights at full speed, landing gently a short distance from the group of Indians.
They greeted him with shouts of joy, and it was clear from their faces that this was what they had been waiting for there for a long time.

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Immediately, several individuals like those he had seen on other occasions emerged from the ship, including a woman who, like her companions, was wearing a loose-fitting suit of tights. They went to where the boy was and, with the help of his parents, immediately carried him toward the ship, where he remained for about 15 minutes. After that time, the boy left the ship's door on his own and ran toward his parents, jumping and throwing stones so they could see that he had not only regained all his strength, but that his arm was completely healed. All the natives burst into shouts of joy as they surrounded the boy and felt him to see if he was completely healed.

The pseudo-extraterrestrial explained to the engineer how they had performed the operation in such a short time. According to her, they had disintegrated all the diseased particles and reintegrated them, putting everything back in its place.

I said "pseudo-extraterrestrial" because, as she herself explained, she was born on our planet and as a very young girl—47 years ago—she had been taken by Apu's people to their planet, where she had fully acclimatized, becoming like one of them.

The strange thing about this case—which raises great doubts in me—is that she was also Yugoslav, and from the same region as the engineer! So they both spoke in his dialect. This didn't seem to surprise him at all, especially after the things he'd already seen that he couldn't have imagined years before. But I confess that it leaves me completely perplexed, because this small detail is very similar to other highly suspicious "small details" I've encountered in other cases.

Another circumstance that most interested us throughout the engineer's long narrative was the number of times he, during his forays into the heights of the mountain range in search of big game, encountered groups of indigenous people sitting quietly around aliens, listening attentively to their conversation, who, of course, spoke to them in perfect Quechua.

Apparently, at those altitudes, far from our "civilization," communication between the "gods" and the Indians continues as it did in times past all over the planet, when aboriginal tribes with very primitive cultures considered them gods and worshipped them in some way.

The fact that they were waiting with the sick child for them to come down tells us that they knew in advance in some way that "god" was going to come; either because they usually went down there on a fixed date or because they had communicated with one of the Indians to tell them when and where they were going to come, or also because the Indians had some way of calling them and communicating with them. The truth is that the Yugoslav engineer surprised them several times in this type of meetings, unknown to them.

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all the "civilized" people in their country.

In fact, on one occasion when he had surprised them and had even participated in the conversation, when the aliens had already withdrawn and he was preparing to descend the mountain, one of the chiefs approached him and begged him not to tell the authorities anything about what he had seen there.

When he asked her the reason for this, she told him that if the authorities found out, they would most likely send soldiers to see what was going on there and start an investigation, and this would probably cause her friends in heaven to never return, which would make them very sad because they felt very protected by her friendship.

As I said at the beginning of this chapter, this episode can shed much light on many of the biblical stories—especially the Pentateuch—and on all the sacred books of the great religions, from a new perspective. It can also help us to correctly interpret the enormous number of traditions and legends similar to this one that fill the history of all peoples.

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Case No. 6 DISAPPEARING PLANES

The cases of planes and ships that are lost without ever being heard from again are more or less known by readers since lately many magazines have been dedicated to popularizing these topics and especially books like those by Charles [2] Berlitz (The Bermuda Triangle and *Without a Trace)* have aroused great interest in this worrying subject.

It's only natural that when an airplane or ship sinks or falls into the sea, it's not easy to find any remains, and it's common for the incident to be due to normal errors, without us having to resort to any superhuman or mysterious force to explain the tragedy. But there are cases in which a number of circumstances lead us to evidence, or at least to a well-founded suspicion, that the incident wasn't natural and that other forces intervened in the whole affair for which we have no explanation.

In April 1979, a four-engine turboprop Vickers Viscount from the Ecuadorian airline Saeta made the first morning trip on its regular Quito-Cuenca route (approximately 600 kilometers). It's worth noting that both cities are located in the Andean valleys, at approximately 2,300 meters above sea level, making the journey between them no easy feat, especially considering that along the way lie two of the Andean giants, Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, both of which rise to over 6,000 meters above sea level.

However, despite the route's difficulty, the pilots who cover it identify with it perfectly, having flown it hundreds of times, several times a day.

When the plane in question was already in sight of Cuenca Airport, and after requesting landing clearance, its signal suddenly stopped and it never landed, neither there nor at any other airport. It's worth noting that there was no bad weather at that moment, the pilot never indicated any problems, and visibility was unlimited in the airspace surrounding the plane and 50 kilometers at Cuenca Airport.

I conducted my investigation into this case about twenty days after it had happened. Since this wasn't a private incident requiring a search for hidden witnesses, but rather a notoriously public event that had the entire nation in dismay, it was easy for me to go to the offices of El Universo in Guayaquil, the nation's main newspaper, and carefully read the dispatches that constantly arrived from various news agencies about how the search efforts were progressing. A month later, there was no clue as to where the plane and its 53 occupants had ended up, despite the extremely intensive search organized by the authorities.

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There were several factors worth considering during that search. The first was that it was not a private search organized by the airline or by some of the missing persons' families, but rather an official search, organized by the country's highest authorities and the Ecuadorian Air Force, and involving various types of planes and helicopters, as we were able to verify ourselves. Those planes and helicopters repeatedly flew over all the possible locations where the crashed plane could have gone down.

A favorable fact that theoretically made the search easier was that it was known with certainty that the plane was already in sight of Cuenca airport and was in fact preparing to land, so the area in which it could have fallen, had a sudden mishap occurred, was much smaller than if it had been lost mid-route, at a much higher altitude and in a more indeterminate location.

A testament to the efficiency of these aerial search efforts is the fact that a small plane also went missing during the search, and it was only a matter of hours before the other planes involved in the search found its wreckage in the middle of a wooded area.

Furthermore, in the authorities' desperation to unravel this disappearance, The United States Air Force was called in to assist in the search.

The Americans dispatched from Panama one of the planes specialized in this type of work, which is capable of detecting even sardine cans buried several meters beneath the snow. In fact, they discovered an old jeep lying at the bottom of a deep chasm, which had been thought to be missing for many years and of which almost all memory had been lost. Well, despite this plane's tireless efforts to fly over and over with its sophisticated electronic instruments, it was able to detect the entire area where the plane in trouble had landed.

could have fallen, no trace of him was found. Today, about seven years later, the strange disappearance remains a mystery.

However, the strangest circumstance of this case is the following: Two and a half years earlier, in August 1976, another plane from the same company, "Saeta", exactly the same as the one we are talking about, on the same first flight of the morning from Quito to Cuenca and practically at the same point, already within sight of the Cuenca airport, disappeared in the same mysterious way and at this time nothing has been heard of it or of all its passengers and crew, despite the fact that it was searched for with the same intensity as the one searched for two years later.

And this is what had the most important authorities on the verge of despair. related to the event.

Naturally, there was no shortage of accusations in the press against the company's management of using old aircraft and keeping them in poor condition. However,

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Judging by the documentation presented by these same company leaders, the company fully complies with ICAO (International Civil Aviation Organization) regulations and the rigorous inspections required for airlines with scheduled flights. The use of turboprops instead of jet aircraft at the time was due to the fact that the Cuenca runway was not suitable for this type of aircraft.

According to its flight log, the "Vickers" of "Saeta" had 32,000 flight hours since its manufacture at the time of its disappearance, but since the last total "check" that qualified it to continue flying for another 5,000 hours, it had barely used 981. In the case at hand, the last total inspection lasted four months and among other things, 2,400 x-rays of the aircraft were taken with X-rays and gamma rays to detect any fault in its structure.

From all this it can be deduced with a fair degree of probability that if there had been a
This accident could not have been due to the age of the aircraft or lack of maintenance.

Another detail (which we give much less importance to, although it's still curious, since we see these parallels very frequently throughout the UFO phenomenon) is that when the first "Saeta" plane crashed, one of the small planes participating in the search also crashed—just as the second did. But on both occasions, it was only a matter of hours to locate them, despite both having crashed in the middle of equatorial vegetation and in places that were difficult to track.

The Press, twenty days after the second accident and when the number of conjectures and public interest were at their most keen, published a news item that went almost unnoticed, but which for me was one more piece of information to suspect that the whole incident was due to our "good brothers from space," as so many naive people still call them, without taking the trouble to make at least some distinction.

According to the press release, the pilot of a plane belonging to the Brazilian airline "Varig" that at that time was flying south over Cuenca, at about 11,000 meters high (that is, much higher than the missing plane) claimed to have had the turbojet on his radar and also said to have heard its conversations with Guayaquil and when it requested permission to land in Cuenca; but he reports that when moments later he tried to discover it again on the screen or to listen to its communications with the ground, he was unable to do so, being surprised by its sudden silence and its inexplicable disappearance from the radar screen, since in reality it had not had time to land.

It is also very noteworthy that in the first accident, which occurred in August 1976, due to the impossibility of finding the missing plane, the authorities brought in
Europe to the famous clairvoyant Croiset, whose fame as a detector of objects or

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missing persons and as a criminal investigator is well known throughout the world.

Well, Croiset, after making every effort, came to the conclusion that the plane "was not on a physical plane; it simply wasn't anywhere."

And it is a curious coincidence that two years earlier, Croiset himself had been called by the Puerto Rican Police to try to find two children who had mysteriously disappeared on a mountain called El Yunke, where there had already been other disappearances and where all sorts of strange things happen.

Well, Croiset, after having explored the mountain and gathered maps and the missing children's clothing, said practically the same thing he would have said when the Ecuadorian plane landed: "I don't see them on this physical plane." The answer, of course, didn't please the curious or the police authorities who had brought him from Holland, but I remember that for me it was a confirmation of Croiset's clairvoyant gifts.

No one told him about the many strange things that happen on that mountain, and he tried to find them, just as he had done many times before, hired by his country's police to solve criminal cases. The police, of course, didn't believe in any disappearances caused by "strange entities"; rather, they were inclined to believe they had been kidnapped by members of the Mafia.

I was almost completely certain that they had been abducted by the many mysterious entities that have inhabited that lush mountain since before the arrival of the Spanish; and the subsequent disappearances and strange events that occurred in those parts have proven me right. Perhaps one day I'll decide to write something about what I've compiled about the many suspicious deaths, disappearances, and sightings of all kinds of strange creatures, UFOs, and rare animals that have occurred in the El Yunke massif northeast of Puerto Vallarta.

Rich.

Continuing with the topic of the Ecuadorian plane, I heard rumors that the mother of one of the flight attendants who disappeared in the crash had received a strange letter from her daughter telling her not to worry about her because "she was fine and in a place she didn't want to return from." I tried to find the source of this news but couldn't, and I attribute it rather to the collective hysteria unleashed among the press and public opinion in the face of such an unfortunate accident, which strangely repeated the same circumstances as the previous one and which was also the sixth plane crash in just over two years.

However, it is absolutely true that one of the most prominent authorities, directly related to the missing plane, asked me for an interview so that

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I told him honestly what I thought about the matter and what the possibility was that the plane had actually been hijacked by a UFO.

In the absence of direct witnesses linking the disappearance of this aircraft to a UFO, one is necessarily forced to remain in the realm of speculation—but speculation that has many precedents in all latitudes of the planet.

In October 1978, a commercial airliner with all its passengers went missing in Honduras. Despite an intense search, it was never found.

Well, the reader will remember, as we recounted in a previous case, that precisely on those same dates there were two major blackouts in Honduras which, as we saw, were caused by UFOs of various kinds.

Are we entitled to suspect in this case that UFOs were not only the cause of the blackout—something we are absolutely certain of—but also the cause of the plane's disappearance?

I think so, especially considering the background of this case.

First of all, I must point out the parallel between the disappearance of the two Ecuadorian planes I just mentioned and that of two British planes based in Bermuda.

In January 1948, the Star Tiger aircraft, a "Tudor IV" of the company
British South American Airways disappeared near Bermuda.

Well, a year later, in January 1949, another "Tudor IV" aircraft called Star Ariel from the same company, "British South American Airways", mysteriously disappeared between Bermuda and Jamaica.

And it's good to know that while it's true that everything related to the "Bermuda Triangle" has been greatly exaggerated, it's also true that of the 60 ship disappearances that Marius Alexander lists worldwide, 28 took place within the famous "triangle"; and of the 44 airplane disappearances, 24 occurred within those same boundaries.

To convince the reader that I'm not just talking in generalities, I'll mention a few specific aircraft disappearances; and although I'll do so briefly, I could provide much more detail in most cases.

On December 28, 1948, a DC4 en route from San Juan, Puerto Rico, to Miami, requested the usual permission from the control tower to land in Key West.
It was granted, but the plane never landed, and nothing more was known about its 36 occupants.

In June 1951, a "Constellation" traveling from Johannesburg to New York,
with 40 passengers, and was preparing to land in Dakar, the same thing happened.

In 1973, the pilot of a Caravelle was preparing to land in Madeira. Those waiting on the airport roof saw the plane in the distance as it approached the runway. Moments later, it was no longer in the air and never landed. I have specific records of about 29 similar cases, in which the plane, after having

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been in contact with the control tower, inexplicably disappeared.

In the cases reported so far, the press releases did not mention UFOs or link them to the plane's disappearance, but in the case of the American fighter jet flying over East Germany in January 1964, they did. The radar at the military airport where it was headed had long displayed "two strange objects" on its screen, closely following the plane. The plane suddenly disappeared from the screen and was never heard from again.

Among these incidents, the classic case is that of the Lancaster Star Dust. It was on August 2, 1947. The pilot had already flown over the Andes and had already contacted the control tower in Santiago, Chile, announcing a "safe landing."

Interrupting these words, a loud voice appeared on the radio and said two times and very quickly:

«Stendec! Stendec!»

No one knew how to interpret them, but the plane never landed.

And much less known, although more enlightening, was the case of a small single-seater plane flying over the State of Missouri (United States): Not far from its trajectory, a large cigar-shaped "mother ship" could be seen, motionless in space.

In a swift movement he approached the small plane which he stopped in mid-air.

At one end, a large door opened, swallowing the plane in seconds, fitting perfectly even with its wings extended. Of course, the few astonished witnesses were dismissed as hallucinating, and the incident became part of the popular folklore of that region, specifically the "legends" related to UFOs. But the truth is that the plane was never heard from again, and the pilot's parents are still waiting for their son.

In the disappearance of airplanes, several strange circumstances usually occur that They also often occur in the disappearance of ships, which are even more numerous.

First, they usually disappear without sending out an SOS. Their voice simply ceases to be heard on the radio, although there are a few cases in which the pilot's terrified voice has been heard pleading for help; but it must be admitted that they are a tiny minority compared to those who disappear silently.

Furthermore, these events, like UFO sightings, occur in waves.
It is not uncommon for a plane to disappear under mysterious circumstances, and for others to disappear shortly after in the same way.

Several examples: In 1951, in just over a month, five planes disappeared in Alaska without a trace, none of which ever reported being in trouble. A total of 81 people disappeared.

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The following year, in less than two months, eight planes disappeared again in Alaska, and three years later, in the space of 20 days, nearly 100 people perished in various plane crashes in the Rocky Mountains. As in the other cases, none of these planes, which were never found, sent out the slightest radio alarm.

It can be said that the disappearance of ships and planes involves the Jungian phenomenon of "synchronicity," which also occurs in other paranormal events. It is common for another plane to disappear somewhere on the globe on the same day it vanishes, possibly thousands of miles away. On the same day the plane from Honduras we mentioned went missing, another plane disappeared in Australia under strange circumstances.

Finally, it should be noted that whoever is involved in making planes disappear seems to have a certain grudge against military aircraft squadrons or formations.

In 1952, a squadron of American jets carried out a flight in Korea reconnaissance. One of the planes entered a cloud and never emerged from it.

In 1950, three American fighter jets crashed simultaneously near Washington. In 1951, on June 8, no fewer than eight American Thunderjets, having just taken off, crashed one after another near Richmond, Indiana. Two years later, four more Thunderjets fell engulfed in flames from 3,000 meters in the state of Georgia.

In 1955, eight aircraft from a Portuguese military squadron crashed in Lisbon; the following year, six British fighters crashed in Norfolk, five Swedish fighters crashed near Stockholm, and three Dutch fighters crashed in Germany.

In July 1962, four German F-104s crashed near Cologne, and the following year, three American aircraft crashed simultaneously in northwestern France.

On May 25, 1966, six "Mystére IVs" crashed on the borders of the provinces of Seville and Huelva, which is precisely the place where most UFO sightings occur in all of Spain... And so we could go on. Almost two years ago (spring of 1987), newspapers around the world reported that three of France's most modern jet planes had crashed simultaneously.

As expected, the "technicians" always have explanations for these group accidents, but when you talk to them unofficially they admit that it is extremely rare for an entire squadron to go aground, and even more so without any of them having raised the alarm over the radio, as has occurred in most cases.

[3]

Many events like these, spread across the planet, will gradually wake us up and help us to be more attentive in the future.

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events that in other times remained unexplained and were soon forgotten.

Teletypes and computers are helping us to know and remember all these facts and, above all, to relate them to each other, at the same time that they make us realize that this planet is not as much ours as we had thought and that someone is out there playing very heavy jokes, making us believe, on the other hand, that everything has been the product of natural causes.

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Case No. 7 SIDERAL VAMPIRISM

In a previous chapter, we saw how the UFO phenomenon is related to the unexplained blackouts of entire cities and regions. In this one, we will present the reader with another strange connection between the phenomenon—that is, the intelligences behind it—and the death of animals and people, as well as their bleeding to death. It is an extremely disconcerting connection, and for this reason, many researchers are reluctant to accept it. But for the author, there is no doubt, although he has not yet been able to definitively uncover the background to such strange events.

The truth is that certain non-human entities seek the blood of both animals and humans, and sometimes some of their viscera. Sometimes they do so indirectly, concealing their search with other concomitant actions and without making themselves conspicuously visible. But at other times, they seek it in a blatant manner that leaves no room for doubt.

As I have already written quite a bit on this topic (Let us defend ourselves from the gods) I I will limit myself to transcribing a few paragraphs from that book.

The naked and irrefutable fact is this: UFOs tend to have a certain periodicity to take certain viscera and especially large quantities of blood extracted from animals - preferably cows and bulls - that have previously been slaughtered on farms.

These carnages, which always occur at night, have occurred virtually everywhere in the world, and authorities in several countries, alerted by affected livestock farmers, have actively intervened to find the culprit, but have never been able to provide a convincing explanation.

The fact that we link these deaths to UFOs does not come from deductions, but from having personally investigated a large number of such events and having heard countless eyewitness testimonies.

The reader who reads or hears about this strange quality of UFOs for the first time will think it's just another legend. But in this case, these aren't facts that require investigation based on oral traditions or old books; all you have to do is take the trouble to read the dispatches that modern news agencies publish from time to time in the newspapers.

And anyone who wants to be convinced by such a strange occurrence must do what the author did. As soon as the first newspaper report appeared about mysterious animal deaths (which were found with strange wounds on their necks and heads and completely drained of blood), he went to that mountainous region to investigate the events himself. And not only did he hear testimonies, but he was also able to photograph cows that had been killed that very night by UFOs, and which had the wounds characteristic of this type of death.

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In the United States, these strange events became so notorious in the 1970s that a magazine entitled Mutilations was even published, dedicated exclusively to describing and cataloging these phenomena.

In this magazine they dedicated themselves almost exclusively to events that occurred in the The United States, but it is well known that such massacres have occurred and continue to occur in every country on five continents; and in some countries, such as France, Brazil, and South Africa, among others, there are very detailed reports resulting from lengthy investigations.

In Spain, in 1986, major newspapers published news about the mass and unexplained deaths of animals in Aragon and Navarre, which went unnoticed amid the torrent of unpleasant and sensational news generated daily by our unhinged society.

I transcribe from the newspaper El País a short article signed by Javier Ortega from Zaragoza:

> Hundreds of cattle killed by an unknown animal in Aragon and Navarre. An unknown animal has already killed between 700 and 1,000 sheep from various flocks in the Las Cinco Villas region and for more than a month has sown concern and fear among livestock farmers and residents in the area. So far, the mysterious beast has attacked at least six municipalities in Zaragoza and some in Las Bárdenas in Navarre.
>
> The fact that the animal has not been seen for certain by anyone has given rise to all kinds of speculation, and there is already talk of the beast of Las Cinco Villas...

The article continues to speculate about the cause, but of course, it doesn't come to any conclusions. It doesn't say whether any tests were performed on the sheep after they died, but if they had been, it wouldn't be surprising if they were all found without a single blood sample.

Some Pamplona newspapers dedicated entire pages to reporting on this, to them, inexplicable event.

And if the killing of animals is not readily accepted, even less so is the fact that UFOs occasionally dare to bleed people. And it is not accepted or acknowledged because, in general, incidents of this nature are less common these days, and when they do occur, they are usually carried out in a very discreet manner and in remote regions, so they rarely reach the general public's attention.

In 1977, when I was in the city of San Luis Potosí (about 300 kilometers from Mexico City), I heard about the first case of this

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nature: a newborn who had been found dead, completely drained of blood. The strange circumstances of the case prompted me to investigate further, until I soon discovered that this was not an isolated case, but one among many others like it.

The general circumstances were as follows: they were usually newborns or very young children; they often had bruises or bruises on their skin, as if their blood had been sucked through it; the common denominator among all was that they were completely drained of blood. In some cases, it seemed as if their blood had been sucked through the mouth, since there were no wounds or marks of any kind on the skin.

It is also common for the mothers of these children to be discovered in a lethargic state next to their dead babies, as if they had been drugged by someone while their child was being bled dry. Some of these mothers take days to regain consciousness, and when they do, they feel extremely weak. There are also adults who say—or assume—that they have been attacked by someone in their sleep, because they discover bruises and bruises all over their bodies and also feel extremely weak.

All these events occurred in the municipality of Landa de Matamoros, in the state of Querétaro, in different locations. Naturally, people began to talk about vampires and other things, and panic spread among the humble inhabitants of the area. The cases were referred to the authorities, who conducted some investigations to determine the cause of the deaths, but no definitive conclusion was reached, and the authorities themselves tried to make everything disappear.

Naturally, one can attribute all these events to natural causes, but there are a few circumstances that strongly resemble animal mutilations. One of these strange circumstances, which will speak volumes to anyone familiar with the UFO phenomenon, is the fact that during those same days, the inhabitants of the region constantly saw lights moving slowly in the night sky; some of them stopped above nearby hills and even above the treetops and made very strange movements. The humble local people call these lights (which appear from time to time) "witches" and, in fact, are quite afraid of them, to the point that they practice certain magical rites, which they described to me, to defend themselves from them.

All these events were reported more than once in the press, and in fact I still have a clipping from the regional newspaper, El Heraldo de San Luis Potosí, which reads:

«The most recent cases took place in Tres Lagunas and Valle de

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Guadalupe. First, a 7-year-old girl discovered in the morning that her mother, Josefa Jasso de Martínez, was fast asleep, cuddling her two-day-old baby. When the baby didn't wake up, the girl ran to tell her aunt. When they arrived, they found the baby dead, and the mother didn't fully regain consciousness until two days later.

The newspaper cites another case in the town of Valle, very similar to the one we just described: the mother, named María Nieves Márquez, was found unconscious next to her dead baby. In both cases, the mothers were very weak, and the babies had no wounds or marks on their skin.

Something similar could be said of three Canadian hunters found on November 17, 1977, each with neck wounds and no blood, on a lonely island in Lake Winnipeg (Manitoba). The previous nights had seen a great deal of UFO activity throughout the region.

Reading this, some "ufologists" are experiencing the same fate as the authorities in San Luis Potosí, who became angry with me and reprimanded me for investigating these events and "alarming the population." The "ufologists" are upset and criticize me for linking them to their beloved UFOs, which they still secretly consider the saviors of humanity.

It was very unpleasant for me to convince myself of the reality of the facts, but I would not be sincere if I did not inform the reader what the result of my inquiries, even if they are disturbing.

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Case No. 8 HEAVENLY FIREFIGHTERS

I'll end this series of cases with a highly positive one to erase any bad taste the previous one may have left in our mouths and to show that the activities of these entities we're dealing with are extremely varied and somewhat unpredictable.

The incident happened in Colombia in 1976, and was told to me by the same woman who experienced it, who is well-known in her country for writing for one of the capital's newspapers and for being responsible for an entire weekly page dedicated to cultural topics.

This journalist, whose name is Inés de Montaña, has not made her experience, like so many others, a secret.

The scene of the incident was a hacienda called Honda, in the Department of Tolima, located toward the center of Colombia. Inés de Montaña was with her friend Jovita Caicedo, around dawn, in the old house on her ancestral hacienda when they awoke, suffocated by smoke and terrified by the sinister glow of a massive fire advancing toward the house, razing trees and crops.

The farmhands ran everywhere in terror, searching for axes and branches, as there was no water to put out the flames. A few minutes later, enormous flames began to appear from the gallery on the crest of the hill, sending thick smoke into the sky.

The farmhands had fought desperately to prevent the fire from spreading, but had given up in the face of the rapid advance of the flames and the enormous heat they produced. The abundant dry leaves caused the flames to rapidly gain intensity and height, and they advanced ever faster in the direction of the old hacienda house, which, being largely made of wood, would be devoured in a few minutes.

As Doña Inés watched in dismay as the fire roared forward, "suddenly—and I quote her—something unimaginable appeared to the West. It was like a helicopter of light.

It came slowly, and its brilliance wasn't like a diamond's, but rather had bluish hues, and you could stare at it. My whole being became eyes, only to gaze at it.

"—Mrs. Inesita, look, look!" Jovita shouted.

"—I'm watching—was all I could say.

"Then she, driven by anguish, began to exclaim, raising her hands

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arms towards the sky:

"—Martian gentlemen, help us! This land of Lady Inesita must not burn! Save the little animals, they are blessed!"

"I heard their pleas as if they were coming from afar, while that thing—I don't know what to call it—moved forward, obscuring the stars in that summer sky. I had the impression it was going to land on us, but at the height of the coconut palms it rose again. It slowly moved away, leaving a luminous trail like the tail of a comet that moved harmoniously, as if to the beat of a Strauss waltz.

"Since then, when I close my eyes to remember, I see it again as something never suspected or dreamed of in my life.

What had happened?

The inexplicable had happened: the UFO had unleashed a wave of intense cold—when the temperature was around 40 degrees—which not only extinguished the flames almost instantly, but also made all the astonished spectators shiver. Doña Inés had to run and get her "raincoat for traveling to Bogotá," and with it on, she could see how the flames quickly subsided.

The UFO had first stopped for a few seconds and then began to move very slowly along the entire front of the flames. As it moved forward, the flames began to extinguish, as if tons of water were being thrown over them.

When Luis, Chepe and Julio arrived, the laborers who had been on the other side of the hill fighting to contain the fire and who for this reason had not seen the UFO, commented in wonder how the sudden cold had extinguished the flames.

Doña Inés, in her article in El Espectador of Bogotá, recalled the words of Luis:

"It was just that the cold was so bad. It was so bitter that it got the better of the flames. All I could do was roll down my shirtsleeves."

When the UFO reached the end of the line of fire, it had been completely extinguished and only a faint smoke was coming out from where moments before flames twenty meters high had been emerging,

And Doña Inés de Montaña ends her writing:

«The above is my truth supported by the testimony of four people who felt with me the effect of a strange phenomenon and because in more than

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For 30 years, no one has been able to say that in the hundreds of pages I have written, there has been any fantasy, fiction, or lies.

This is what Doña Inés de Montaña told me and wrote to me.

As the reader can see, I am only a secondary witness to this incident and have to rely on the person who told me about it. But this direct witness gave me all kinds of details and names of people with whom I could verify the veracity of everything that happened. Aside from the fact that at the newspaper where she worked for many years, I was able to confirm that she enjoyed complete credibility and was held in very high regard by her superiors.

Otherwise, they wouldn't have allowed him to publish the story on a full page.

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THE MYSTERY OF UMMO

Since we refer to the UMMO case on several occasions throughout the book, we believe it is appropriate to dedicate a few pages to it, as we consider it to be one of the strangest cases in all of the strange UFO phenomenon.

Although the presence of these extraterrestrials has been detected in a few nations, and during the 1960s and 1970s the leader of the fourteen Ummites residing on our planet was in Australia, it was in Spain where their activities and communications gained greatest notoriety. We don't know whether this was due to their more open expression among us or due to the greater talkativeness of their Iberian contactees. The truth is that around that time, many reports circulated in Spain on a wide variety of topics, supposedly originating from the explorers that the planet UMMO had sent to Earth.

If this is true, we are faced with a case that falls squarely within the scope of this book. These would involve non-human intelligent beings—true extraterrestrials—who do not belong to another dimension but are more or less like us, but a thousand years ahead of us in every way.

According to them, their planet revolves around the star Wolf 424, in the constellation Virgo, about 14 light-years from our solar system.

They arrived on our planet in 1950, making their first contact with the earth in southern France. Their first impressions and experiences with humans are of a level of interest beyond any adventure novel.

They are rather tall and blond, and their physique generally does not differ greatly from that of the Nordic people, which is why it is not difficult for them to go unnoticed among humans, usually presenting themselves as "Norwegians" who are doing some research work.

At least that was how they behaved in Spain during their time there.
among us.

They had two secretaries in Madrid who wrote the letters and reports they dictated to their Spanish friends. These two secretaries were the only ones who knew their true identity, and at their request, they never personally communicated with the people to whom the letters were addressed.

Little by little, they've been exploring the five continents of our planet; according to them, UMMO's computers currently hold more data about the Earth than all our libraries.

But they have not only dedicated themselves to studying us, but they have also given us abundant information about their planet and the vehicles in which they travel, as well as about outer space and the basic constitution of matter. In this particular matter, they tell us that we are quite lost in terms of the ideas we have about their

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composition at subatomic levels. Their explanations of how they make the journey, using the curvature of space and a kind of "heartbeat" of the Cosmos, are truly fascinating.

But since it doesn't fit with what astronomers know, they don't pay much attention to it.

The documentation is now quite extensive, very varied, and in many respects extremely interesting. It has been compiled and partially published by several authors, including Dr. Juan Aguirre, who was the first to organize it, and the writers Antonio Ribera, Rafael Farriols, and Father López Guerrero.

All these reports have been received over a period of about 20 years, usually in the form of letters arriving by regular mail and written not only by the two secretaries in Madrid, but also by others they have in other countries, since in many cases the original report is in another language, as stated at the beginning of the document.

When I was living in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and completely unaware of the matter, I myself received a letter one day, a photograph of which the reader can see in these pages. In the upper left corner, it bore the well-known UMMO emblem, consisting of a capital H with a horizontal bar crossed by a vertical line. It doesn't appear in the photo because it's embossed.

The text of the letter is as follows:

Island of Puerto Rico
X-IV-MCMLXXXI

Mr. Salvador Freixedo
Aurora Catholic School
1366 Wilson Street
Santurce
Puerto Rico

Sir: Our UMMOAELEWE Superior of UMMO has sent us your name and address along with those of two other OEMII (men) of that OYALII (society) so that we can initiate and maintain communication with you in one direction as far as possible.

We learned of your interest in us from one of your trips to Barcelona, Spain. So we simply studied it through our UULEWA (the kind of screens they have here), passing the report on to the XANMMO ISOO at UMMO (the large central computers they have on their planet).

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The analysis was favorable and therefore he has been included as one of our possible contacts here, subject to your acceptance.

Each contact will have a different mission and yours, as a man of letters, will be to divulge the content of all the scientific information that we provide you, without necessarily revealing the source from which it emanates. We do not oppose you doing so if you wish, although we do not recommend it either, since it could negatively affect your image (already quite controversial) by becoming part of the so-called "UMMO Crazy People", so we leave it to your best discretion.

As this relationship must be purely voluntary on the part of each of the recipient parties, if you are satisfied with your choice, you must publish the following sentence in the Sunday classified of your local English newspaper: OEMII-2 OK

We will wait four issues of the aforementioned Sunday edition, starting next Sunday, to hear your response. If you do not make an announcement within the scheduled time, we will consider your silence as a refusal and will not pursue it further.

Once your contact has been accepted, you are free to cancel it.
Whenever you wish, republishing in the aforementioned Sunday: OEMII-2 KO

Our presence here, initially unscheduled by our elders, dates back five years. It was initially motivated by a strange psychic phenomenon emanating from this island, causing serious disturbances to several of our brothers and sisters, about which we will inform you later. Once we obtained the motivation for our unexpected trip to Puerto Rico, we were entrusted with the geological study of its OYALII and, more specifically, the in situ inspection of the maritime abyssal trench to the north of it, which we are still conducting.

Without further ado, I greet you.
AUX 17

On the one hand, I was surprised to receive this letter because I had never done anything to communicate with them—although I confess that I had with others—but on the other hand, it didn't seem too strange to me since they were used to communicating with people who were distinguished by their study of the UFO phenomenon, and they have mainly done so with two groups of people, one in Madrid and another in Barcelona, most of whom are friends of mine.

As I did not mind coming into contact with them and on the other hand I knew

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who provided very interesting information, I did what they said.

I went to The San Juan Star newspaper and wrote a short piece of classified advertising that read like this:

> Buy Radionics Machine OEMII-2 OK new or used. Interested also in Machine WOAI. Call 722-1366.

The classifieds manager wouldn't admit it because he didn't understand what it meant and thought it might be key for drug traffickers. I had to rely on my personal friendship with the newspaper's editor and chief editor to get him to admit it, although I first had to make some changes and "explain" that OEMII—which actually means "man" or "male"—was a type of radionics machine. As so often in life, with lies I achieved what I couldn't have achieved with the truth.

However, exactly a week after the second announcement was published, I boarded the plane for Madrid, just as I had long planned, without seeing how it would all turn out or whether I would actually start receiving any communications.

I imagine that, faced with such an important matter, others would have preferred to stay and wait. But I've always thought that if these gentlemen or others of their ilk are so superior to us and truly want to help us, they should adhere to our way of life and adapt to our customs, instead of making us dance to their tambourine.

Upon my return to Puerto Rico after four months of absence, I thought I'd find some communication from the Ummites amidst the two sacks of mail waiting for me, but there was absolutely nothing, and I never received anything from them again. I don't know if they were angry at my thoughtlessness in not canceling my trip or if it was someone's joke, which I highly doubt.

Opinions regarding the veracity of the entire UMMO case vary widely.

Some believe it's all real; and they think this, among other reasons, because of the huge impact Ummite communications have had on their lives; others think it's all a massive human setup orchestrated by some government, some large society, or some institution to study certain psychological reactions or to boycott or promote certain mysterious "causes"; and finally, others suspend judgment in the face of such confusing data. I am one of these.

The feeling inclines me to believe it is true because it cannot be denied that the idea that beings almost like us come from the far reaches of the Universe to visit us and lift our spirits, even if only indirectly, is fascinating, seeing how far we can go in our evolution.

Reason, however, does not give its total assent, even though there are

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Aspects in the entire phenomenon tell me that it's real and not a human fabrication. It would take too long to go into detail about these aspects now, but my long search in the realm of the paranormal has prepared me to admit things I wouldn't have otherwise. If I believe in the existence of other, much more subtle and "unreal" entities, I am logically obliged to admit the existence of beings who are almost like us, even if they come from a very distant star.

The vast distances, which our scientists find insurmountable, are not so for the Ummites, and they explain to us in great detail how they manage to overcome them. I don't know if their explanations are ultimately true or not—because they far exceed the limits of our current technology and science—but what cannot be denied is that they are fascinating.

Our scientists, however, do not deign to heed their reports and continue to believe that our technology—which includes rheumatic rockets that explode in mid-flight and travel at a cart's pace across the infinite distances of the Universe—is the most advanced in the Cosmos.

So, part of me is inclined to believe in the objective reality of the Ummites' visit and their physical presence among us. But on the other hand, I'm plagued by doubts. Sometimes they look too much like us. It seems as though the hypothetical authors of the montage went too far with their "human" features, to make us swallow the bait more easily.

But that is what puts us on guard.

We are suspicious of their religious ideas, for example. Their theological framework is too similar to ours, and their UMMO-WOA, or Redeemer, gives the impression of being a blatant copy of our Christs. If the idea of an incarnate God giving his life to "save" his people is difficult for us to accept here, seeing it repeated in UMMO is even more difficult for us.

In addition, certain psychological traits of them - for example their great self-esteem
when we don't believe them—they remind us too much of humans.

On the other hand, there's a strong possibility that the entire UMMO case is a perfectly conceived and executed setup, not by humans but by Jinn, as we'll see in the chapter dedicated to these entities. That is, a case of beings who proceed with a logic very similar to ours and therefore perfectly intelligible to humans, which isn't usually the case with most entities that communicate with contactees; the latter, in the long run, don't understand how and why the "space brothers" act as erratically as they usually do.

However, in the UMMO case, their actions are quite logical and understandable.

In the spring of 1987, when I write these lines, after a silence of

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For several years now, there has been a revival of the whole case, because people who years ago received letters from the Ummites have once again received communications from them, via ordinary mail. We will be attentive to see how events unfold.

For all those readers who have not had the opportunity to see the documents sent by or related to the Ummites, I have selected two very diverse examples as examples. The first, rather anecdotal, is a letter sent to Mr. Enrique Villagrasa in 1967, describing the visit to Madrid by the young leader of all the Ummites then on our planet, who normally resided in Australia.

The letter was written by the Spanish secretary they had in Madrid, who, at their express wish, never contacted the recipients of the letters and remains anonymous to this day.

The letter reads as follows:

Dear Sir: A few
months ago, I wrote you a letter regarding a meeting we had planned, a meeting that, as I will tell you later, could not be held. I am the gentleman who, until now, has been typing what these gentlemen from the planet Ummo have dictated to me. I want to remind you that in my last letter, I told you my whole story. If I were to tell it to many, they would think I was crazy, but you already know them and can understand me.

Even my wife, who until a few days ago was quite skeptical and believed they were espionage agents (you know that when a woman gets something into her head she doesn't reason and there's no one who can convince her with arguments), in view of what happened has had to surrender to the evidence, because now those who don't know this matter would do well not to believe it, because those of us who have lived through it, and I believe I have lived through it more than you, would have to be crazy not to admit these facts.

Since a few months ago, and since I wrote to you, more things have happened.

Other gentlemen from Ummo came to our house. I met one who didn't speak and another who seemed older and had been in South America for a long time.
These days we've had a lot of work, and I know that they also dictate letters to another gentleman. (He's referring to the other secretary that Ummo had in Madrid.) I wrote under dictation to other gentlemen to whom we hadn't written before, all in Madrid except one in Valencia, this last one also a doctor, and the others are an engineer from the ICAI, a writer, a professor at the

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University who is a professor in exact sciences and two others whose profession I don't know.

I spoke to the exact sciences professor on the phone, and he was very intrigued. He asked me a lot of questions and finally told me he thought I was the one writing the reports that dealt with a question he asked about something called "Lattice Theory." (If you could have imagined how astonished he was by the answer he received, it was hard to make him believe I hadn't studied mathematics or was a professor, as he claimed.) On the other hand, they've stopped writing to people they knew before, for example, the industrial engineer.

My brother-in-law, having been informed, had a disagreement with me about all this, as he felt this matter could cause us serious problems. But since I don't accept advice unless I'm given reasons, I told him to tell me what kind of trouble might happen to me, since by typing things dictated to me, I'm not breaking the law. The truth is, he was more frightened than I was, since he managed to convince me that they were telling the truth when they claimed to be from the Ummo.

But by dint of meeting them, I've convinced myself that they're the finest people I've ever seen. We on Earth would love to be as lacking in malice as they are, so understanding and impartial in our understanding of the most intimate matters. The sweetness and seriousness with which they rebuke and express themselves is the only way to portray them. And don't think they're naive; just looking at you, it seems they penetrate you.

But at the end of last year, they dictated some things to me in which they told one of the correspondents that one of their interplanetary ships was going to come between January and May.

Indeed, during a visit two of them made to me on Sunday, May 14, I noticed something was happening. They dictated a letter to me that astonished me, as it was a business letter addressed to Australia, requesting information about some thermal and acoustic insulation panels.

I'd never had anything like this dictated to me before. The strangest thing was that they brought me some papers and stamped the name of a Madrid-based commercial firm specializing in commercial space decoration. (Incidentally, out of curiosity, I went to that address and learned it was an architect we'd never written to.)

They also began to come to my house more frequently to dictate scientific matters to me, but in return they became less involved in this matter because before, once a report was written, it would be reviewed by their superior, who was called DEI 98, and he would tell me to send it by mail immediately.

Now instead they dictated more things and gave me a kind of agenda with

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instructions to send them more spaced out on different dates to each person. For example, something I sent you about a diagram of the Ibozoo UU (atomic physics) I've had saved for a while, waiting for the date they set.

On Corpus Christi morning, they called me at eleven. I wasn't there, and my wife answered. They said they'd call back at two. Their superior, DEI 98, answered the phone and asked if he could speak with my yie (they call wives yie) and me at six in the evening about a very important matter for them. I said yes and, very concerned, told my wife about it, as he insisted that no one be home at that hour except for us.

At that time, DEI 98 arrived with another man I knew, whom he introduced to me as IAUDU 3. He didn't say a word. We met in the dining room, and DEI 98 told my wife and me that they were expecting one of their ships to land in Madrid on May 31, or perhaps a little earlier, and that many of their "brothers" (they call each other brothers even though they aren't blood brothers) had come to Madrid for that reason.

They wished us what he called a great favor. He told us that the next day the superior officer of all those here on Earth would arrive in Madrid. She said she was coming from Singapore, via London, and that they had begun to study her accommodations and preferred that she spend the night in a private home rather than a hotel, making this plan contingent on my wife's and my acceptance, but begging us not to feel obligated in the least and that if we foresaw any inconvenience or felt any fears, we should speak freely.

My wife quickly agreed yes, but that she felt rushed since our house lacks the amenities of a hotel. However, she would sleep in our double bed, and we would make do on the sofa bed, or even, if necessary, go to my mother-in-law's house. For my part, I said my only concern was finding an explanation in case the doormen found out, although it wasn't really a big deal, saying, for example, that they were friends we met on vacation in Malaga, who were Swedish.

DEI 98 warned us that the ones who would be spending the night would be two women, YU 1, daughter of AIN 368, and another "sister", who from what I will tell you later, must be both his secretary and his maid (I will tell you later, since we had time to talk to her) and he also told us something that surprised us: that there was no way he would sleep in our bed and throw us out of there. That we should choose a free room and that his sister would sleep in the

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floor! and the other sister could not be sleeping while she, the superior, was doing so.

On May 26th, at seven in the evening, ASOO 3, son of AGU 28, arrived. I already knew him, as he had dictated things to me for several people, along with the same silent gentleman from the day before. They carried an ordinary leather suitcase, very modern and medium-sized, which we believed would be the luggage for the two ladies or young ladies who were coming. They chatted with us after asking us to examine all the rooms. They told us they would wait until nightfall to do something. The superior would arrive at ten-thirty. We also learned that "several more brothers" were waiting outside and refused to accept anything but water.

It was already getting dark when they asked us to turn off the dining room light and open the balcony wide. The one who didn't speak Spanish sat motionless with his eyes closed, as if hypnotized, while the other took out a fountain pen, and it began to make a continuous, up-and-down buzzing noise, as if they were being told something.

Meanwhile, the other one woke up from time to time and spoke to him in his language.

It was already dark. It was about twenty to ten, and they placed the suitcase in front of the balcony and opened it. My wife and I sat there without saying a word, very impressed. Since there was a neon sign for an electrical and appliance store in front of us, we could clearly see what they were doing even though the lights were off. First, they looked closely at the balconies, which, while not directly in front of us, weren't far away on the other side. Then they began to take out some metallic balls the size of a tennis ball and other smaller ones from the suitcase. I had seen one months ago. It's extraordinary. They stay in the air and steer to all heights as if directed by radio.

They also took out two others that, although they were not visible well, were similar in shape to those in figure no. 2 [See illustration 6] ————————.

In total, they would take out about twenty of different kinds. One by one, they would take them out onto the balcony, and like tiny bubbles or balloons, they would disappear into the street. At least four of them passed near the ceiling, skirting the lamp, and entered the hallway of the house. Then they asked our permission and went into the hallway, and we heard the front door open. When they returned, the suitcase was empty. Meanwhile, the man who didn't know Spanish was manipulating a metal rod with a disk in the center (see figure 3 in illustration 6).

At a quarter to eleven there was a knock at the door. The most amazing thing was that while they were chatting with us, ASOO 3 told us that they had already arrived at the

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street door, and although I know that the portal does not close until later, they told me that it was not prudent for me to go down to greet her.

We went out to open the door, very nervous. Two young women were accompanying DEI 98. One was taller, the other younger and more petite. They were wearing very modern suede coats: brown for the older woman and straw green for the younger woman, whom we already knew was the boss. Incidentally, she herself was carrying a leather or plastic briefcase that said BEA, from British Airlines. They had no other luggage. Both were blonde and wore their hair loose. They were dressed very modern but discreet.

The little girl (who was the boss), with an English accent and speaking Spanish very poorly, although she was understandable, approached my wife and said something like she was sincerely grateful for the hospitality of the country of Spain; we all went into the dining room, but only after the two gentlemen from before had said their goodbyes. In my life I have never felt more annoyed, because when we sat down, Miss YU 1, my wife and I, the older girl whose name was something like UU00 one hundred twenty-something and DEI 98, who is the man who has impressed me the most in my life for his infinite intelligence, remained standing, which was very awkward; and in that respect I do have a criticism, because although it is customary among them towards their superior, out of respect, they must have realized that my wife and I were very awkward.

For example, I, who never miss a thing, noticed that every time she asked them something, they would lower their eyes, as if they didn't dare look at her. She's practically a child. She wasn't even 19, as far as we know, but she looked 16. The other girl looked between 23 and 25. What most surprised my wife was that she, being one of the youngest people here (on Earth), was the one in charge, and she couldn't think of anything else to do but tell them so. The three of them laughed, and she told us not to believe that young girls rule in Ummo; that it depended on many factors.

We talked a lot about Spanish customs. The only thing she disliked was bullfighting. There was no mention of Planet Ummo. She asked us many questions about the Spanish regime; she knew a lot about the referendum and even the Cortes. I told her we hadn't wanted to understand politics since the Reds killed my father in the war.

I was amazed at what she knew. My wife listened timidly, not daring to speak. She noticed and very sweetly began to talk about Spanish cuisine and how it saddened her greatly to know that Spanish women read little and are not intellectually trained like men, and that she was sure that femininity was never lost with

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a higher education. Then she smiled at the other woman, who opened her travel bag and handed my wife a wonderful household encyclopedia, with color plates in Spanish.

We had dinner there. My wife was astonished because they forced her to let them help her. What astonished us even more was that they ate with us; they refused to drink wine. They had already told us they wanted a sober dinner, and my wife had prepared boiled potatoes, soft-boiled eggs, and fruit (oranges and bananas) for them. Another shocking thing that happened was that she begged so much that at the end of dinner, she (the superior) insisted on washing the dishes herself, and her secretary stood there without helping, according to what my wife later told me. Incidentally, her shyness overcame her, and they chatted a lot while they were drying the dishes.

I was left talking after dinner with DEI 98. Another thing that struck us was that before they started eating, they asked us to take off their shoes. The older lady knelt down and casually took off her boss's shoes, and then they took off their own. During dinner, they sat but didn't speak, as my wife didn't ask them any questions.

The most violent part came later, as they very discreetly asked us to leave. We begged again for them to lie down on our bed, or at least on a sofa bed, but it was no use.

DEI 98 went out into the street. I learned he was going to a nearby hotel where they had temporarily set up some sort of official center. I think his sole mission was to protect Miss YU 1. I also think several of them were wandering around the area all night.

I say it was very violent because he wouldn't even let my wife give him a blanket. He told us, smiling, that he was just going to sleep on the floor, in the dining room. We were at a loss for what to do or say. The older lady, who spoke Spanish much better than her superior, asked our permission to "throw something on the floor," telling us not to worry because the next day it wouldn't be noticeable and wouldn't damage the tiles.

She pulled out a nickel-plated cylinder, and an incredible amount of yellow foam came out, leaving a large stain on the floor like varnish. We didn't even dare ask. Mrs. Yu stayed inside, and the three of us left. The other woman said she wouldn't go to bed; she'd be standing in the hallway all night. When we entered the bedroom, we were so nervous and worried that we didn't even dare undress. I don't know why my wife thought to make me even more nervous by saying the police might be coming, as if we were committing a crime or something bad.

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We were sitting on the bed without speaking, and twenty minutes later she said she wanted to call in case they needed anything. She told me about it later. The older girl was walking down the hallway in the dark, arms crossed. In a low voice, she asked if it was wise to say goodbye and ask if she wanted anything.
He told her it was indeed a courtesy and to come in without knocking. My wife wanted to knock, but the other politely told her no, to come in because she probably wasn't asleep yet. They both went in; our dining room has a long table, and there's another small coffee table in a corner near the balcony.

The balcony was ajar and the light was off, but my wife says that on the floor, next to her and the table, there was a disc a little bigger than a 50-peseta coin that glowed brightly, making it quite visible. She sat up, and my wife asked if she wanted anything, nervous about being uncomfortable. My wife says she was wearing some kind of swimsuit. Since the light was dim, she couldn't tell what it was.

He was on the holy ground above the yellow stain. They exchanged a few words and then went outside again.

In the hallway, she spoke to the other woman. They spent a long time talking quietly. This "young lady" turned out to be married, and her husband was on Ummo, and she was selected for our planet. There on Ummo, she was, as it were, a professor of a mathematics specialty, and my wife couldn't explain her mission on Earth to me very well, but it seems it was related to studying the history of physicists who have worked here in the past. While in Mexico, she committed an act of disobedience, and it seems she was, as it were, punished by serving as a maid to her boss. Anyway, a long story.

We got up early.

They were already chatting in the dining room. They asked us to go into the bathroom. The oldest bathed first, and Yu stayed outside talking to us. Then they both came in. The strangest thing was that my wife noticed that the towels and soap hadn't been used, even though the bathroom had been used. The yellow stain on the floor was gone. Even with a magnifying glass, nothing was left! They didn't want to eat breakfast, even though we insisted we do it.

Something else happened. While YU 1 was talking to us, the other girl standing there started looking curiously at the dining room furniture, turning her head. The younger girl noticed and this time, in her own language, said something in a tone we thought was sweet, but the older girl, UUOO, blushed, her lips trembled, and her eyes moistened. We pretended not to notice and continued talking.

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They left early and returned at night. We'll never forget the conversations we had with that young woman. My wife was so impressed that she confessed to me that she now truly believed it was from Ummo.
Furthermore, on the 27th, DEI 98 came to dictate several things to me, including some letters you were about to receive. One of them reported the arrival of their interplanetary ships in Brazil, Bolivia, and Spain.

He dictated more reports to me and said he would continue to do so on Sunday and Tuesday, as he did not know if his superior would give them all the order to leave and he suspected that she would, as he knew that no one else would get off the ship and that all his brothers had received orders to concentrate (abandoning the other countries they were in) in Brazil, Bolivia and Spain.

I asked him if they were coming back and he said he didn't even know for sure if they were leaving.
I asked her if she would know or if they were waiting for orders when the ships arrived, and she told me that it wasn't necessary to wait for the ships to receive orders (they call the ships Oauelea ueba oemm). She knew, but she didn't usually give explanations to those under her command. Just in case, he would dictate some more reports to me so that, in case of departure, I could send them to certain people on certain dates (incidentally, he gave me three other typed reports for three people living in Paris and Lyon, written in French).

The next day, Sunday afternoon, YU returned without her sister but accompanied by ASOO 3 and another man she didn't know, a very young man who also didn't speak Spanish (or didn't want to). They gave me some small packages to send and an envelope for me, asking me not to open it yet. ASOO 3 asked me to keep my identity confidential no matter what happened, since if they returned to Earth, I and another man would be the only contacts in Spain. YU 1 said goodbye to us on Tuesday morning, saying she wouldn't be sleeping at our house anymore and would be spending the night near Madrid. DEI 98 came to pick her up, and they got into a taxi whose license plate I noted. We were shocked seeing them off. I haven't seen them again.

I learned about the ship's arrival from the newspapers. One even includes photographs. All Wednesday night, my wife and I spent time strolling around Casa de Campo and Arguelles, as we were told it was more likely to arrive on Wednesday than Thursday. On Thursday, we spent the night at the University City until eleven at night, and seeing nothing, we retired, exhausted from sleep. The next afternoon, we found out in the Pueblo newspaper and bought all the afternoon papers to catch up on the news.

I had no doubts for a long time, but this, in case there was any doubt,

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He finally convinced me, and so did my wife. I don't know if I'm dreaming anymore; if it weren't for you, the ones who receive my letters, and my wife who has met you, and my brother-in-law, and the news in the newspapers, I would think I was crazy. This is the greatest thing I've ever experienced in my life, and if it weren't for them begging me to be discreet, I wouldn't mind if they thought I was crazy and told it to the four winds.

The only thing that worries me now is one thing; why did they leave so suddenly? suddenly and everyone?

On Sunday night, the 28th, my wife and I had another long conversation with her. She gave us wonderful advice about food and how to raise children; we talked about the American space voyages to the moon, and she told us about astronomy that left us speechless, so much so that at first I felt self-conscious because she was practically a girl. I felt dominated by her, and I don't know how the whole mess about Egypt and the Jews came up.

I asked her what she thought, and she told us to calm down, that there wouldn't be a world war, but then she became thoughtful and looked at each other very pointedly. Then, as if she realized we'd caught that look, she repeated in a confident voice that we should calm down; that there wouldn't be such a war.

But I've been mulling this over. Why did they all leave so suddenly?

They say rats abandon ships that eventually sink... They've been doing their studies, dictating scientific reports and other things to me, and all of a sudden. Did they tell us that there won't be a war to reassure us, like children were lied to in wartime, before a bombing? They're very well-versed in politics and weapons. Before the Chinese atomic bomb exploded, DEI 98 announced it to me, with the exact time the newspapers later reported.

Anyway, I've let you know, because I needed to. I plan to write.
Tonight another letter to another gentleman who receives reports.
I wish to express my friendship to you, as you and I have witnessed this.
Forgive me if I don't sign.

This concludes the letter from the secretary of the Ummites in Madrid.

This "document", as I said, is purely anecdotal and is far from others in which our mysterious visitors descend into technical or

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philosophical that go beyond the thoughts of our scientists and thinkers.

As a second example, I will reproduce a drawing sent by them (and published by Father López Guerrero in his book Mirando a la lejanía del Universo (Plaza and Janes) in which they detail what their systems are for storing information, comparing them with ours.

THE BASIC STRUCTURE OF TITANIUM MEMORIES (XANWAABUASII DIIO)

«TIERRA's digital computers generally use a central memory of ferrite magnetic cores and various peripheral memory units of magnetic tape, disks, drums or wands with a helical band.

"All of them are capable of accumulating a very limited number of *bits ,* magnetically encoded (even if the numbers are in the millions). Access times, on the other hand, are very acceptable.

»Let us now look at the technical basis of our projects in an elementary way.

XANWAABUASII (titanium data accumulators).

»The problem arose when the old photoelectric type memories (large selenium surfaces where the numbers were memorized in the form of light pulses that were projected onto these sheets and recorded as electrostatically charged points) were insufficient, due to the large volume required for their location, to accumulate the thousands of trillions of numbers, which required the millions of OB-XANWAII (can be translated as *routines)* and numerical data of a calculation program. (We have never used magnetostatic memorization.)

»DAOO 6, son of DAOO 4, plans for the first time to microphysically encode (neither optically nor magnetically) numerical data or "characters" with an IBOAAYANOA base (could be translated as *quantum).*

«We know that the electron shell of an atom can be excited, with electrons reaching various energy levels, which TIERRA calls quantum. The transition from one state to another is achieved by releasing or absorbing quantized energy associated with a characteristic frequency. Thus, an electron in a titanium atom can change state in the shell by releasing an IBOAAYA ODU (photon), but in the DIIO (titanium) atom, as in other chemical elements, electrons can transition to various states by emitting various types of IBOAAYA ODU (photons or *quanta)* of different frequencies. You call this phenomenon *the characteristic emission spectrum of this chemical element ,* which allows its identification by spectroscopic evaluation.

»Well, if we can alter the quantum state of the titanium's electronic shell at will, we can turn it into a carrier, storage or accumulator.

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of an elementary message, a "number".

»If the atom is capable, for example, of reaching 12 or more states, each of those levels will symbolize or *encode* a number from 0 to 12. And since a simple titanium pellet consists of trillions of atoms, we can imagine the encoded information it will be capable of accumulating. No other macrophysical basis of memory can compare.

»The titanium blocks we use must have a perfect structure and a chemical purity level of 100%. The inclusion of a few impurity atoms (iron, molybdenum, silicon, etc.) would be enough to render the titanium block unusable.

»You may ask, how is it possible to access one by one of these atoms of the block in order to encode them by exciting them, or to extract the accumulated information (decoding)?

»A basic diagram or drawing will clarify the ideas. [See illustration 7]

»Three beams [symbolized in the original drawing by the colors carmine, blue, and green] of infinitesimal cross-section and extremely high frequency are incident on a block of titanium. They are therefore capable of passing through the block without affecting the nuclei of its atoms, but only affecting their respective electronic shells. For example, frequencies of the order of 8.35.1021 cycles per second are used, and different ones for each beam. A, B, and C are the frequency generators.

»These high frequencies fall outside the characteristic spectrum of titanium, so these beams considered independently are not capable of exciting its cortical electrons individually.

»But this doesn't happen when all three rays strike a specific atom simultaneously (the H in the drawing). The superposition or mixing of the three frequencies then causes an effect, long known to you as *beating* or *heterodyning,* which results in a much lower frequency that matches any of the spectral lines of titanium.

»The atom is thus excited, and as the three orthogonal beams can move
In space with great precision, they locate each atom in the block one by one.

»The decoding process, forcing the electronic cortex to return to its initial quantum state, is carried out in reverse.

»We must make the following additional clarifications since, in an attempt to summarize, we have childishly schematized the system.

»1. In practice, only ten states are used for each titanium atom
quantum that correspond to the following spectral lines:

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3		39
3	expresad	43
3	en	45
3	unidades	45
3	Tierra	45

»This means that for each quantum encoded digit (base 12) we need to excite not one but two atoms (10 + 2).

»2.° As once the atom is coded it is reduced to its initial state, unlike a ferrite toroidal core which provides its information, without losing its magnetic excitation, an indefinite number of times, each coded figure is repeated hundreds of thousands of times to accumulate enough information.

»3. It is very important that the atoms possess great spatial stability in the titanium crystal, since any thermal oscillation would make their localization impossible with the three high-frequency beams. The titanium crystal operates at a temperature practically equal to absolute zero.»

As the reader can see, these are not just mystical "messages" exhorting us.
to peace and love, but to high-tech writings.

The one I have reproduced is one among dozens, some of which are considerably more complex and unintelligible to anyone who has not studied modern physics in depth. And on many occasions, such as when they describe the construction and operation of their ships and how they manage to overcome the enormous astronomical distances, even the most profound experts in university physics are unable to follow their formulas and explanations.

It is a great pity that only a very small group of scientists in the entire world have been concerned with investigating some of the techniques that the Ummites have communicated to us [4] of the human psyche. —· Prejudice and arrogance are deep-rooted evils in the

But for some who have done so, it has served them well, enabling them to make instruments that have not only been far ahead of their time but have also benefited financially.

The latest messages received deal with current and controversial issues such as "machismo," some aspects of Catholic dogma (with considerations that are devastating for the latter), abortion, etc.

On this last topic, for example, they accuse humans of treating it in a totally superficial and passionate way and in their analysis they descend to

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ethical-philosophical depths that are difficult to understand for a human mind that is not highly evolved.

They tell us that on such issues we must adopt a cosmic, much more comprehensive point of view, one that not only takes into account the current human circumstances on this planet but also those of all creation, and that is why they frequently introduce into the discussion of the subject terms like "involution" and "negentropy," which for most of the ardent defenders or accusers of abortion have barely any meaning.

We would be happy to reproduce some of these documents, but in recent communications, the Ummites have let us know that they prefer these messages to be circulated only and discreetly among the most knowledgeable groups of people, and that they would not be pleased if they were published in the mainstream media. We will respect their wishes; those who are more interested would have no difficulty contacting some of the many people who have long been involved in the Ummite affair.

For the reader's benefit, I'll recount another case that bears some similarity to that of UMMO. It is told to us by Carl van Vlierden in his book UFO Contact from Planet Roldas. A Cosmic Dialogue (PO Box 1395, Pinetown 3600, South Africa, 1986).

A South African named F. Edwin W., from the village of Pinetown, near the city of Durban, lived for two years as a co-worker, in a company dedicated to the manufacture of radio equipment, with an individual named George who came from the planet Koldas, one of the 12 that make up a federation of planets located in a parallel universe.

Although many details of the case sound like pure science fiction and remind us of others we've heard from various contactees, the truth is that the physical identity of this George has been perfectly verified not only by the author of the book but also by other South African researchers, and especially by his former colleagues.

George, apart from being almost two metres tall, possessing extraordinary intelligence and tremendous strength, was in every way like an ordinary human being and in no way could one see him as a being from another world.

While fishing with Edwin one night in 1960, he asked him if he believed Earth was the only inhabited planet with intelligent beings. Edwin replied that it was logical that there were more inhabited planets, but that at the time he wasn't very interested in that topic, only in getting the fish to bite.

A few days later George came back to the subject and said:

—Would you be convinced that there are more inhabited planets if I showed you one of them? their ships?

—If I see her clearly and see that she is not from this world, of course I

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would convince.

—All right. We're going fishing again tonight. Come get me.

Arriving at the lonely spot where they used to fish all night, George took a small radio out of his backpack, one of those manufactured by the company where they both worked. He extended some strange antennas he had modified, and immediately a voice began to be heard speaking in a language Edwin didn't understand.

George, who was listening with great attention, then said to Edwin:

—In about 15 minutes we will have a UFO above our head.

Barely ten minutes had passed when a light appeared on the horizon, moving rapidly toward them, growing larger and larger. Within moments, it was overhead, though not very low. The radio was still transmitting, though now much more powerfully. As soon as the UFO stopped above them, it began transmitting in English.

A few seconds earlier, George had told Edwin to listen carefully.

—Edwin, this is Wy-Ora, the commander of this ship. The man sitting next to you, the one you call George, isn't actually called that. His real name is Valdar, and he's one of us on your planet conducting research.

Wy-Ora continued talking for a good while about various topics related to their arrival and Valdar's stay on Earth and ended by asking him if he would like to run a support center for their activities, similar to the 300 others they already had around the world.

Edwin said yes, and from then until today, he has run what they call a "Q Base," whose activities have been widely studied by many UFO researchers. The book I referred to earlier describes only a small portion of them and transcribes a minimal selection from the thousands of hours of recorded conversations with the Koldas beings.

These conversations with the ships were initially conducted on a small radio device—which switched on by itself at the appropriate moment—that Valdar left for Edwin when a UFO picked him up from a beach one day to return him to his planet. Later, when the authorities—or certain "men in black"—

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They took the device, communication was and continues to be done through telepathy, with Edwin in a state of trance that Valdar had taught him to [See illustrations 8 and 9] practice.

As I said, the tape-recorded instructions and messages that Base Q has from the Koldasians are abundant and cover many topics, although they do not go into as much technical and scientific detail as the UMMO reports.

According to them, the Koldasians have been coming to Earth since the time of Atlantis. In addition to the "Q Bases," run by humans, until not long ago they had around a dozen "A Bases," scattered across the planet and run by Koldasians. These bases were underground, and individuals like Valdar were in charge of the small ships they kept there for their travel and missions on Earth. One of these bases, located in the state of Nevada (USA), was attacked by the US military in the 1960s, and the Koldasians were forced to repel the attack. Since then, they have abandoned all their "A Bases" and limit themselves to patrolling their massive ships high above our atmosphere.

One of the most interesting things Valdar told Edwin was that one day one of his ships had intercepted another from a planet outside their Confederation, one that had always shown great hostility toward them. Among the documents they discovered there were some very sinister plans for the inhabitants of Earth. Their goal, for a long time, had been to create a climate of violence among the inhabitants of our planet, to destroy moral principles, and achieve a state of pessimism and chaos in which they could best achieve their ultimate goals.

Valdar added that according to the same documents, his enemies were showing themselves very satisfied because in recent years they had made a lot of progress in their work.

The basic idea that emerges from all the recordings is that the leaders of the Confederation of Planets want to convince the authorities on Earth to join their Confederation, because this would ultimately bring many advantages to both parties, since, as far as we are concerned, they would gradually and selflessly share all their vast knowledge and advancements.

However, when secretly consulted, our planet's authorities either discredited the proposal or rejected it. The last such attempt took place in September 1974.

Koldas' leaders recognize that the fact that there are so many nations and so much discord on the planet makes their plan very difficult.

Valdar complained to Edwin:

"Why are the leaders of the Earth so different from others? In other

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planets have welcomed us with open arms... We are willing to give them all our technology and to share the secrets of the Universe with them... Yes; the great leaders of Earth know of our existence..., but they do not agree...»

As I said, the whole thing sounds like a science fiction novel, but nevertheless It is supported by undeniable facts that once again leave us full of doubts.

The great parallel with the UMMO affair is that these beings present a physical appearance very similar to ours. They are said to have the ability to change somewhat so as not to arouse suspicion, but fundamentally they are like us. In fact, one of them, who like Valdar was stationed in Australia, married an Australian woman and took her with him when it was time for him to return to Koldas.

We will see a completely similar case in one of the last chapters of this book, but in it I had the opportunity to meet the woman married to the "extraterrestrial".

And I say "completely similar" because in both cases their physical appearances, including their exaggerated height, were very similar. These weren't the typical Adamskian characters with long blond hair and very pale skin, but rather individuals with slightly Indian features and not too light skin.

I could still give several more examples of extraterrestrial contacts; but as much as the data we have from planets like Iarga, Itibi-Ra, etc., and from abductions and biogenetic experiences like those of Mirassol (Brazil) are impressive and in a certain way convincing, we cannot help but confess that we have serious doubts about them. Not about the reality of the contacts themselves nor about the veracity of the contactees, but of the credibility of the contacters, no matter how [See illustration 10] advanced they may be.

We get the impression that all your communications, explanations, and messages are merely a cover behind which our visitors' true motives are hidden. The reader will discover the explanation for these doubts in the following chapters.

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PRESENCE IN HISTORY - CASES PUBLIC

So far we have presented mostly contemporary cases but which concern individuals and which have barely been known by a small number of people.
people.

These stories will remain in their memories for a lifetime and will be recounted at family gatherings or among friends, arousing admiration from some, mocking smiles from the most narrow-minded (even if they have university degrees), and uncertainty in everyone's mind. And ultimately, the story will die with the death of its protagonist, or it will become part of popular folklore, with its endless legends.

And the gods will continue behind the scenes laughing with impunity at naive mortals, ready to repeat the trick or joke with another human being who will have never heard of such things or who will believe them to be pure fantasy and who in turn will be filled with astonishment when suddenly faced with totally inexplicable facts.

But aside from these individual incidents, we have countless cases throughout history where the interference of these beings has been obvious and even blatant, yet humanity has either failed to notice or attributed it to purely natural causes. The gods are experts at this art of concealing their activities under the guise of "events due to nature or chance."

In this chapter we will make some considerations about three of these historical and public events that have no explanation unless viewed from the perspective we have considered as the fundamental thesis of this book.

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The Jewish people

The Jewish people are a historical anachronism. On the one hand, we see them clinging to ancient and largely absurd traditions (diet, dress, etc.), and on the other, we see them at the forefront of science and technology. The fact that the State of Israel possesses an arsenal of atomic bombs, coupled with the fanaticism repeatedly demonstrated by many of its leaders, is something that should logically cause concern among the other peoples of the world.

And if we add to this the incredible but real fact that the most powerful nation in the world—the United States—is largely in the hands of Jews (born or naturalized in North America), the danger becomes even greater.

The Jewish people, persecuted and massacred countless times, have always managed to survive admirably, and today they largely dominate, or at least greatly influence, something as important as global banking.

Well, the "Jewish phenomenon," completely inexplicable from other points of view, has a clear explanation if we look at it bearing in mind the thesis of this book, which in the end is nothing more than the exact history of the people of Israel, although contemplated from another angle and seeing in its superhuman protagonist not the One God but one of those extrahuman beings or gods with a small g that we have been discussing.

I won't go into details here, because I developed this entire topic at length in my book *Israel, People-Contact.* The summary is that Yahweh—a god with a lowercase letter, not the Universal God as he presented himself—appeared in a cloud to Moses in full view of the entire people. From that cloud, using a small "box" or instrument called the "ark of the covenant" (which had to be handled with certain caution and placed in a remote location, accessible only to the leader), he communicated his will to Moses while simultaneously conferring upon him "powers." This was the origin of the Judeo-Christian religion and of the very peculiar qualities that the Jewish people have possessed throughout their history and still possess today.

Here is a clear and undeniably historic example of the large-scale interference of one of these mysterious entities in human lives.

Naturally, both Jews and Christians absolutize this fact and turn it into something transcendental and unique, denying that it is just another event of this nature. For them, "God" has communicated officially and personally with humanity only once, and that was through Yahweh's manifestations in the cloud and later, for Christians, when he sent his son, Jesus Christ.

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That's what Judeo-Christians think, and even on this they don't agree entirely.
But for a thinking being free of fanaticism, Judeo-Christianity is just one of the many religions with which humans have been deceived over the millennia.

What we are now interested in considering is the fact itself, disregarding all its ideological content and everything that four thousand years of fanaticism have fabricated around it.

Non-Christians—whether they like it or not—need to acknowledge that Judeo-Christianity has profoundly influenced the course of global history, for better or worse, depending on one's perspective. But it is an indisputable fact.

Now, we are faced with a clear case of interference by non-human entities in the life of a people and, through them, in the lives of hundreds of millions of human beings who practice Christianity today.

It is true that a large part of humanity, including millions of Judeo-Christians, have never believed that Yahweh is the "Universal God," given the atrocities he commanded Moses to commit and his blind passion for the people of Israel and his ignorance or contempt for other peoples. Sound reason dictates that a "Universal God" cannot behave in such an unjust and absurd manner.

And before this the question arises again: Who was then that being who appeared in a cloud, visible to all the people of Israel?

It's very easy to say that all of Yahweh's manifestations are nothing more than a legend woven over the centuries. Just as it's very easy to say that Christ's entire life, with all its extraordinary deeds, was a pure invention of his biographers. It's very easy to say, but it's very unintelligent.

If these two facts were the only ones in the history of humanity, we would have no problem dismissing them as false. But it turns out that in other religions and cultures we find others entirely similar. We find "Universal Gods" and "Creators of heaven and earth" who have spoken to their chosen ones from clouds, or from mountains, or from inside their heads, and we also find multiple "Sons of God" and "Redeemers" who came to this world to save it. And who even died on the cross to achieve [5] this. However fanaticized the followers of all these gods may be and however much we despise their beliefs, the facts that motivated them, that is, the appearances of "spirits" and "gods" to the founders of the various religions, remain there in every page of the long history of humanity.

—.

A fact can be denied; but so many facts, so attested to, not only by written documents but also by stone monuments that have defied the passage of time, cannot be denied and require explanation.

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And once again we will have to ask ourselves: who or what was presented to the Jewish people, what incited and conditioned them so that their history became what it was and what it is?

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Hitler's Germany

Let us present another contemporary and public example that is completely inexplicable if we analyze it rationally: Nazi-dominated Germany.

How is it possible that a people as advanced as the Germans allowed themselves to be deceived and subjugated by a madman like Hitler? How is it possible that millions of such ingenious and enterprising men allowed themselves to be led like sheep to the slaughter in the Second World War? And how is it possible that the politicians of "Western" society, which believes itself to be the most developed in the world, were unable to prevent that horrific slaughter in which scientists put their best inventions at the service of military paranoia?

Historians and sociologists give us a thousand reasons to explain the inexplicable.
But the sixteen million dead on the battlefields; the two and a half million Poles, the six million Jews, and the five hundred and twenty thousand Gypsies murdered; the twenty-nine million wounded and sick, the three million civilians killed in the bombings, and the twenty-four million victims of the bombings, the fifteen million evacuees and deportees, and the eleven million incarcerated in concentration camps... are too much for that scrawny, yet imposing, little man to bear.

The only explanation for such a monstrosity is the one we're saying: Hitler was just a puppet. He received powers from others and simply carried out orders.

One becomes convinced by reading the many books written about him. And although most of his biographers do not believe in these extra-human intelligences, they nevertheless point to them, either as a literary figure or, at times, explicitly, echoing what Hitler himself said. A self-confessed anti-Christian and atheist, he believed himself to be an instrument of "providence,"

understanding providence as a whole set of mysterious forces from "beyond," which he had learned to connect with during his long years of apprenticeship in the Thule Sect and in the many secret and initiatory societies to which he belonged. And these forces from "beyond" were what dominated and deceived him.

And at the same time they were the ones who gave him power.

> "I am an envoy of Providence," he would say in his frequent bursts of frenzy, "and I will follow with the precision of a sleepwalker the path that Providence has shown me! I believe I have been called by Providence to serve my people."

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To enable the reader to see to what extent this idea that Hitler was manipulated by forces outside himself is present in his biographers, I will transcribe brief quotes from no less than fifteen authors:

Walter Stein, Hitler's classmate in Vienna:

> "A strange entity had entered him: as if Hitler himself heard within himself the entity that had taken possession of his soul.

And when this no longer dominated him, "he would collapse into his seat, exhausted, like a solitary figure, fallen from the heights of an orgiastic ecstasy, and abruptly abandoned by that charismatic force that a moment before had given him dominion over himself and his audience."

Kubizek says that he was "prey to furious demons."

Paul Le Cour, in his book Le drame de l'Europe, says that when he spoke, "it was as if he received a magnetic current that ignited him."

Dr. Otto Dietrich, the doctor who treated him in the bunker, says of him that "his will was inhabited by a demon that eventually also possessed his body.

Werner Masser wrote that "Hitler never took action without being invited to do so by an order or by an indication from Providence. His inner voices told him to march."

André Brissaud wrote:

> "He often gave the impression of being hallucinated and controlled from outside by a terrifying being. What pact had he signed with the *beyond?"*

And to this André Rivaud adds:

> "In his moments of fury, this cynical puppet is terrifying... Suddenly, from a formless being, he transforms into a howling, terrifying creature that frightens even the bravest, and becomes a kind of possessed man, ready to immediately kill anyone who dares to resist him. A possessed man, without a doubt."

To all these appreciations we can add the abundant ones that R. Rideau-Dumas writes in his book The Secret Diary of Hitler's Witch Doctors.

From them we select the following:

> «Then he was in his second state, that of trance. At that time he was already

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It didn't depend on himself. To achieve such a doubling of the person, he had trained himself to master it. His exercises were based on the interplay of a tenfold energy emanating from the will, and the concurrence of superterrestrial forces. These were rites originating from earlier magical societies, as well as the heritage of vanished Nordic civilizations...
Extraterrestrial beings sent the initiates irrational energies, almost always of terrible power, intended to carry out the liberation of Humanity even through violence.

«Absorbed in his darkest and most disturbing inner voices, he seemed displaced into another world where an infernal will dictated orders to him...
He would remain absorbed in a strange contemplation for hours on end, well past midnight in his chalet, questioning his inner voices or the stars about the decisions he would make... He himself let it be known that he was under the influence of a cosmic energy. He compared himself to a magnet, but refused to identify the energy that moved the magnet.

However, at the end of his life, "he became clearly aware that he had been deceived by an evil genius."
And it is Ribadeau-Dumas himself who tells us that even Himmler said of him that,

"He was possessed by a hidden force completely beyond his control. It was the demon who had him in his power, who forced him to commit his horrible crimes, because —he said—he had taken possession of his body a long time ago."

The quotes could go on.

"The magical power he exerted over the masses has been compared to the occult practices of African sorcerers or Asian shamans...
We are witnessing the metamorphosis of an insignificant man into an important man.

(Otto Strasser.)

«The origin of the power of persuasion has often been raised extraordinary that allowed Hitler to seize power by legal means.

(André Brissaud.)

"The powers of man," Rene Alleau philosophizes regarding these metamorphoses of Hitler, "stop at an insurmountable limit; that where

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The spiritual order begins with its universal forces. Other non-human forces can then deteriorate human nature...»

André Francois Poncet, French ambassador to Germany, had the opportunity to observe him closely when he visited him in his Alpine refuge, in Berchtesgaden, after the Munich Agreement:

"There are days when, faced with a world map, he turns nations and continents, geography and history, upside down, like a mad demiurge... so strange that it seems the enigma of his life will never be fully clarified. The key to his enigma lies elsewhere."

Elisabeth Ebertin, the famous Munich seer and friend of Hitler, wrote about he:

"On the stand he has all the appearance of a possessed person, of a medium, the unconscious instrument of higher powers.»

Historian Trevor Ravenscroft is surprised that at the Nuremberg trials no one spoke about the witchcraft practices and satanic pacts of all those tried there:

"Citing the devil they invoked in the Thule sect would have been comical to those judges, and yet the majority were Anglicans, Catholics, Israelites and Freemasons, all of them convinced to a greater or lesser degree of the existence of the devil."

The same thing that happened to the Nuremberg judges, who did not want to hear about the devil, is happening to our technological and "scientific" society: it does not want to hear about "non-human entities", even though the former had before them, sitting in the dock, the victims of such "devils" and our society has become a hell due to the strategies of these same "devils" who nowadays receive other names. Édouard Calic says that Karl Ernst Krafft, one of the many sorcerers who had at his disposal,

Hitler's side, claimed that,

«It gave the Führer great pleasure when Krafft declared to him that he had read in heaven that terrorizing people by means of killing and

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destruction was a distraction from the gods.

To which Hitler used to add:

"The gods are evil and they like war."

Another important aspect of Hitler's life that further reinforces our understanding of his dependence on these entities is his mania for blood. I don't want to delve into this profound topic here or overwhelm the reader with another list of quotes about this extremely interesting aspect of his life, but the fact is that the idea of blood obsessed him, and in his hymns, speeches, regulations, and emblems, following the standards of the Führer himself and the "illuminati" who surrounded him, it was frequently explicitly mentioned:

We are the SS marching across red earth singing a devil's hymn.
May the whole world curse us! Or may our blood be blessed!

Thus sang the fearsome young men of the SS, whose motto was "Blood and Honor." Ribadeau-Dumas writes:

"The blood rite, as old as the world, was instilled by Hitler in the SS with mysticism. The Knights of the Black Order had to know how to perform the blood sacrifice, the atrocious rite of primitive populations by which life demanded death. For Hitler, this rite came from his black magic and his satanic invocations."

This mania for blood is perfectly in line with what we find in all religions, which are the masterpieces of all these evil intelligences that interfere in human lives.

In all of them—excluding Buddhism—blood plays a central role, and in Christianity we find it, sublimated, at the heart of its dogma and liturgy: the blood of Christ, true blood shed by him on the cross, is what redeems the human race.

The all-wise theologians will smile upon reading this, but the "evil spirits in the heavens" they speak of will laugh out loud at the great myth they have created with the blood of a poor man crucified by the Romans two thousand years ago.

Here, then, is another outstanding example of the interference of these intelligences in the

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The march of human history. Like the master directors of a puppet show, they lifted up that poor Austrian rag doll, made it howl like a madman, gave it paranormal powers of conviction, and drove half of humanity mad, making it fight until it tore itself to pieces.

How many Hitlers have there been throughout history?

Charlemagne, Attila, Napoleon, Genghis Khan and other megalomaniac leaders glorified by patriotic historians and the foolishness of the masses, were they not other Hitlers?

If Santiago Matamoros appeared to the Hispanic Christians in the air, giving them ardor for the fight against the Saracens, to them (as happened in the battle of Atarcos) —in the year 1195— another mysterious celestial horseman also appeared —whom they naturally identified with the Prophet— encouraging them to fight against the Christians.

These are the macabre games of the gods. These are the "help" that these mysterious entities from other planes grant to their "chosen ones" so that they can sow discord among mankind.

How is it possible that, close to the year 2000, when thanks to technological advances humanity could live a peaceful and happy life with enough food so that no one would go hungry, we have to be governed by ideologies as anti-human as capitalism and communism, and we have to tolerate leaders as blind as Reagan and Gorbachev, who, like local bullies, threaten each other with destruction and the destruction of the planet, not caring that millions of people die of hunger every year, when they could avoid it with a tiny fraction of the money they spend on weapons?

Why so much blindness, so much violence, so much hatred, so much pain, so many wars, and so much bloodshed in human history? Is it not because, as Hitler said, "the gods are evil and they love war"?

And if we move from political and military leaders to religious leaders, we find the same phenomenon, albeit wrapped in mystical words and buttressed by imposing doctrinal frameworks. Rama, Krishna, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, and like them, Jesus of Nazareth, were merely puppets of these superhuman entities who dominate us from the shadows.

They all heard "voices" that they thought came directly from God. But they were only the voices of these small, meddling "gods"—"the spirits from on high"—each deceiving them with a different "revelation," even though they all agreed on demanding sacrifice, pain, and blood.

There is the ultimate symbol of Christianity, the cross, which is the summary of these three demands of the gods.

They "reveal" different things, but in the end they all end up asking for the same thing.

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same.

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The Maid of Orleans

Joan of Arc: Here is another historical example of the interference of these entities in the course of human history.

Professionals in this science have thoroughly investigated every detail of this young girl's incredible life and exploits. But they don't go beyond the bare facts. It's true that they are amazed by them, but they don't explain how a 17-year-old girl who couldn't read, born in a village in Lorraine, and whose only work until then was helping her parents care for animals and cultivate the fields, could accomplish such an enormous task in such a short time.

Of course, most of them—to whom we should add doctors and psychologists—who have made an in-depth study of her personality, based on the abundant documents of the trials to which she was subjected by the Inquisition, believe that Juana was psychotic and base their opinion precisely on the "voices" that she constantly heard and that she said were from Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, in addition to her "protective spirits."

Faithful historians, on the other hand, believe that these voices were actually from Saint Michael and his patron saints and that God was the one who sent her and guided her to save France.

Whatever the interpretation of the origin of her voices and visions, the fact remains that during her trial for heresy, the judges and authorities were convinced that the young woman had supernatural powers and that through them she had achieved the feats attributed to her. But the problem that most interested them was determining whether those powers came from God or the devil.

Due to envy, jealousy and political intrigue, it was declared that they came from the devil and poor Juana was condemned to the stake where she perished on May 30, 1431.

What are the reasons I base on to affirm that Joan of Arc is an example of the intervention of the "gods" in human history?

There are many and I will try to summarize them in a few lines.

First of all, I will point out only in passing the parallel between the life of Joan and the life of Jesus Christ:

- Both had the mission of redeeming and saving the people; she France, and he the entire world.
- Both were in communication and were assisted by extrahuman entities to accomplish the great task assigned to them.
- Both of them did amazing things that were impossible for a normal person.
- Both were endowed with superhuman powers.
- Both were betrayed, handed over and killed in the torture.

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- Both were glorified after their death.

As we have already said, this parallel could be extended to many other heroes and founders of religions.

The reader may rightly wonder what great feat Joan of Arc accomplished. To fully understand it, one would need to fully understand the lamentable state of France at that time, but that would take up too much space. Suffice it to say that at that time, England dominated a good part of French territory.

Many of his nobles were open supporters of the English king, and others had secretly made pacts with him, while the rest refused to obey the fled and cowering King of France in his timid attempts to expel the English from his territories. This chaotic state had lasted for almost a hundred years, and the weak and semi-imbecile Charles VII, distressed by so many evils, ignored the government and took refuge in the palace revels that his degenerate and truculent "advisors" frequently organized for him.

Discouragement and disorganization reigned everywhere. The nobles vied with each other and fought among themselves with their private armies. As a result of all this, hunger and misery reigned throughout the kingdom. Overwhelmed by so many calamities and finding himself completely powerless and deep in debt, the king himself had considered fleeing to Scotland or Castile.

This was the France that poor peasant girl wanted to save. If she had simply said that she "heard voices," probably no one would have paid any attention, because "hearing voices" is an old mental illness with which doctors of all times have been very familiar. But Jeanne not only heard and saw, she also did.

What happened to her was what happened to many other "enlightened" and "chosen" people: she had "powers," and the crowds surrendered to them. It didn't matter that some privileged people felt humiliated by the deeds of a peasant girl and plotted against her; but her exploits were evident, and people without malice surrendered to them.

Precisely because of these intrigues by which the weak Charles VII was surrounded on all sides, Joanna had to wait several days to be received by him.
The noble courtiers didn't want him to see her because they suspected the strong impression she would make on his faint-hearted nature. When they could no longer prevent him from doing so, they set a trap to discredit her before the entire court.

They organized a grand palace feast, during which Joan was to appear for the first time before the king, whom she had never met before. He, jokingly and always weak to the demands of his advisors, reluctantly agreed to hide in the midst of the crowd and allowed another to take her place on the throne.

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When the maiden appeared, everyone fell silent; some out of great admiration for her, and others awaited the grand moment when she would kneel before the false king, so they could immediately celebrate with great laughter. The silence was tense and solemn. Joan took a few steps forward and stopped. She looked at the throne and immediately her eyes shifted from there and went to the exact spot where the king was half-hidden. She then resolutely advanced toward him as the court crowd silently made way for her. She knelt before him, and when the king bent down to make her rise, Joan took the opportunity to whisper several things almost in his ear that visibly moved him, for they had been tormenting his conscience for some time.

By the time Joan finished speaking to him, the king's expression had completely changed. His always depressed and indecisive spirit had been filled with courage and determination. He felt that he was before an extraordinary being who not only knew all his secret thoughts, but was also capable of helping him in the difficult task of uniting the French and expelling the English invaders from his dominions.

From this moment on, a series of events began that have no human explanation: the organization of an army that until then had been deeply divided by the great hatred its various leaders professed for each other; the series of battles and triumphs over the English army, much stronger and better organized; and above all, the great control that Joan managed to have over a brutal and anarchic soldiery that until then had refused to fight or obey their own leaders.

The voices told Joan how to distribute the various battalions, where to place the crossbows and artillery pieces, which flank to attack, and what the enemy's weak side was...

When one of the generals was going to be wounded she would announce it to him, just like She said the day before she herself was wounded for the first time:

«Tomorrow blood will flow from my body.»

In the midst of battle, she would stand with her standard in her hand at the edge of the ditch in a clearly visible place, and from there, surrounded by a cloud of arrows and missiles fired at her, she would harangue the troops and give orders. Her "friends from heaven" defended her.

Within a year of their arrival on the scene, the political landscape of France changed completely. The English were in retreat, and the desire to regain the country's independence was alive in every corner of France.

And all this was achieved in just a few months by a poor, ignorant, and simple-minded peasant girl.

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The second part of her life, namely her imprisonment, trial, and execution at the stake by the ecclesiastical authorities, is further confirmation that Joan was merely an instrument of the "masters of this world," or, if you will, a toy with which the "gods" amused themselves for a time.

Despite all the illogicality in his sudden collapse after a meteoric rise, there is nevertheless a strong parallel with what has happened to so many other "saviors," starting with Christ himself, as we have already indicated.

Last-minute abandonment by "guides" is a very common occurrence among the "chosen ones." The reason for this abandonment is something that eludes us mortals, but it is something we see repeated ad nauseam, especially among "redeemers" and founders of religions—who end up dying on the cross or shot, as happened with the founder of the Mormons or the Bahai—and among Christian mystics and "contactees" who end their days sick or insane, not knowing what to make of all their experiences when they see that most of the promises made to them have not been fulfilled.

Joan, due to the envy of the generals and nobles, was betrayed and sold for money to the English—a further parallel with Christ—who used the ecclesiastical courts to have her burned at the stake.

During her captivity, she was beaten countless times and attempted to rape her just as many times, not only by the soldiers guarding her, but also by several generals and nobles. With an iron ring around her neck, half-naked, starving, and frozen, she was imprisoned in a very narrow cage and paraded from city to city.

Throughout these months, "the voices" continued to speak to her. They encouraged her to endure the humiliation and suffering and to answer the endless interrogations to which she was subjected by the ecclesiastical tribunals. But they did not free her from her torment; on the contrary, they deceived her by telling her that "she would be freed in a great battle" that never took place.

Those voices that had guided her down to the smallest details and warned her of the dangers that lay ahead, at crucial moments, failed to warn her of the trap they had set for her. Naive to the end, she didn't complain when she found herself caged and restrained with irons, completely in the hands of her "protective spirits."

Socrates, another "enlightened one", was also abandoned at the last minute by his "daimon" who had been so faithful to him throughout his life.

Here are his words as told to us by Plato in his Apology of Socrates:

> "My daimon, the divine spirit that assists me, allowed me to hear him very frequently until today, even regarding things of very little importance, in

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"every moment I was about to do something that was not convenient for me. However, today, when something happened to me, as you see, that could be considered the greatest of misfortunes—at least as such it is considered—[he was referring to his death sentence] not only did he not make himself heard when I left my house or when I was in court, but he did not even warn me when I had to speak. However, on other, much less serious occasions, he has forced me to remain silent, even against my intentions. Today, however, not for a single moment, while I was in court, did he prevent me from doing or saying whatever I wanted. To what should I attribute this...?"

Modern scholars who study the workings of the human mind—and who know so little about it—have no qualms about calling a poor illiterate teenager hysterical; however, they don't dare do the same to the brainy Socrates, who, curiously, suffered a similar phenomenon and met the same tragic end.

Following a very common pattern in the way these extra-human entities act, "the voices" encouraged her to continue suffering:

"Suffer with patience; do not worry about your martyrdom," they tell him. repeatedly—; to suffer is to progress, to rise.»

And the poor girl, abandoned by everyone, walks firmly towards the pyre on which she will be burned. burn.

From the top of the scaffold, facing the friars and bishops who urge her to recant everything and confess that it was all her own invention, she cries out with all her remaining strength that it was all true; that the voices were from her friendly angels, and that she had obeyed only God.

Poor little girl, victim of the terrible games of the "spirits from above"!

Joan of Arc is like the personified symbol of all humanity, which for centuries has blindly followed the "divine voices" that have reached it through all religions, and has ultimately been defrauded by them, by not allowing us to evolve freely and by making us fight over the diversity of beliefs.

Within a few months, Joan was vindicated and glorified by the same ecclesiastical courts and the same Church that had burned her alive. But this now belongs to the human farce that we humans are so good at playing without any help from the gods.

They simply laugh "from on high" at the historical antics we so seriously engage in, which are often merely the consequences of their hidden and perverse schemes.

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Islam

The Islamic religion is another great historical example of the interference of these intelligences in the lives of men and in the progress of the planet.

A mysterious young man appears to an insignificant man named Muhammad, claiming to be none other than the Archangel Gabriel, who dictates to him a "holy" book—the Koran—which soon becomes the rule of life for millions of people.

This book is largely responsible for the backwardness and fanaticism in which many millions of human beings live, in addition to having caused and continuing to cause countless deaths.

Well, one wonders: how is it possible that a religion, and specifically a book in which the ridiculous is mixed with the sublime and the entertaining with the leaden, have been able to spread throughout the world with the overwhelming force with which they spread in just a few years, reaching the confines of Asia and Oceania, where Christianity, born five centuries earlier, had not yet reached?

The reason is the same as always: the appearance of mysterious beings from another world who grant special abilities to the human they choose so that they can spread the message or order they give them.

In the next chapter we will look at Islamic culture and literature, as they describe in a very concrete way these superhuman intelligences we are talking about.

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THE ISLAMIC JINAS

Among educated people in our society, there is this paradox: most of them, when they are told about "spirits," "non-human entities," "extraterrestrials," etc., frown and consider the whole matter to be hallucinations or science fiction stories.

But on the other hand, we see these people professing to be Catholics or Christians, if not fervent, at least sincere. Or, to put it another way, they claim to be followers of a religion where the existence of non-human spirits is not only accepted, but obligatorily accepted.

According to official doctrine, one cannot be a good Catholic without admitting the existence of angels and demons, as defined in various councils and as the "infallible" authority of the Pope has taught on many occasions and very
recently.

The truth is that these universal and ancient schools of thought called religions, which have created cultures and shaped the history of humanity over the millennia, admit without any doubt the existence of non-human intelligences that interfere in the lives of men.

And according to some of them, when humans die or "disembodied"—as it is called in spiritualism—they become disembodied spirits who have much to do with the lives of living humans. No religion does not have names, and plenty of them, to designate these beings, which means that they not only believe in them in a generic way, but also distinguish between their various classes and ranks.

In Christianity itself, they are not simply called angels, but a distinction is made between "Thrones", "Dominations", "Powers", "Cherubim", "Seraphim", "Angels" and "Archangels" who are those of supreme rank.

And the same thing happens with demons, who have a very orderly hierarchy, all the way up to Lucifer or Satan, who is the leader of them all. Classical Christian theology has made this very clear for centuries, and the current Pope has taken it upon himself to remind the forgetful faithful, who, by the way, are quite a few and don't pay much attention to him.

Well, of all religions, Islam is the one that has most deeply explored these extrahuman entities, or at least the one that has best described their manifestations.

When we look at the vast literature of Islamic culture, written mostly in Arabic and of an eminently religious nature, we find non-human characters who coincide in every way with others we encounter in modern UFO literature. Neither the theologians and ascetics of Islam who

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described these entities had no idea of what centuries later would be called "extraterrestrials" in UFO science, nor, speaking generally, do UFO researchers know what Mohammedan ascetics and theologians said about their "jinns."

And yet the actions they both describe are fundamentally the same.

The Arabic word "jin" or "djinn" comes, according to Mario Roso de Luna, from the same root as the word "genie", which we find in all Aryan languages with the meaning of "minor divinity" or "nature spirit", which can be benevolent or malevolent and which very often has a great sense of humor, although not always in good taste.

Roso de Luna, who of course admits their existence and who loves to talk about them in his very interesting works, always calls them by the Spanish word "jina", which is the one we will use from now on.

Before continuing, I must tell the reader that almost everything I will say in this chapter about the idea that Islam has of these entities, I have taken from the in-depth study on the subject made by my dear friend Gordon Creighton, editor of the most important magazine in the world on the UFO phenomenon, the Flying Saucer Review of London.

Gordon Creighton's authority on this subject is unquestionable, as his years at the helm of Flying Saucer magazine attest. A man of vast culture and an indefatigable reader in ten languages, he has been able to compile a wealth of information about the UFO phenomenon and everything it entails, like probably no other person in the world. When I first visited him in London years ago, I found him standing outside his house reading a Chinese-language newspaper.

Well, Gordon Creighton, after having read thousands of pages in Arabic throughout his already long life, has managed to compile invaluable texts that summarize what Islam believes about these mysterious entities.

Mohammedan theologians believe that there are two kinds of intelligent spirits: 1) angels 2) jinas

Angels, according

to them, are

pure spirits who intervene less in the lives of men. Jinas are inferior in rank to angels, are closer to us, and are capable of materializing in our world in a thousand different ways, ranging from living animal forms to apparently inanimate objects.

But their preferred form is the human form. And unlike angels, they are very fond of interfering in the lives of men, and they do so with very specific characteristics and preferences, as we will see shortly. In the

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In the tales of One Thousand and One Nights we find examples of these interferences and powers of the jinas.

So far, Islamic theology tells us nothing fundamentally new or different from what we find in the theology of other religions, including Christianity, where the devil is called "the imitator" or "the tempter," and we see him throughout ecclesiastical history, not only inciting men to rebel against God, but also appearing in a thousand grotesque forms to preside over sabbaths and black masses. These, despite the fact that both civil and ecclesiastical authorities have never liked them at all and have punished them very severely with laws and canons, and despite the fact that they have tried as much as possible to disguise or cover them up, have always existed, not only in the Middle Ages, but in our days, and from time to time newspapers and magazines—not the celebrity ones, because those deal with other witches and sabbaths—make it their mission to remind us of them.

And not only does the devil appear in grotesque forms, but, according to the same theology, he can transform himself into an "angel of light," as Saint Paul tells us, to deceive believers.

In other religions, this ability of spirits to transform into animals is fundamental to their beliefs. The Nahualism of the Central American peoples is a well-studied example, as despite the centuries that have passed since their "conversion" to Christianity, it still lives on among the descendants of the Aztecs and Mayans, among others.

In Islam—more than 600 million people—it transcends the religious sphere and takes shape in social life. In the courts of almost all Muslim-majority countries, if a woman accused of marital infidelity claims that the child's father is a jinn, the court will take this into consideration and simply tell her she has to prove it. But the judges will not question the existence of such beings or their ability to rape or seduce a woman.

In a Western court, such a defense would only serve to elicit laughter from the audience or to prompt the judge to reprimand the woman and her lawyer for disrespecting the court. In Muslim jurisprudence, the rape of a woman by a Jinn (and the same can be said of the seduction of a man by a female Jinn) is perfectly possible, though not ordinary, just as, in the minds of some Church Fathers of the Middle Ages and early Christianity, it was not ordinary but perfectly possible for an incubus to have carnal knowledge of a woman. The German Inquisition burned thousands of women at the stake for such a crime, and Saint Augustine believed that the Antichrist would be born from the union of an incubus and a woman.

Not only in this particular does belief in the Jinn have a place in civil life among the Mohammedans, but also in matters relating to the right of

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Property. Muslim jurists have been studying this topic in depth for centuries and have developed a body of jurisprudence in which these non-human entities appear as subjects of law or as potential causes of actions over which the courts have jurisdiction.

Here is how Gordon Creighton summarizes what is believed in Islam about the jinn:

1. In their normal state, they are not visible to common human vision.
2. However, they are capable of materializing and presenting themselves in our physical world and can be made visible or invisible alternately.
3. They can shapeshift and appear in any costume, large or small.

4. They can also appear as animals.

Gordon Creighton adds his commentary to each of these jinn abilities, relating Islamic theology and literature to concrete, well-documented cases published by Flying Saucer magazine over its more than 30 years of existence.

Specifically, after the number 4, he adds in parentheses (yetis?, pumas?, Loch Ness monsters?

In this regard, for many years I have come to the conviction that some of the "mythological" animals, both from times past and present, belong to this type of manifestations.

The Loch Ness Monster, which Gordon Creighton raises with question marks, is one of those typical cases that must be removed from the doubtful record. It has been investigated long and repeatedly, in some cases using refined scientific methods, and no conclusion has ever been reached. But there are several photographs of the extremely strange animal and well-contrasted testimonies from completely reliable witnesses, some of them with excellent scientific credentials.

His personal and human testimony—that is, that of his senses and that of the person who accompanied him—can be no less valuable than the testimony of an instrument. But even in this case, there is the repeated testimony of the instruments, as evidenced by the photographs obtained.

The failure to reach any conclusions and the fact that some doubt always remains is very common in the investigation of these cases and others that belong to other areas of paranormal science. We must never forget that we are dealing with intelligent entities (in some cases, much more intelligent than humans) who want to positively conceal their presence among us and who know very well how to sow the seeds of doubt among humans and how to discredit them.

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to those who dare to take seriously the investigation of its possible existence.

The "pure scientists" who do not believe at all in the existence of these entities and who are the greatest enemies or despisers of such research, always attributing it to ignorance, hearsay, hallucinations, errors of judgment or pure tricks of some to make money, are the first to be fooled by the cunning of these beings who deliberately mix, in their interference in our world, "confusing elements" - as they have said on occasion - to always have the soul of humans in doubt about their existence.

This is why, after thousands of years of history, humanity has yet to realize that it is being managed like a flock of sheep by intelligent beings who play with it and use it just as we do with animals. Self-love contributes to our inability to understand this tremendous truth and our refusal to admit it.

The same animal form—animals are often deformed or

"species" unknown to zoology—contributes to making the whole thing even more implausible. The human mind refuses to accept "intelligent animals," much less "more intelligent" than humans. However, there are hundreds of testimonies that tell us of "animals" acting intelligently.

The presence of animal forms in the paranormal world is very abundant.
The author has always had many doubts about a large black dog that, unexpectedly appearing, passed in front of him without looking to one side or the other. He was standing in a field inspecting some dead animals in a very strange manner, on the same night when many UFOs had been seen at very low altitude. All the newspapers reported on these deaths, attributing them, among other strange causes, to "black dogs" that some farmers had seen.

Much could be written about the relationship between the animals of this world or the animal forms presented to us from the "beyond" and transcendent parapsychology, or better yet, paranormalology, which studies all kinds of abnormal phenomena, including those that academic parapsychology refuses to investigate.

But let's continue with Gordon Creighton's summary of the demonstrations.
of the Jinn according to the tradition of Islam:

5. They are eternal liars and deceivers; they love to confuse and stupor humans through all sorts of inventions and lies.

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Gordon Creighton gives as an example of these strange tastes of the Jinn,

> "a good part of the spiritualist sessions—which he seems to attribute to them—and most of the *communications* received by UFO contactees."

Indeed, in both cases there is a huge percentage of false information, which in many cases could be considered practical jokes. Sometimes these communications, followed to the letter by the humans who received them, have caused their deaths or at least caused them very serious problems. Again, it must be said that, at least in the world of ufology, there are not hundreds but thousands of cases to prove this, and the author has personally investigated dozens of them.

And it is curious that in Hebrew and Christian theology Satan is called repeatedly called "the deceiver."

6. They like to take or kidnap humans.

There's not enough to say about this, and in some countries like the United States, the disappearance of people, and children in particular, is beginning to become a worrying problem.

In ufology, there are entire books on this subject. In many cases, there have been no direct and immediate witnesses to the abduction being carried out by UFO crew members, but this certain conclusion has been reached based on facts that leave no doubt, just as a judge concludes that someone is guilty even though neither he nor anyone else saw the crime. But there is a set of circumstances that are capable of generating certainty in the mind of an intelligent and unprejudiced person. (For the prejudiced and the unintelligent, even if they call themselves or believe themselves to be scientists, no evidence can change their minds.)

But in other cases, it is not necessary to resort to deductions because there have been direct and abundant witnesses—in a famous case in Brazil, all the attendees at a football match—of how the crew of a UFO forcibly took away a human, who in the Brazilian case was precisely the referee of the match.

In the famous case of Cajamarca, Peru, already mentioned by me elsewhere, several neighbors witnessed how a UFO, descending at full speed from the sky, swallowed up Isabel Tuctá, who was hanging out freshly washed clothes, along with her baby lying nearby, in a second, and disappeared into space in a few moments. Her husband, a modest worker, waited in vain for her and the baby to be returned to him. La Gu

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A civil servant from that city, who conducted a serious investigation, has all the details of the case.

As I mentioned above, the disappearance of children in the United States is already worrying authorities. The figures acknowledged by the two organizations that deal with the issue are around 80,000 missing children per year, although the number must be much higher, as many cases remain unknown to the public because their parents hide them for various reasons. Other researchers, however, believe the number of missing children exceeds 200,000, as John Keel, one of the most knowledgeable men on these issues in the land of skyscrapers, told me.

The curious thing about this matter is that, despite the fact that both organizations have abundant resources to track down missing children, the percentage of those found is tiny, and most cases remain a mystery.

It is true that several natural causes can be argued to explain these disappearances. Among them, two are the most obvious: kidnapping by cultists, sexually motivated individuals, or child traffickers, and the fact that many adolescents have run away from home due to the influence of bad friends and drugs.

Both possibilities have been studied and are normally taken into account by those dedicated to searching for these missing persons, and in some cases, this has indeed been the cause of the disappearance. But after gaining much experience, they recognize that while these reasons certainly exist, they are the cause of only a tiny fraction of disappearances. They also recognize that there is something deeper and more mysterious that manages to erase all clues, and they cannot identify or explain how it does so on so many occasions. [See illustration 11]

Aside from this, there's the fact that around half of the missing children are under five years old, which rules out the causes that might most lead us to suspect a natural disappearance; that is, that they may have gone due to the influence of bad company, premature love, or simply disagreements with their parents. None of these causes apply to a child under five.

As a former director of one of these two institutions that receive reports of missing children said:

> "After ten years, I wonder where such a huge number of people have gone. If this isn't a monstrous, very well-organized business, how is it possible that clues aren't found and more discoveries aren't made? And if it is a very well-organized business, it's assumed that, in general, everyone will have a similar destiny or end; but where are so many people? How is it possible that they manage to hide them?"

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for so long?

This is another topic that could fill many pages, as I have studied it quite thoroughly and am very familiar with cases of children and people who have disappeared under very strange circumstances, which fit perfectly with everything we are saying.

But since my testimony would still be personal and the reader would have to rely on me blindly, I prefer to rely on public facts that show that there are many other qualified people who think like me, even if I don't attribute the same causes to the facts.

This concern over the disappearance of so many children has reached such a depth in some states of North America that in certain cities, the cartons of fresh milk delivered to homes each morning by the milkmen bear printed photographs of people—almost always children—who have disappeared in the past two months. Not only that, but newspapers and magazines in that country frequently publish full-page photographs of recently disappeared children. On these very pages, the reader will see reproductions of two of these pages; one from a newspaper I accidentally purchased in New York one day when I was passing through, and another from the magazine that Eastern Airlines publishes for distribution to its passengers.

Are people only missing in the United States?

Not at all. The problem is that in that country they realized this strange phenomenon earlier and are confronting it. In other countries, although more or less the same thing happens, it will take them longer to officially acknowledge it at first, and then they will self-righteously deny it, because the dignified authorities have never liked things happening that are beyond their control or for which no "scientific" explanation can be given.

But disappearances are a phenomenon that has always existed and that we see reflected not only in the folklore of fairies and goblins—one of whose diversions consisted of carrying off children and maidens—but also in newspapers and magazines of our time that occasionally present us with cases of this kind, although of course concealed under a great deal of police paraphernalia.

And to give an example, just two or three months ago as of this writing, there was a car crash in the province of Burgos, resulting in several deaths. A 10-year-old boy named Juan Pedro Martínez Gómez, who was in one of the wrecked cars, disappeared, and to this day, no one knows what happened to him. Since he didn't turn up among the dead, searches were organized throughout the region surrounding the crash site, in case the poor boy, dazed, had wandered off aimlessly until he collapsed from exhaustion. But

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Nothing has been found and the police are no less disoriented than their own parents, as they cannot explain what could have happened, which in any case is beyond [6] imagination.

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This doesn't mean that I believe, just because the boy wasn't found, that the jinn took him. I simply want to point out, for those who claim such disappearances don't occur among us, that similar things happen everywhere for which there is no explanation. In this case, there is no evidence that his disappearance was due to extrahuman or paranormal causes, but in other cases there is, and sometimes it is witnessed in writing by the missing persons themselves, or witnessed by others. (See illustration no. 13.)

Aside from this case, there have been other recent ones in Spain that have gained notoriety because some magazines have published them in great detail. Among them is that of the Asturian boy who went missing on a hike in the Picos de Europa mountain range, which culminated in the crash of the helicopter searching for him, killing all seven occupants.

Often, the cases that gain the most notoriety are not the most important from our perspective. Until now, the most suspicious cases have remained unknown because their parents were poor farmers with no easy access to the media.

When a case like this becomes public knowledge, all sorts of conjectures naturally follow, especially when in one of them—specifically, in the case of David Badía, another "disappeared" child who was later found drowned in a ditch—one of his friends, who was 5 years old like him, said that "a man had taken him in a car to give him cakes." For many, this already completely solves the case, and they have no doubt that it was a kidnapping, even though the kidnapper's ultimate intentions are unknown. And naturally, there is immediate talk of "selling organs for transplants" and "child prostitution, drug trafficking, or sale for adoption" (Interviu magazine).

The journalist and the authorities have every right to suspect such causes and intentions, but they are most likely unaware—and even if one tells them so, they will not admit it—that in other cases where kidnapped children have been returned after several days, after "having been taken for a walk in space" and having undergone profound changes in their psyche, the abduction was also carried out by individuals who, from their cars, offered the children candy or promised them a very nice ride.

Sometimes, the individuals who carried out the abductions fell squarely into the typical characterization of the famous "men in black," who were so widely discussed in UFO literature in the 1950s and 1960s.

So that the reader can see that there is nothing new under the sun, I will transcribe a few

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Paragraphs from my book Visionaries, Mystics and Extraterrestrial Contacts in which I narrate other disappearances of children, both in Spain and in other countries:

«In 1969, several children disappeared in the town of Vila Velha (Espíritu Santo, Brazil), which, although they shed some light, did not fully explain the mystery.

During the month of August, children disappeared in isolation for several days. No one knew where they ended up. A month and a half later, when they were already considered missing, they began to reappear, also in isolation, wandering around the town like robots. When their parents and the authorities asked where they had been, they remembered nothing of what had happened to them during that time.

However, there were several instances in which one of the children said that a man dressed in black had invited him for a ride in a very elegant car and had given him a cigarette to smoke. From that moment on, he remembered nothing else. One girl said that a man, also dressed in black, had taken her to the outskirts of town to a strange, shiny aircraft that he said was "his airplane." He had invited her for a ride in it, and when she became afraid and told him she didn't want to go, he gave her some candy and told her to go back home.

But the reader should know that while the people who disappear are predominantly children, young people of both sexes occasionally vanish without a trace. On the other hand, there are far fewer reports of adults, especially the elderly, although they are not lacking.

There have been several cases of young people mysteriously disappearing in Spain in recent months, the most notable being that of 26-year-old soldier José María Carnero, who had just completed his medical studies. He vanished on April 8, 1978, while conducting exercises with other soldiers at the Montelarreina camp in the province of Zamora.

It began to rain, and his companions took shelter under some trees; José María moved some distance from the group and was never seen again. The Army, after an intensive search throughout the area, considered him a deserter, while his family flatly denies this possibility and accuses the Army of not providing them with any information.

Faced with such events, on the one hand so strange and on the other so terrifying and so humiliating for the human race, it is astonishing to realize that centuries ago people, nations and cultures had already realized this and had recorded it in writing. It does not matter how they judged it or what name they gave to those responsible for such disappearances; the important thing is that they had realized it.

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the account of it, while our technological society has not yet noticed such a worrying phenomenon.

And when you look at it closely, the explanation they gave is essentially the same one we intend to give: non-human entities dedicated to taking human beings, especially children, to who knows where or for what purpose.

As I said before, I could go into more detail on this topic of abductions, but since I have already covered it in my aforementioned book, I refer the interested reader to it.

Let us now move on to the qualities that Islamic theologians and writers attribute to the jinn.

7. They love to tempt humans into sexual affairs and to have sexual relations with them. Arabic literature is full of such accounts in which we see "good" and "bad" jinn having sexual relations with humans. There are also a considerable number of stories about encounters between "good" jinn and famous Muslim saints; for example, the book Manaquib al-Ara-fin has many references to these entities' dealings with Jalalpal-Din Rumi, the greatest mystic poet of Islam, who lived from 1207 to 1273.

Stories about sexual intercourse between the jinn and humans have always attracted great attention from Arab readers, and it is important to note here that in Chinese literature—and the Chinese, except for a very small minority, are not Muslims—there also exists a long tradition concerning these same events that is waiting to be investigated.

The great catalogue of Arabic literature known as Fihrist compiled in the year 373 of the Arabic calendar (995 AD) by Muhamad ben Ishaq ben Abi Yaqub al Warraq, numbers no less than sixteen works dealing with this subject.

Once again, in this regard, the beliefs of Islam agree not only with what we read in Genesis (cf. Gen. 2 and 4) about the "sons of God joining themselves to the daughters of men"—and exegetes must admit that this has been a very difficult "word of God" to explain—but also with the traditions of incubi and succubi, to which we have already referred in passing, and with those of sylphs, Nereids, fairies, and fauns from ancient times and the Middle Ages, who also fell in love with, abducted, and copulated with the sons and daughters of men. Even if we had no other ways of corroborating the reality of such "legends," their very constant presence in all cultures and throughout the millennia should make us suspect that there may be some truth in them.

But it turns out that in our days we find ourselves with the same facts,

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Although this time we don't have to attribute them to jinns, sylphs, fauns, mythological "gods," or incubi. Nowadays, UFO occupants—who are substitutes for all those "mythological" characters, or rather, their modern disguises—like to do exactly the same thing.

Although those unfamiliar with the UFO phenomenon may think this assertion is stretching the parallel too far, those who are well-versed in it know that this is a topic within UFOlogy that has always been a source of great intrigue, even though it may seem taboo to some "purist"—but clueless—researchers. In previous chapters, I recounted my conversations with some of the victims of such contacts.

And outside the realm of ufology, and despite the fact that critical spirits smile, the phenomenon occurs with some frequency in our society without usually coming to the surface and, in many cases, without even family members being aware of it.

I copy from my book *Christianity, another myth:*

> «Certain virgins, and even married women, continue to be visited by strange figures whose existence is unknown to science but who, as in the past, still possess the ability to appear and disappear at will, constantly keeping the human soul in suspense and doubt. These beings—true *angels* or *demons*— are capable of causing a virgin to conceive. But their motivations and ultimate plans remain as confusing and mysterious today as they were in times past.»

Sometimes victims of such attacks, especially adolescents, go to a psychiatrist forced by their parents, but the psychiatrist will almost certainly not believe in the objectivity of the facts and will rather suspect the functioning of the adolescent's brain. But most of the time, the adolescent says nothing, or if he does, it remains a family secret. At most, the family will tell a trusted priest, who will, of course, attribute it to temptations from the devil at that age and offer as the only remedy invocations to the Virgin Mary and frequent practice of the sacraments.

In the case of married women who feel violated—usually by invisible entities, although sometimes by visible ones as well—it is much more common for the violation to go unreported to anyone, and perhaps only to a close friend, who is expected to remain completely secretive. It is sad that psychiatrists and priests do not believe in this and know nothing about it, and are therefore completely inept at helping victims of this and similar phenomena, leaving them mired in despair, not knowing where to turn.

In previous pages we mentioned very briefly the case of Mirassol, in Brazil, in

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where a woman was subjected to biogenetic experiments. As this topic is of enormous and growing importance, we recommend that readers who wish to delve deeper into it read the book (which has not yet been translated into Spanish) Intruders, by Budd Hopkins (1987).

It reveals that the UFO phenomenon has depths undreamed of by those still seeking proof of its objectivity. In relation to the topic we have discussed in these last paragraphs, the reader will find in this book cases such as that of Kathie, a young married woman whose four-month-old fetus was removed from her womb by "extraterrestrials," causing tremendous psychological trauma.

The overall impression one gets from reading Budd Hopkins's book is depressing and somewhat terrifying. The same can be said of Whitley Strieber's Communion (1988). From both books, one can see that the UFO phenomenon, far from losing importance or stagnating, remains fully alive and its understanding continues to advance when studied without prejudice and with common sense.

These two authors are not Third Worlders seeking notoriety. They are two New Yorkers who tell us about events, most of which occurred in New York City itself; because contrary to what mainstream "ufologists" believe, the greatest activity of the UFO phenomenon does not take place in the mountains or in solitary places. That is its physical, visible, and rudimentary activity. The greatest activity of the UFO phenomenon and its occupants takes place primarily within human dwellings and, above all, within their brains.

Let's continue with Gordon Creighton's summary:

> 8. The Jinn are very fond of snatching humans and transporting them through the air, bringing them back to earth—though not always returning them —many miles from the place where they snatched them. And they do it all in the twinkling of an eye.

G. Creighton then says that a confirmation of this was the case (about which he wrote an article in the Flying Saucer magazine) of a Spanish soldier who on October 25, 1593, was snatched from Manila (Philippines) and carried "in the twinkling of an eye" across the entire Pacific to Mexico City.

Indeed, this is a historic case, from a time when no one spoke of UFO "teleportations." Documented by historians of the time, mostly monks, it has always remained shrouded in mystery, with no one able to provide a satisfactory explanation.

If this were the only case, it would not be worth considering. But

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It so happens that even in our own time, and witnessed by all the world's news agencies, similar cases continue to occur, as spectacular in their distance as that of the 16th-century Spanish soldier. In the 1960s, around half a dozen cases occurred in South America in which people, along with their vehicles, were swept into the air in one of the Southern Cone countries and left behind, preferably, in Mexico; although there were also other cases in which the distances were limited to a few hundred kilometers. Among these, the teleportation of the Vidal family became a classic. Traveling in a Peugeot, they were transported, car and all, in a matter of hours, from Chascomús, Argentina, to Mexico.

Here we are again faced with concrete and well-attested cases that for "scientists" and die-hard rationalists have no value; not because they lack value in themselves, but because they persist in ignoring them, demonstrating a lamentable narrow-mindedness and a lack of intelligence.

Although I am tempted to list the names of people and specific places where these phenomena have occurred, I think it would be somewhat redundant since others have done so in more detail and I myself have written about it elsewhere (Parapsychology and Religion) and anyone interested in the subject can read the classic books on UFOs or go to the collections of magazines on this subject, especially those from the sixties and seventies, where you can find a good number of stories about teleportation.

I've been with two different friends to the exact locations where, after seeing a bright light coming behind them at night on the highway, they felt their car leave the ground and be deposited several hundred meters ahead. They left both of them on the same road they were traveling, but one of them had his car flipped in the air and was left facing the opposite direction he'd been going. He remembered very well that, once the scare was over, he had a hard time turning around right there, because it was a very narrow road, and continuing in the direction he was coming.

In Spain, according to what the great UFO researcher Don Manuel Osuna told me, there had been several such cases in the Aljarafe region of Seville and the neighboring Huelva county, about which he had specific information. Unfortunately, his death, in addition to taking away a dear friend, deprived us of learning about extremely interesting events that occurred in those regions he knew so well and which are so fertile in manifestations of this type.

In Portugal, and outside of ufology, there is currently the case of the visionary of Ladeira do Pinheiro, who on no less than 16 occasions has been taken through the air in the presence of hundreds of devotees praying the rosary, and sometimes she has been lost among the clouds, staying there for a long time, until she has been seen coming down through the air.

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a certain distance, everyone running towards the place where she was placed on the ground, not without some violence.

On one occasion, in my presence, he began to rise in the air, but at a very low height and as if on impulse, choosing to climb onto a chair where he remained in a trance for more than an hour.

In Costa Rica, a farmer who came to me for advice because of the strange things that were constantly happening to him, took me to a place in the countryside where, while he was alone one day, sitting on the ground, he saw a large ball hovering low above him. As he looked at it with curiosity, not knowing what it was—he had never heard of UFOs—he began to feel himself rising as if attracted by a force from above. Terrified, he began to scream at the top of his lungs so that other people who were some distance away, also watching the ball, could hear him, and to protest that he did not want to be taken away.

When he was about a meter and a half in the air, he suddenly felt himself released and fell violently to the ground. Naturally, despite his lack of knowledge on the subject, he related his rise to the ball in the air above him.

Let's leave the subject here because I don't want to make this chapter a compilation of teleportation cases. Technically, I want to be clear that, although it doesn't appear in the newspapers every day, and although it isn't taught in universities, the truth is that there is someone or something that, on certain occasions, lifts both human and animal bodies and transports them through the air without us knowing who, how, why, or for what purpose. And often not even to where, because they are never heard from again.

The following Islamic belief about the Jinn, as summarized by GC, is of great importance and has a predominantly positive aspect, when compared to most of what we have reviewed so far:

9. Throughout history, Arabian tradition attests to some humans who, thanks to a strange favor, lived in close harmony with the jinn or entered into a pact with them, thereby receiving "preternatural powers" or, in other words, "psychic powers." These humans naturally became great miracle workers, prophets, or magicians.

Next, GC tells us to remember the characters from European tradition who were famous for discovering how to collaborate with the "kingdom of sylphs" or fairies. And he cites the case, from about seventy years ago, of a Parisian bookseller specializing in rare and out-of-print books, who had a

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special friendship with a sylph.

He would tell him where the books he wanted were, so the bookseller had only to go where he indicated and offer the owner a price. The Cagliostros, the Count of Saint Germain, and others are figures of this ilk, and there is certainly no shortage of them in recent European history.

The reader will certainly remember the story of Dr. Torralba, who could very well be ascribed to those famous figures in the European tradition to which G. Creighton refers. In later pages, we will narrate the stories of three different individuals with whom I share a true friendship—in one case, one could speak of a true brotherhood—who, for one reason or another, have managed to establish a close collaboration with their Jinn, with whom they sometimes meet physically just a few steps from where I am.

These aren't medieval events we have to accept "on faith"; they're real-life people we know, whose lives and testimonies we can explore.
To refuse to admit cases whose authenticity is in our hands to verify is to sin with a stubbornness unworthy of an intelligent mind.

I said this point 9 was important because it often seems as though these jinn are always harmful to humans, which is not the case. It's true that their interference in our lives is somewhat uncertain and often illogical and unexpected, but alongside many cases in which their treatment has been negative and even fatal, there are others in which humans have benefited greatly.

It seems these creatures are very temperamental, and when they take a fancy to a human, they'll do anything to help them. It's kind of like what humans do with animals; we often take a fancy to a dog and even sacrifice ourselves for it, paying veterinarians and even giving it a place in the house, while we scare away dogs of the same breed and even the same litter if they come near our door.

However, I wouldn't be honest if I didn't say that there are more cases in which humans have been harmed than benefited. Therefore, to anyone who, for whatever reason, finds themselves involved in a friendship or relationship of this kind, I recommend extreme caution and avoid the easy temptation of feeling "chosen," blindly throwing themselves into the hands of their friend or "protector."

We will talk more about this in the final conclusion.

10. These characteristics and tastes of the Jinn are combined with tremendous "telepathic power" and the ability to "enchant," to use a classic term, their human victims. Modern UFO accounts are full of examples of this.

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Indeed, most of the contactees I have met and know—and there are quite a few—lose their judgment when faced with their "elder brothers" and stop using their own minds. If they did use them, they would see that some of the advice they receive from them is disastrous for their lives as people on this planet and for their own society or family.

A disproportionate attachment and love for non-humans commonly develops in humans, making the things of this world seem small and despicable, including the people and interests of their own family. This is the "enchantment" to which GC refers and which is reflected throughout Arabic literature on humans' dealings with these mysterious entities.

Gordon Creighton concludes his Flying Saucer article by jumping from Islamic to Christian tradition to the Zoroastrian religion. He tells us that although Christians today have lost all interest in these subjects, both Jesus and Paul were well aware of the existence of these beings, as can be seen in the Greek texts of the New Testament.

Indeed, Saint Paul, in the text we copied in the Introduction, demonstrates that he was well aware of the existence of a whole series of "evil spirits who dwell in high places." Yet, this intriguing text is commented on with such naiveté and impudence by modern theologians and commentators of the Jerusalem Bible, as if everything had already been explained and as if the commentary would not raise even more doubts:

> "These are the spirits who, according to the ancients, governed the stars and, through them, the entire universe. They reside *in the heights* or *in the air* between the Earth and the divine abode. They partially coincide with what Paul elsewhere calls *the elements of the world.* They were unfaithful to God and wanted to make men their slaves..."

As for Mazdaism, the religion of Zoroaster, it is entirely filled with the presence of these "spirits," who on the one hand have tastes very similar to those of the Jinn, although on the other hand they are considerably more cruel in their relations with men.

I can't resist reproducing GC's final comment:

> «How much of what is happening in our world today at the highest levels of international politics and in everyday events can be attributed to this subtle control and interference in our lives by these invisible and insidious forces! It is certainly one of the main reasons for the lamentable state of affairs in which humanity finds itself today.

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Humanity."

In the final conclusions, we will delve deeper into these ideas, on which I have long agreed with Gordon Creighton.

Now all that remains for me to say to the primary school "ufologists" who are still dedicated to keeping statistics on the hours of sightings and collecting "scientific evidence" that the phenomenon exists, is to finally convince themselves that UFOs, or most of them, are not exclusively simple ships manned by inhabitants of other planets, but that they are mostly one of the manifestations of these very varied extradimensional and invisible worlds that surround us.

And I would also like to tell you that these are not my inventions, but that thousands of years ago certain humans have discovered them and tried to communicate them to their fellow humans, but there is always "something" that prevents them from taking them seriously and realizing the importance of such great realities.

I could, following the illustrious HP Blavatsky, cite a number of ancient authors who deal with this same subject, essentially agreeing with what we say.

But as it would be too long, I will limit myself to quoting Porphyry, a philosopher of the third century whose works were fiercely persecuted and largely destroyed by the Church censors, for the accurate attacks that this author made on Christian dogmas.

Here is what the disciple of the great Plotinus tells us in his book On Sacrifices to the Gods and Demons, in Chapter II:

> " *Daemons* are invisible, but they can assume a wide variety of shapes and forms because their nature is largely corporeal. They dwell close to the earth, and when they manage to elude the vigilance of the good *daemons ,* there is no evil they will not dare to perpetrate, whether by force or by cunning...

It is child's play for them to excite evil passions in us, to instill in people disturbing doctrines and to promote wars, seditions and revolts for which we usually blame the gods... They spend their time deceiving mortals and mocking them with all sorts of illusory prodigies, for their greatest ambition is to be considered gods or disembodied spirits.

There could be no greater agreement with everything we've just said. And such important authors as Herodotus, Homer, and even Socrates himself, as we've seen above, held a similar view.

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LULA

I have known Lula since 1973.

I had been invited to speak about my experiences investigating the UFO phenomenon at the home of an English friend, an engineer by profession, in Caracas. For this reason, he had also invited a group of people interested in the subject. One of the guests was Lula, who was supposed to come with her husband, who, although not as interested as Lula, occasionally spoke of very interesting things about these same topics, which clearly showed his in-depth knowledge of the subject.

Lula came, but without her husband, and actively participated in the conversation that followed my talk among everyone who had attended. We said our goodbyes, and I never suspected that precisely at that time she was a direct witness and, in a way, the lead actress in a very interesting drama in which the other actor was an "extraterrestrial," with all the reservations that this word arouses in me.

It would take almost ten years before I saw Lula again, this time in Madrid, after Antonio José Alés's "Medianoche" program on Cadena SER.

Lula called me on the phone saying he wanted to talk to me the next day. During all that time I had heard from her on many occasions, through mutual friends who began to tell me about her very interesting case.

It all began in the early 1970s, at the Carriage Museum in the Royal Palace of Madrid. Lula was taking a vacation to relax from the many tensions she had recently been under due to her poor relationship with her husband. Their arguments were almost constant, and the large age gap between them made matters worse. Although she disliked having to be away from her young children for a few days, she decided to take a leave of absence to better reflect on the situation and calm down.

That afternoon, the museum was practically empty. Lula had stopped in front of an old landau when she heard the firm footsteps of someone slowly approaching her. As the footsteps drew nearer, she felt as if a cold knife had been driven vertically down her spine.

But she didn't turn around. She just glanced down to see if she could make out who was standing behind her. She could just make out a man's polished shoes, but she didn't look up to see his face.

Shaken by the strong physical impression she had received and at the same time intrigued by who could be that individual who had caused such an internal commotion in her, she left the place and went out to the garden, sitting on a chair.

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an old little train that was still running at that time, on a short tour for tourists. He took out a book and began to read.

After a while, the stranger approached her and, without saying anything, sat down in the seat next to her, even though there were many other empty seats, since at that time they were practically the only visitors to the museum.

Lula felt the same strong sensation run down her spine again. But she didn't look up from her book, even though she was genuinely annoyed by the stranger's lack of tact. By then, she had realized that he was a young man, extraordinarily tall and very well dressed.

After a few moments, the stranger broke the tense silence: "Miss,

where are you from?"

Lula was tempted to send him to hell, but he held back and said nothing. And again he heard the voice:

"Are you Spanish?"

A long silence. Lula was determined not to exchange a word with that impertinent stranger. But his calm voice was heard again:

—No. You're not Spanish. Nor French... nor Italian.

There was another silence.

—You are Venezuelan!

Lula jumped like a spring at being discovered by someone she had never seen before in her life and who, moreover, was not only disturbing but even repulsive to her, due to his boldness and inconsiderateness.

In a hostile tone, as if he didn't believe what I was saying, he replied:

"How do you know? And besides, who are you?"

—It doesn't matter who I am or how I know. The fact is that you are Venezuelan.

—Yes, I am, but I have no intention of speaking to you if you don't tell me who you are and especially how he managed to find out that I am Venezuelan.

The stranger—whom we will call Jorge in the future, although that was not the name he used —said his name, but remained secretive about his origins, evasively answering Lula's questions about many details of his life.

The conversation, which had started tense, ended relaxed and much more lively. After a while, when it was time to close the museum, they said goodbye politely on the sidewalk. After a few days, Lula returned to his homeland, and after a while, he had completely forgotten about the strange incident at the Coach Museum.

Several years passed. Lula was hosting a reception at his large home in Caracas and was busy that afternoon attending to the details of the party.

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when they told her they were calling her on the phone.

On the other side there was an unknown voice:

—Hi Lula, do you remember me?

—Not by the voice.

—I'm Jorge.

—Jorge? I know several Jorges and also today many people come to the party and I don't know if you're one of them, but I can't remember... Have we ever met?

—Yes, we've seen each other and we're old friends. Do you remember the visit to the Museum of Madrid floats?

Lula instantly remembered the strange episode she had experienced in Madrid several years earlier, but preoccupied as she was with the evening's celebration, she thought it was bad luck that that strange man had shown up again on that very day.

An idea occurred to him:

—Why don't you come to the party tonight so that, besides seeing us, you'll have the chance to meet lots of interesting people? Because I imagine you don't have too many friends here in Caracas.

—Perfect. I'll be there on time.

When Lula hung up, she congratulated herself for having found such a quick and brilliant solution to the problem. Five minutes later, engrossed in preparing the canapés and other details of the reception, she had already forgotten about Jorge's call.

It was time for the party. Lula and her husband welcomed the guests one by one as they arrived. She was greeting one of them at the door when, behind her, she felt a chilly wind stab her like a dagger down her spine. Instantly, she remembered her experience in Madrid. She turned quickly, and there was Jorge smiling at her.

The party ended without much fanfare, except for the extraordinary charm Jorge displayed over everyone present, and they said their goodbyes. At the door, he announced that his stay in Caracas was not temporary, but that he intended to stay and live there.

From that day on, he began pestering her to divorce the surly, old man she was married to. He constantly repeated, "Get out of that old building," referring partly to the large house she lived in, located in one of the best residential areas of the capital, and partly to her husband, who, as we said, was several years her senior.

At first, Lula didn't listen, but as the arguments and differences with her husband grew, she ended up getting divorced, later starting a relationship with Jorge, which culminated in marriage a little over a year later.

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Based on everything said so far, we have no right to suspect that Jorge was anything other than an ordinary human being and to equate him with the strange entities we're referring to in this book. But we know much more about him, told not only by Lula but also by his family and friends. And while it's true that none of them suspected he might be a "non-human," they were nonetheless deeply puzzled by his strange qualities.

I've already told the reader how my opportunity to meet him in person was thwarted when he refused to accompany Lula to an evening at a friend's house, where I spoke about topics he probably knew much more about than I did. He wasn't a fan of frequenting gatherings or making new friends. But if he ever attended a gathering, he was almost certainly the center of attention and the driving force behind the conversation. He gave the impression that he knew everything, not with a superficial understanding, but with the depth of details worthy of a professional in the field.

There are many reasons why a scholar of these subjects might have suspected that this was a "non-human," and Lula keeps them well in his memory, just as he told me in a long conversation I have recorded on several tapes.

After her wedding with Jorge and in her intimate relationship with him, Lula began to discover things that filled her with wonder every day.

These strange qualities of her husband not only did not prevent him from being very attached to him but confessed to me that she was completely in love.

—As a husband, he was perfect. He treated me with great affection and at the same time with great respect. Sometimes he looked at me as if I were a child, and in reality, I felt that way, given his great superiority in everything.

—With my two children (from my first marriage), he was an ideal father. I think he understood them better than I did. They loved him very much and at the same time respected him. He fully understood their needs and desires.

There came a time when, in the face of so many extraordinary things that Lula saw others do, Her husband didn't know what to think. He never thought she was an "extraterrestrial."

—a term that was very fashionable in Venezuela at the time—but on more than one occasion he asked her, half jokingly and half seriously, where she was from or where she had come from.

He always told her the same thing: he was a descendant of Italians who had come to South America in search of better opportunities. In fact, he used an Italian surname that was quite common in Argentina. And when Lula became impertinent, urging him to tell her who his parents were and where he had acquired so much knowledge and so many abilities, he told her not to be so curious and, with a few jokes, got out of it. But he never implied that he wasn't

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Human. Rather, he tried to make her believe that he was, and in a certain way, he tried to anticipate any small doubts she might have about his actions that surpassed all human limits.

His life was normal in some ways, but far from it in others. His source of income was a book import-export company with one storefront and a few employees. Jorge treated it as a secondary issue in his life and gave the impression that he cared little about whether things were going well or badly, although he never lacked money or complained of financial difficulties.

His extraordinary qualities were both psychological and physical. Regarding the former, he used precognition as a matter of course. On many occasions, he foresaw and predicted what was going to happen and adhered to his behavior accordingly, refraining from doing things he had previously done or doing something in advance that, due to predicted events, he would later be unable to do.

There are many events I could recount. One day, as they were driving along the highway, Jorge suddenly began to say urgently to Lula, referring to a truck traveling about two hundred meters ahead of them on a steep slope: "Look at that truck! Look closely!"

Lula stared at the truck. A few long moments passed, and when he didn't see it, Nothing in particular, she asked him intrigued:

—I don't see anything. What's going on?

—Look! It's going to crash!

A few more moments passed until, suddenly, a car pulled off the side of the road and the truck, despite braking sharply, slammed into the road and subsequently overturned. It was a serious accident, and had Jorge continued at his current speed, he would have been involved in it, as he would have been overtaking it at that moment.

How did he know the truck was going to crash without any signs that the other vehicle was coming from the side?

Lula can tell countless incidents like this.

—Sometimes, when we were traveling at high speed on the highway, he would stop abruptly, and when I would ask him, frightened, what was wrong, he would calmly reply, "Something was going to break down." He would get out; lift the engine cover, quickly fix it, and we would continue our journey.

His driving style would have been suicidal for a normal human being. He was flying rather than racing. Lula, at first, was reluctant to ride with him because of the panic she felt, fearing they were going to crash at any moment. She begged him to slow down. He obeyed for a while, and in part, always telling her not to be afraid, that nothing would happen.

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But after a while, the car was hurtling along again, at nearly 200 miles per hour on bad roads. This was so common that Lula grew accustomed to it, especially after repeatedly witnessing how he knew how to navigate the most difficult situations and always emerge unscathed where other drivers would have perished.

It seemed like the distances were getting shorter, and Lula assured me that on several occasions they made the trip from Caracas to Barquisimeto in three hours, something completely impossible for a normal driver. She was also amazed at how such a low-powered car—a Valliant—was able to reach such tremendous speeds for such a long time.

As for his physical qualities, he gave the impression of having been raised in the water and belonging to this element.

—When we went to the beach, it was a spectacle to watch him swim. On the roughest days, when no one dared to go into the water because of the strong undertow and the violence of the waves, Jorge would calmly wade into the sea, disappearing beneath the large waves and reappearing among a sea of foam, farther and farther from the shore.

"At first, I was very scared, but given his confidence and seeing that he always returned without any problems, I ended up ignoring his going in and out of the sea. On one occasion, when one of the lifeguards saw him off the beach at a hotel entering a very rough sea and heading out to sea, he ran up to me, knowing that I was his wife, and told me that it was crazy and that I should signal him to come back immediately because he was in great danger. I reassured him and told him not to worry because my husband was a real fish and had done the same thing on many other occasions. He couldn't believe it and walked away, protesting that he wouldn't be responsible if anything happened.

"Sometimes it would take hours for him to return, and I couldn't see him anywhere, even when I looked for him with binoculars. Sometimes I'd see him more than a kilometer out to sea, swimming back to the beach at a good speed, in places where sharks abound. I usually took my bath and then sat quietly reading, for which I was well prepared, knowing that my wait could be long.

"When he arrived, he would come up to me, caress me, and ask me affectionately how I had done, and then the second part of the spectacle would begin, even more extraordinary than the first and at least much more visible. Often, people who had realized that this man had braved the fury of the waves for more than two hours on days when no one went to the beach would come closer to see him up close, but they were even more astonished when they saw him routinely practicing what we might call "post-swimming."

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"He used to say to me: 'Lulita, I'm going to warm up a little.'"

And he would begin to run the length of the beach. At first, he would trot with long strides, but gradually his speed increased until it was comparable to that of a racehorse at full gallop. People on the seawall and the road that ran parallel to the beach were amazed at "that thing" they saw speeding past them, covering the two or three kilometers of beach in less than two minutes.

Upon reaching the rocks at the far end, without stopping at all, he would turn back and repeat the same route at the same speed. He would run along the beach several times in both directions, and it was so striking that cars would stop to watch him, and people would get out and approach the sand to get a closer look at the person running at such speed.

Anything I tell you in this regard is less than true.

Lula continues to tell stories, and although several years have passed and Jorge is no longer in this world, he still shows enthusiasm when he recalls the exploits of the man who was his perfect companion.

—And note that this was done by a man who had just been swimming non-stop for two hours or more in cold ocean water, and on top of that, it was done by someone who didn't have lungs!

Lula's statement made me raise my eyebrows. Noticing my surprise, she told me she'd explain a little later how she knew such a strange detail about her anatomy.

I was surprised when he told me he had a photo of Jorge. As I've already said, these individuals from other dimensions don't like being photographed and manage to prevent anyone from doing so, and if they do, to prevent the photos from appearing. Although the truth is, having just one photograph of such a beloved husband is rather strange, when the logical thing would be to have several dozen of them in all positions and from different eras.

But Jorge apparently made an exception and thought it was enough to leave one for his wife. In many other cases where there has been a strong bond between a "non-human" and a human, the former, despite the friendship, has refused to leave or allow any photos for his friend.

Naturally, I asked him to let me see it. Jorge appears in it seated, with his long legs crossed, not completely facing forward, but turned halfway sideways, so that his eyes are not visible. It gives the impression, once again, that he didn't want the camera to focus on him head-on and capture his eyes. Otherwise, his features are unremarkable. You'd think he might have some Indian blood, given the tone of his skin and his black hair. Lula, quite rightly, treasures his only photo.

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The reader will be intrigued to know what was the end of Jorge's union with Lula, once we have said in previous lines that Jorge was no longer in this world.

Shortly after their marriage, Jorge began to complain about the severe air pollution he breathed. He said it was seriously damaging to his health. Lula suggested they buy a house on the outskirts of the city, where the air was much cleaner. Jorge, incomprehensibly to Lula, replied: "It's not the city air itself that's hurting me. It's the atmosphere." Lula didn't understand the distinction at the time.

Because of this "atmospheric pollution" Jorge sometimes felt very ill.
He would become cyanotic and lie full length on the bed, remaining completely motionless for a long time.

Then he would grab a small bottle he always carried with him, uncork it, and hold it to his nose, remaining there for a few moments. When he removed the bottle and recapped it, he sat up in bed, and it was as if he had come back from the dead. He spoke completely normally, and no one would have guessed that a minute earlier he had shown signs of dying.

Before going any further, we'll say that this mysterious little bottle served on more than one occasion to test her husband's clairvoyance. He had very kindly told her that if she ever saw the bottle anywhere (which was highly unlikely because Jorge always carried it with him), she shouldn't be tempted to open it, much less smell it. And this without exception. He made her promise, and Lula had promised it wholeheartedly, and she kept it the very few times she had the opportunity to break her word.

But since we humans are what we are, and as the saying goes, "temptation makes a thief," one time, Jorge was lying in bed in his room. Lula walked into the bathroom and saw the intriguing, tiny bottle on the sink. Although she was determined to keep her promise to her husband, she couldn't help but wonder what mysterious substance could be in such a tiny bottle that could perform the miracles she had witnessed so many times.

She took it in her hands and was looking at it closely when she heard Jorge's voice say:

"Lulita, what are you thinking? Bring me the little bottle and stop thinking things."

Jorge's breathing difficulties became increasingly frequent and severe. He never followed Lula's suggestions to see a specialist and never missed a doctor's appointment.

He was somewhat allergic to doctors, and at home he was the one who treated the children's minor ailments and his own, except for those related to breathing. His condition wasn't exactly asthma or anything like that; he complained

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always the same: the air in the atmosphere was bad for him even if it was not contaminated by smoke and gases.

One day, after several attacks from which he emerged in the usual manner, he fell into a kind of coma from which it seemed he would never emerge, as time passed and he didn't regain consciousness or show any signs of life, as he had done so many times. At this point, Lula called an ambulance, and he was taken to a clinic for the first time.

There, given the symptoms Lula explained to the doctors, they performed a lung X-ray. When the doctor saw it, he rebuked the X-ray technician and told him to be more careful about what he was doing, because the X-ray was poorly taken and useless. The technician defended himself, saying he had taken it with the utmost care and that this was what it showed. When he took the second X-ray, it was the technician himself who was shocked to see that the X-ray was completely abnormal. He took another and another until the doctor himself was convinced that the man had no lungs.

The only thing visible in the lower corner of the plate was a strange tissue that had nothing to do with human lungs. Several doctors, extremely puzzled by what they were seeing for the first time in their lives, looked closely at the plates and were determined, in the event of his death, to attend the man's autopsy to see how he had been able to oxygenate his blood despite his lack of lungs.

But that individual was still alive.

In the hospital room, Lula never left his side, sometimes assisted by his mother and a private nurse. Once admitted, he never regained consciousness. His breathing became increasingly labored, until, in the presence of one of the doctors attending him, he stopped breathing. The doctor, already deeply intrigued by what he had seen on the X-ray, took all his vital signs and was absolutely certain that the patient had indeed died.

Lula, following instructions Jorge had given him, refused to allow an autopsy, leaving the doctors with the desire to see firsthand the extremely strange anomaly they had detected on the X-rays.

Shortly before the outcome, the bed had been moved about two-quarters away from the wall so that Lula could lie at the head of the bed without disturbing the doctor and nurse who were caring for him from the other side.

When Jorge, according to the doctor, had expired, Lula hugged his neck and remained there for a long time. Having accepted the trance and recovered from the initial emotion, she stood up ready to leave the narrow passage where she was against the wall and go to the other side. When she tried to get out through the back of the bed, which was about twenty centimeters from the wall, she got tangled in the sheets and bedspreads, and no matter how hard she tried, she could not get out.

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I tried but could not untangle the compact knot they had formed.

When she tried to push them away, she found that what was preventing her from getting out was not the tangled quilts and sheets, but her husband's feet, which reached the wall.
He looked at his head and it was hitting the headboard of the bed.

Jorge had grown, since his death, in five or seven minutes, twenty centimeters!

The corpse was well over two meters tall. Doctors once again saw that when it comes to anatomy and health, not everything is covered in their textbooks.

As for the mysterious little bottle we mentioned earlier, something very strange happened to it. Now that Jorge was dead, the bottle was, as usual, on the nightstand within easy reach. Well, at one point, without anyone touching it, as if obeying an order, it slowly began to rise on its own, in full view of everyone there (who later had no difficulty in testifying to this fact). Once in the air, at a height of about two meters, it opened itself, and everyone saw a kind of vapor emerge from inside, which dissipated into the air.

Then, obeying the laws of gravity, it violently fell vertically to the ground, where it shattered into a thousand pieces. When those present bent down to see what remained of the little bottle, they knelt down and searched for fragments, but they were unable to find a single one.

As Lula tells it, if we were to recall strange anecdotes from Jorge's life, we would never finish, because on a thousand occasions he surprised those present by naturally doing things that clearly exceeded human capabilities.
Often, out of politeness or lack of trust, people pretended not to notice. But Lula saw countless times how those present, without saying anything, would act in astonishment when Jorge guessed their thoughts or, in their faces, acted as if it were normal something that was clearly impossible.

Months before his death in the clinic, Jorge had begun telling Lula that he would "leave soon." He never spoke of dying, and when Lula, distressed by his cabalistic phrase "leaving soon," asked him what he meant by that, he always answered by repeating the same phrase and evasively.

In his final days, when he was already feeling very ill due to his "air problems"—as he called them —he had hired a nurse who also treated him in the hospital. He had given this same nurse precise instructions "for when he left." The first of all was to send her to buy some wide, long bandages similar to those we see on the mummies of the pharaohs.

In addition to this, he had instructed his wife very well on what she had to do.

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with his body when the time came to leave. He told her to cross his folded arms over his chest and place seven silver coins in each closed hand. In this position, they had to wrap him in the long bandages he had ordered from the nurse and which were already in Lula's possession at the time of his death. This was how they shrouded him, leaving him wrapped in the bandages, just as we see the mummies of the pharaohs.

Between this and the exaggerated length of the coffin, the appearance it offered when it was lying in the funeral home was, according to those who visited him, truly impressive.

All these events happened eight years ago, and Lula told me he wanted to exhume Jorge's remains once the legally required time has passed. But more specifically, Lula believes it won't be a normal exhumation because he's certain, apparently based on something Jorge told him, that when the coffin is opened, absolutely nothing will be found inside.

A little over a year ago, the author had an appointment with Lula to attend the exhumation of Jorge's remains, but Lula didn't show up. And this is the sinister, or at least incomprehensible, aspect that so often accompanies or culminates in the relationships between "gods" and mortals.

Lula has disappeared or at least has been lost from sight for all those who have known her for a long time.

Accompanied by two friends who have known her for many years and who also knew Jorge, I spent an entire afternoon trying to find her in Caracas. We tried to contact her mother and old friends but couldn't get any leads. No one knows where she's gone, although, given her way of acting, it wouldn't be surprising if she were on some strange adventure in Egypt or the Near East, where she'd experience phenomena as strange and inexplicable as those she'd experienced on a previous one.

The reason for this trip may have been some "apparition" from Jorge telling her to drop everything and go where he told her, just as happened the last time we saw each other in Madrid, back in 1983.

According to Lula, some time before we met, one night she woke up as if someone was calling her, and when she opened her eyes she saw Jorge's face next to her.
Internally, he felt that he was speaking to him, telling him to leave Madrid and return to his homeland, for he had an important mission to accomplish there. As soon as he heard these words, the vision vanished.

Jorge's order wasn't easy to follow, since at the time Lula was living with his children in Madrid, where he had a very good and well-paid job. In contrast, in Caracas, he had nothing secure and it would be very difficult for him to find a job as good as the one he had in Madrid. However,

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Faced with such an explicit order, given in such a "supernatural" manner, he didn't hesitate; he quit his job, upsized his nice apartment in an elegant neighborhood of Madrid, near the Bernabeu stadium, and moved to Caracas.

And this is where Lula's troubles began.

From the moment he arrived, things began to go wrong for him. First, he couldn't find any job comparable to the one he had in the Spanish capital, and in fact, he didn't find any worthwhile one, so he began to experience financial difficulties he'd been spared until then.

He also had health problems, and what was worse, he had some serious family problems involving one of his sons, which caused him a lot of anguish and problems, even with the law, so he had to spend a lot of money on this.

As a result of all these tribulations, and I believe also in part because Jorge's abandonment couldn't be explained, since the mission he had spoken about was nowhere to be seen, Lula disappeared from the scene, and the exhumation of his body couldn't proceed. However, I don't despair of being able to attend it one day and verify for myself that there is nothing there, just as Lula assures me will happen.

One explanation for such an unexpected outcome could be this: the Jorge who appeared in the apparition wasn't the same person who had lived with Lula; he was a meddling entity who played on Lula's credulity and feelings.

In my opinion, she was too naive to face such an irrational and illogical request as leaving Madrid when she was so well-off with her children. When she told me she wanted to uproot her house and leave for Venezuela with nothing permanent there, and with social and economic conditions in that country deteriorating sharply, my reaction was negative. I thought that, in her case, I wouldn't do it without first making sure I wasn't taking a leap of faith, as in fact happened.

The "never surrender your mind completely to anyone," as I advise in "Let's Defend Ourselves from the Gods," is something that all contactees should always keep in mind, but unfortunately, they don't, because their minds are usually completely controlled. Lula was completely determined and sure of what she was going to do, and she also felt that if she didn't do it, she would, in a way, be unfaithful to Jorge.

That's why I preferred not to interfere or cast doubt on what she was determined to do, respecting her misguided decision. Besides, I had no idea how things would turn out. However, the fact that Jorge told her that "he had a mission to accomplish in Caracas" put me on my guard.

Whenever I hear a contactee say that they have been told that "they have a

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"mission to accomplish" I suspect there's a trap and that those communicating with him are untrustworthy. It seems that some of these entities have a compulsion to tell their chosen ones about "missions to accomplish" or that "they are needed."

And it could also be that these messages were just a technique to, supported In human psychology, to acquire greater control over their minds.

I think it cannot be overemphasized that all kinds of mystics, contactees, and psychics must always be very on guard against the interference of these "mocking entities"—let us recall the activities of the Jinn—who are very good at camouflaging themselves in place of others and giving the impression of being the originals.

The reader will be wondering how credible all of these things are. But on the other hand, I imagine that if you've read this far, you're probably already more than a little scared and more willing to accept such facts than if it were the first time you'd heard of such unusual things. Throughout the book, you'll have seen that things happen in the world, both small and large, that are far from ordinary.

Regarding the events narrated in this chapter, while it is true that Lula is the main source of information, the fact that Jorge lived with well-known people and in a specific location means that we are not dealing with conjectures or abstract ideas but with concrete events.

Furthermore, to support some of these facts, and specifically the sudden growth of Jorge's body and what happened to the famous vial at the time of his death, there are testimonies from the nurse who attended to him, Lula's mother, and one of the doctors who was present when the incident occurred.

I was unable to witness any of these extraordinary events firsthand and have to make do with the accounts of these people, especially those of Lula, whom I know well enough to be able to assure you that she is a serious woman with no desire for the limelight. Obviously, she gains nothing from what she's told me and instead exposes herself to being the target of indiscreet commentary and investigators. Therefore, she asked me not to reveal her full name or give too many specific clues so as not to be easily located.

Unfortunately, today this has become a reality, and Lula is untraceable, even for those of us who are his friends.

I hope it is only temporary and I can soon attend the exhumation with her. from her husband's corpse, to be a direct witness to his empty tomb.

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JOSE LUIS

It was 1976. I had just finished speaking in a large public venue in Mexico City, and when, sweating, I entered the small room next to the stage from which I had spoken, I found José Luis waiting for me. I had never seen him before. He greeted me timidly and told me he wanted to tell me something that had been happening to him for years.

José Luis was about 20 years old, tall, with an intelligent face, so he inspired my confidence, and I didn't even suspect for a moment that I might be standing in front of one of the many lunatics who all too often come to tell us about their hallucinatory "communications" with "extraterrestrials." We started talking right there.

same and that was the beginning of a sincere friendship that has lasted until today.

Here, in summary, is what José Luis told me then.

When he was about 10 years old, one day a blond boy appeared at the public school where he attended, more or less the same height as he was at that time (today José Luis is approximately 1.85 m tall), with very smooth skin that made it very difficult to guess his age.

The boy, who wasn't a student at that school, befriended a group of José Luis's classmates. Whenever he appeared, he would enthuse them all with his stories about space travel, new inventions, and many other topics in which the strange stranger was far ahead of his younger friends.

Although he became very close to a few of them, he became particularly close to José Luis, whom he frequented most often, not only at school but also at home, talking to him about a wide variety of topics and instructing him about things that would happen to him in the future.

After a while, he made a sort of pact with all his friends, including José Luis, and the sign of the pact was a sort of light tattoo that he gave them all on the inside of their wrists, which was roughly the shape of a capital H.

In other words, the tattoo that can still be seen on José Luis's wrist bears a considerable resemblance to the famous UMMO sign, which we already told the reader about in previous pages.

We will return to this later when other connections arise with the UMMO case.

The mysterious visitor—whom we will henceforth call the blond, since José Luis has never told me if he has a proper name—took the habit of visiting him in his own house, always doing so on a fixed date, which was precisely his birthday, which fell in the month of April.

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When that date arrived, the blond man invariably appeared and greeted all the family members, who now treated him like an acquaintance, appreciated him for his sweet manner, for his knowledge, and, especially José Luis's mother, for the good advice he gave her son.

The regular visit on his birthday continued without interruption, and each time the bond with his mysterious friend, who never said exactly where he came from or what his ordinary activities were, grew ever closer. When questioned about this, he answered vaguely, implying that he preferred not to be questioned about it.

On the other hand, he never said that he came from another planet or that he was different from other human beings. As neither José Luis nor anyone in his family had
Having previously paid little attention to the UFO phenomenon, it did not occur to them to suspect that the blond man could be one of those "extraterrestrials" who at that time appeared from time to time in the pages of certain magazines and newspapers.

What caught everyone's attention was the fact that the blond man didn't seem to grow or age in any way. He always remained the same, just as they had seen him the first time. It was only several years after this relationship had passed that José Luis began to suspect that something very strange was going on with his friend, and taking advantage of the fact that I was talking about these things, he went there to tell me what was happening to him.

One of the circumstances that made me suspect that the blond man could be an "extraterrestrial" visitor of some kind or a genuine Jinn, was what José Luis told me about his marriage.

Needless to say, he was unaware of many, if not all, of the intricacies and implications of the UFO phenomenon, and when he told me anecdotes that had happened to him with the blond man, he didn't do so by selecting those that were similar to others he'd read in UFO books, because in reality he hadn't read any and knew nothing about the subject. Rather, he did so with a certain shyness, lest what he told me might seem trivial or crazy. I was the one who, faced with details like the one I'm about to recount, was startled by the similarity it had with other cases that had previously been studied by me and other researchers of the phenomenon.

The thing was that one day when José Luis was feeling particularly depressed, the blond man said to him: "You're

sad and I know why."

José Luis tried to deny that he was particularly sad or at least to downplay the fact, but the blond insisted: "You're in love with a young woman and she doesn't

love you back because she's already married."

You are depressed by seeing the resolution of your desires as something impossible.

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He thought for a moment, then added, "Don't worry.

In a year, when I visit you again, you'll not only be married to that young woman, but you'll already have a child with her, even though that seems impossible to you now."

José Luis was completely unaware of the great fondness some of these entities have for meddling in human family and romantic affairs. But the truth was that, within a year of those words, when the blond man reappeared in April, José Luis was already married to the young woman, and she had just given birth to a boy.

And here it's appropriate to pause to explain the expeditious methods with which some of these mysterious entities tend to get rid of humans who somehow hinder their plans. They tend to be tremendously drastic in their measures, regardless of whether they are unjust or violent, according to our way of seeing things.

What does tend to happen is that they make things appear completely natural. And when ordinary, logical means aren't enough or when time is short, they have no problem resorting to much more expeditious methods, however violent they may be. Car accidents, heart attacks, or even unexpected meteors—although always "natural"—are quite common.

I don't know how José Luis's current wife's first husband left; what is certain is that he disappeared from the scene in a very short time, leaving the field clear for my friend to fulfill his wishes.

As I said before, this detail alone made me suspect this was a genuine case, and I suggested to José Luis that he do two things that might help us determine if we were right. The first thing I suggested was that he should have a dog at home on the date his friend usually came.

It is well known that domestic animals, and particularly dogs, cats, and horses, are especially sensitive to the presence of these entities, which they are able to detect before humans do, and often when they are invisible to the human eye.

(Which, incidentally, is a compelling piece of evidence often used in parapsychology to demonstrate that certain phenomena that short-sighted scientists attribute to hallucinations are genuine and real, even if we cannot explain exactly what they are. Animals do not have a desire for notoriety or money, nor do they suffer hallucinations as easily as humans.)

Well, at my suggestion, José Luis told me with sadness that that same year, a few weeks before the date on which he supposed his friend would arrive, he had been given a puppy and that he was very excited to show it to the blond boy when

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appear. But unfortunately, the puppy disappeared from home on the eve of his birthday, and no matter how hard they searched for him in the neighborhood, they couldn't find him.

José Luis thought that, through some carelessness, the dog, who was still a puppy, had found the door open and had rushed into the street with the ardor and inexperience that puppies do, being later unable to return home or perishing under the wheels of some car.

This detail of the dog's disappearance so close to the blond man's arrival seemed quite suspicious to me, but for the moment I kept my suspicions to myself.

The other test I suggested to José Luis was to try to take a photograph of him.
His reply was instantaneous:

> "He's not a fan of photos. But in one we took with the whole family, where I put my arm around his shoulder, everyone looks great except for him, who looks all blurry. It was a shame because it's the only photo we have of him."

This response from José Luis finally dispelled my suspicions that I was dealing with a genuine case of a "non-human entity" that deserved to be thoroughly investigated, given its lack of elusiveness and the clarity of its manifestations.

Because, as we've already seen, another common characteristic among these entities from the "beyond" is that they are quite allergic to photography; either because they don't like being photographed or because the radiation they emit obscures the film and prevents them from being captured by the camera. The fact is that after many years of contact and friendship, José Luis doesn't have a single photo of his friend.

With this information from the photo, my doubts became certainties, even before learning many other details that I later learned, and I openly told José Luis my suspicions about the disappearance of his dog.

"I think he was the one who made it disappear," I told him.

Given his disbelief and surprise, I explained to him the great sensitivity that animals have in detecting these non-human entities.

The dog would most likely have howled or fled in terror at the presence of his friend, which would have been compromising for him, since the dog would by no means have been calm in his presence. Their instinct tells them they are facing something "not of this world," and they most likely pick it up thanks to their intense sensory hyperesthesia, which is far greater than that of humans. The truth is, they are terrified. I could write entire pages about this subject, since the behavior of animals when faced with paranormal entities and phenomena is something quite extraordinary.

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which has always interested me a lot.

The curious thing is that José Luis, when the time came, shared this suspicion of mine with his friend, and he agreed, agreeing with me. He had made the dog disappear for the same reason I had stated: it would have been a constant nuisance during his visit. And, by the way, note what we said in previous paragraphs regarding the expeditious ways these individuals have of getting rid of anything that hinders their plans.

In subsequent years, on all my visits to Mexico City, one of the first things I would do was call José Luis to hear his secrets about his relationship with the blond man, who has continued to religiously appear on every one of my friend's birthdays. There were some years when his visits extended further, extending beyond the month of April, until one day he told him he had to leave and that they wouldn't see each other again for a long time.

By then, José Luis's life had changed considerably, and it had always been in line with what the blond man had predicted. He had worked at various jobs to earn a living, until he entered the world of unionism, where he rose to a position of responsibility. The blond man told him that this would get him into trouble with the authorities, but that he shouldn't be afraid and should keep going until he finished what they had set out to do, because in the long run everything would work out, and it did.

In fact, José Luis was imprisoned for a company's dispute with his union, but was soon released without consequences. His mysterious advisor then told him to leave the job, as there was no future for him there, and to keep an eye out for opportunities that would present themselves.

Indeed, shortly afterward, in a rather strange way, he was offered the opportunity to join a modern company dealing with computers and information technology. Naturally, since he didn't have much professional training, let alone a university degree in the company's tasks, he had to settle for a rather humble position. And here again, we can see the "efficiency" of a jina when he insists on favoring his human friend.

Today José Luis is the supreme boss - after very few years of having worked in she—from a large IT company.

It's not that he tells me this and I just believe it; it's that I've been with him in the company building, I've seen his large office comparable to that of a bank president, I've witnessed the solemn silences and the slightly fawning bows that employees throughout the building give him as he passes by, just as we see in large companies when the supreme boss passes by.

And not only that. The car José Luis drove me to see his company last time bears no resemblance to the modest Volkswagen he drove years ago.

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Climbing the ranks so quickly in a company where many people before him were interested in achieving the same goals, but with higher qualifications, is no easy task. However, he didn't have to do much. His friend from the "beyond" paved the way for him... and how!

Everyone in the company who could have been competitors for the top position, and especially those who positively hindered José Luis's rise, gradually and "naturally" disappeared—rapid cancers included—until the position fell into his hands like a ripe pear and as something completely logical and normal, since there was no one more qualified than him for the job.

This "naturalness" has occurred hundreds, if not thousands, of times in history.
The gods play with their human puppets with great skill, appointing their protégés or those they judge to best serve their interests or fulfill their mandates in key positions. Sometimes they take the time and effort to prepare the circumstances so that everything seems logical, but at other times, forced by unforeseen circumstances, they prefer efficiency even if their influence is a little obvious.

In the case of José Luis, his blond friend probably didn't put him in the position because he expects him to do great things, but simply out of pure friendship, to help him, since as we saw, when one of these extrahuman entities becomes infatuated with a human, it is capable of doing anything for them.

José Luis has told me many details about his relationship with the blond over all these years.

Some are purely anecdotal, serving to satisfy the natural human curiosity about all these facts that reveal a "beyond" that, although disturbing and unsettling, is always enormously interesting to us. However, others, although seemingly as innocuous as the purely anecdotal, contain profound lessons that lead us to make revealing deductions.

Because while it is true that the human mind is at a disadvantage compared to these extrahuman intelligences, that does not mean we should undervalue it and fall into the error of thinking that we cannot advance in our knowledge of them and other levels of existence.

One of the things that has always made us reflect the most regarding messages from supposed "extraterrestrials" or, more accurately, from these non-human intelligent entities (without necessarily being extraterrestrials) is their lack of credibility; or, to put it another way, their tendency to assert things that, judged by human logic and reason, sound like blatant lies.

Although I already tried to give a solution in my book Let's Defend Ourselves from the Gods

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To provide a radical solution to this great enigma, in the following chapter I will reinforce those explanations with arguments from other sources and investigated by highly qualified people who are completely free from any "prejudices" that I may have about everything.
this topic.

The fact is that these same shocking facets appear in the dealings and conversations between the blond man and José Luis, which on the one hand confirm that one is facing a genuine paranormal event encompassed in the great "UFO phenomenon", on the other hand they fill one with suspicions that the reality of the facts, like the veracity of the words, are not what they seem to be, and consequently the mind should be very cautious when trying to judge the entire phenomenon globally, without reaching too quickly definitive conclusions, much less changing lifestyle habits or adopting patterns of behavior based on the revelations or teachings of these mysterious entities.

The blond man is very selective about the people he associates with; he doesn't even show himself to some, as if their presence bothers him. On the other hand, he has no problem showing himself and even talking to others, even if he doesn't become as close to them as he is with José Luis. While he was single, he showed himself to the whole family; however, once married, as far as I know, he never showed himself to his wife. However, he has shown himself to his son.

One day, José Luis was standing at the door of his house with him, when he was still very young, and the blond boy appeared on the corner, walking calmly toward them along the sidewalk. They greeted each other affectionately, as they always do, and the blond boy stared for a moment at the boy, who seemed nervous in the presence of this stranger he had never seen before. After a while, and as the boy persisted in his restlessness and expressed a desire to go inside, the blond boy told him to take him and come back later so they could talk calmly.

Children's sensitivity to certain types of energies is much higher than that of
adults and is very similar to that of animals.

If the reader remembers, we had already encountered this same selectivity in "Zequiel," the blond who introduced himself to Dr. Torralba and who has so many similarities with José Luis's friend.

Another day a neighbor of his told him:

"Yesterday I came to your house to talk to you about a certain matter and since I saw you on the sidewalk deep in conversation "with a blond boy", I preferred not to interrupt you and leave it for another day.

The "blond boy" was none other than our mysterious character, who
I had just been talking to José Luis on the sidewalk outside his house the day before.

As for mixing information of very unequal value, both in terms of credibility and content, the blond is no different from other cases.

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which the author knows very well.

These same pages reproduce the plans drawn by the blond man in which he predicted something that later came to pass, and which the Mexican reader will be able to verify for themselves. [See illustrations 14 and 15]

Note that the plan was drawn before the major excavations and restoration work that have been carried out in recent years began on a corner of the great Zócalo square in Mexico City.

As for the part of the city marked with a cross, where the blond man says there are even larger buried ruins, according to reports that have come to my attention, during excavations for the construction of new metro lines, they have stumbled upon significant ruins in that area that have partially altered the original plans. Although I must confess that I have not been able to verify this detail with qualified personnel.

However, we must recognize that the tremendous accuracy he had, where apparently nothing but asphalt and houses could be seen, gives us reason to suspect that he may also be right in his other great prediction.

Another disturbing aspect in which the blond man coincides with other extra-human entities is his prediction of major catastrophes for the planet. José Luis didn't want to be very explicit with me on this, because it seems he's been advised to do so; but in a general way, he told me that the blond man has clearly indicated to him that very bad times are coming.

This is a constant that also occurs in almost all seers and prophets. A constant that doesn't worry me personally, because I've been reading and hearing about it for many years, both from religious prophets and from psychic seers who don't speak in the name of any God. And generations continue to succeed one another like crops of grass, and this sinful world, although it certainly goes by in fits and starts, continues to spin in space.

The great catastrophe of this planet is not a cosmic cataclysm; our great catastrophe is the stupid and unhinged leaders we suffer, inflated by power; and the fanatical doctrinaires who continue to poison consciences and fill hearts with suspicion or hatred with their dogmas and foolish patriotism.

Sometimes I think that these cataclysmic prophecies, by dint of being repeated generation after generation by prophets and seers of all kinds, have managed to sow a deep, unconscious anguish in the human soul. This anguish seems to be useful to someone or some cause that goes completely unnoticed by our minds.

I don't believe in the immediate punishments from God that sick religious seers tell us about. The Apocalypse has already had two thousand years to assert its

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cataclysmic prophecies; and if it hasn't done so in all this time, I don't think it will do so in our days either.

But the strange thing is that the blond man also speaks of imminent catastrophes, which is highly suspicious and leads us to the conclusion that José Luis shouldn't fall into the temptation of surrendering his mind completely to all of his friend's suggestions and teachings, instead keeping it alert to notice when the mysterious confidant's messages exceed his capacity for comprehension or obey logical norms different from our own, or are simply harmful to his own interests. This is an axiom that all contactees should always keep in mind, but unfortunately, they don't, because it's impossible for them to doubt the

goodwill of their cosmic interlocutors. Those of us who are outside this bewitchment or fascination, and who, moreover, know a large number of contactees with the final results of their entire strange experience, can give a more accurate assessment of the entire phenomenon.

And to anyone who asks how it is possible that such highly evolved beings fail to realize that certain teachings or suggestions can ultimately be harmful to their human friends, or that, even realizing this, they don't care that they are, we will repeat that the "moral laws" of one cosmic level do not apply to another. We humans end up unscrupulously eating the cow that plowed our fields and provided us with calves and milk for years.

The "good" or "evil" of the contactee is of no importance, as harsh as this may seem, when compared to the mission that the "god" or visitor from other dimensions has assigned in our world. We are merely their slaves; rational or semi-rational slaves, but slaves nonetheless.

This does not mean that all of them ignore or are completely uninterested in what can cause man to suffer, and even less so that they are determined to seek out his evil.
After much reflection on this and learning about a wide variety of cases, we have come to the conclusion that some of them positively seek the good of man. However, most give the impression of helping him only to the extent that man obeys their orders and facilitates the fulfillment of their plans. And this is not to mention others—to whom we have already referred—who enjoy toying with man, subjecting him to all sorts of deceptions and even cold-heartedly sacrificing him.

But let's get back to the blond.

Another aspect that strikes me as suspicious is his claim to identify himself with the UMMO visitors. If everything related to this matter is already quite complicated and suspicious, the blond man's claim that he is one of them becomes even more suspicious. Why? Because many of the circumstances that occur in his statements do not entirely agree with what we know about the UMMO.

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Ummite visitors.

Apart from his size - UMMO's are rather tall while he has the height of a child of about 10 years old— there are many other details that don't add up.

One thing that really caught my attention was that when I handed José Luis the three volumes into which someone had organized all the documentation received from the Ummites, the blond man was quick to tell him not to read them for the time being and to wait until he told him to. I don't know at this time if José Luis has already received permission to read them.

I wonder, why this ban?

What one deduces is that José Luis would immediately detect the discrepancies between UMMO's reports and those he received from his friend and discover that, for one reason or another, he hadn't told him the truth. And this could fundamentally undermine his credibility and even the good relations we had had until then. I understand I could be wrong in my deductions, but one has the right to wonder and to be suspicious.

Sometimes the circumstances surrounding communications from contacted with their visitors from beyond, have the characteristics of a detective novel.

I will tell the reader one of these "circumstances" that, aside from its bizarre touches, contains, in my view, a strategy or a cunning of these beings that is a real challenge for human intelligence.

By dint of knowing and analyzing cases of the "UFO phenomenon" I have come to the conclusion that these strange visitors or intelligences - whoever they are and wherever they come from - are far from being all-powerful and perfect.

In the short term, we humans are at a disadvantage compared to them; and if, plagued by our inferiority, we stop fully utilizing our minds, we won't evolve, and in the long run, we'll continue to be manipulated by them forever. That's why it's absolutely necessary for us humans to lose our fear of them and begin to see their weaknesses and use them to our advantage.

The fact is that on one occasion, José Luis felt the need to retreat to a quiet place for several days in order to prepare a necessary plan for his company, while also taking a break from the daily grind. He made a reservation at a very private hotel in the city of Cuernavaca and headed there alone to spend the weekend.

Arriving at the hotel, which at that time of year was practically empty of guests, he checked in, arranged his things in his room, and went down to take a dip in the pool.

Without paying attention to whether or not there was anyone around—it was dusk—he dove into the water, moving beneath the surface until he came up against the wall. There he poked his head out, and to his surprise, he found a young individual, with

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black man, who was sitting barefoot in a chair, resting his feet on the edge of the pool. One thing immediately caught José Luis's attention: the individual's feet were a markedly yellowish color.

Almost forced by circumstances, he greeted him with a cliché, and since they were practically the only guests at the hotel, they agreed to meet later at the bar.

Sure enough, an hour later, there was that strange guest waiting for him at the bar. José Luis asked him what he wanted to drink, and he replied only water. José Luis ordered a cocktail with ice. When the drinks were brought, the waiter mistakenly placed the iced cocktail in front of José Luis's friend and the glass of water in front of José Luis.

To correct the mistake, the stranger quickly extended his hand toward the cocktail, hoping to bring it closer to José Luis, but as soon as he touched the glass, fogged by the cold, he made a gesture of pain, withdrawing his hand instantly.

José Luis noticed his gesture with surprise and felt even more intrigued when he noticed that the individual did not stop rubbing his hand against his thigh during the long conversation they had, as if he wanted to warm it after the chill he had felt when he picked up the iced glass.

So far, these are the two details that have made me reflect greatly, because I think that in them and in others like them—more than in what these visitors say—lies the key to their true identity and intentions toward us, seen from our human point of view.

Why do I say this?

For the following reason: José Luis was almost completely unaware of everything related to the UMMO affair. The strange figure he befriended in the lonely hotel turned out to be, by his own admission, an emissary of the blond man, who, for various reasons, had been unable to visit him personally on that occasion.

In the long conversation they had that night in the bar after the cocktail incident, the solitary guest told José Luis many interesting things about the civilization to which he belonged and specifically about the personality of the blond man, who turned out to be a very high-ranking personality on his home planet.

Well, among the things he told him, he confirmed what the blond had already told him: that they were from UMMO.

This statement fills me with doubt and unleashes a torrent of deductions in my mind. The blond man and his mysterious comrades knew that news of the "UMMO affair" would inevitably reach their protégé, and that, upon further analysis, he would discover contradictions, as we have already indicated.

What to do in such a situation?

Get ahead in resolving doubts and dispelling suspicions, before they become reality.

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presented. Or, to put it another way, to bolster one's credibility based on seemingly unimportant "details."

José Luis didn't know that the Ummites have a part of their body—usually covered by clothing—that is distinctly yellowish. This would one day become known to him, and oh, what a coincidence! When he emerged from the water, the first thing he saw were the yellow feet of his unknown friend, something that ordinary confidants of the Ummites from various nations around the world had never seen and only knew of in theory from information from the Ummites themselves.

José Luis also knew nothing of the extreme sensitivity visitors from that planet have in their fingertips. The episode of the devastating effect of the coldness of the glass in his hand and the constant rubbing of his fingers against his thigh seemed to be intended to make him automatically identify his friend with the Ummites as soon as he learned of this quality or weakness. With this, any doubts he might have had about the blond man's credibility lost strength in the face of these facts, which he himself had witnessed, so concrete on the one hand and so "coincidental" on the other.

I may be mistaken in my deductions, but the reader should know that "coincidental" circumstances like these have occurred on numerous occasions in the relationships between contactees and their visitors. And when asked how such highly evolved beings can be so naive in their stratagems to "deceive" us or convince us of what they want, we will repeat that they are far from being all-powerful and omniscient and that they have many limitations when they act with a logic completely different from ours. We will elaborate on this later.

Another question that comes to mind is this: Why do they want to identify with UMMO visitors if they aren't actually visitors? Isn't this a deception or a blatant lie?

"Deception" and "lying" are words, concepts, and values that belong to our world and do not apply to theirs. We humans constantly "deceive" animals, yet we don't think we're doing anything wrong, nor are we ever brought before any court for it, because, after all, "deception" isn't considered such and is therefore perfectly permissible when it comes to animals.

The power of the question lies not in whether this is a deception or not, but in why he does it. I confess that the answer is not easy, and the human mind is lost in a sea of conjectures that can easily lead to mistakes.

In the specific case we are considering, one solution to the doubt could be that these are two completely different types of visitors. That is, those from UMMO could be beings like us, many years ahead in their techniques and evolution, but deep down beings like us, with a physical and physiological reality comparable to ours, who cannot transform at will and

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They can't do without them. In other words, beings who, although from a planet far removed from ours, live in the same dimension as us, or in one completely in tune with ours. Therefore, when they come to our world and communicate with us, they connect well with our way of being and become credible, while at the same time being more vulnerable to our potential hostility.

The blond, on the other hand, would belong to beings from another dimension, with a physical reality completely different from ours. The body with which they manifest among us would be custom-made, and their "mind" or intelligence would operate within parameters entirely different from those within which ours operates.

Accepting these assumptions, it is not difficult to understand why beings so distant from us would want to join or "be associated" with other beings who, while also bearing the label of "non-human," nevertheless present themselves with credentials much more acceptable to the men of this planet.

But the bad thing is that this apparent "deception" is not only seen in this case we are discussing, but is almost a constant throughout the UFO phenomenon: "cosmic visitors" very frequently say things that do not correspond to reality.

The key question remains: Why do they do it?

In the chapter dedicated to the jinn, as they are known in Islam, there is another possible solution to the question. But then we will have to ask ourselves again: Are all those who "deceive" or say things that do not conform to our logic or the reality we know, malevolent jinn seeking to play with humanity?

I don't think so. I believe there are beings who positively seek the good of the humans with whom they communicate, and I believe there are those who defend us from the possible "deceptions" of others. But even despite this, I still believe they don't do this—neither the "help" nor the "deception"—out of love or hatred for us, but ultimately for their own self-interest. The same people who help certain humans are quite likely to harm others because it suits them at the time.

I suspect that the ultimate reason some of these people say things that don't correspond to reality is to get things out of the way, or they simply don't care what we think of them. Something like what many parents do when their young children ask them, as they're being dressed in their pajamas for bed, if they're going to take them to see the fire trucks the next day. The parents, almost without hearing, solemnly agree that they are, and even assure them they'll buy them a "real" car. But all they have in mind is that that little brat finally gets into bed, and lets them watch their video program in peace.

I understand that what I'm saying is unacceptable to many people and sounds like something insulting to the human race. But in the face of so many "lies" being told by

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our visitors, including those who have helped their contactees, one cannot help but think so, however hard it may be for human pride.

There is still another aspect that is even more difficult to explain; but it would take us too far afield to attempt to find a solution for it now and would divert us from the specific topic we are addressing in this chapter. I am referring to the lengthy instructions on a wide variety of subjects—regardless of whether they are true or not—with which these beings from the "beyond" usually instruct their visitors. On many occasions, such instructions sound absurd, have ultimately proven completely useless, and have frequently been given to individuals who were not prepared to assimilate them. Let us leave for another occasion the explanation of this strange occurrence, which has been and continues to be so frequent among contactees.

In our case, José Luis has also received many instructions, but he is ready to assimilate them and it is unknown whether they will be of any use to him in the future. Some of them, judging by the facts, seem to have already been very useful to him.

Logically, the reader will be wondering for a while: who is this blond and where does he come from?

Whenever José Luis has asked him this question, directly or indirectly, his response has always been an evasive one, more or less veiledly stating that he'd rather not talk about the subject. According to what José Luis has told me, he has never openly confessed to him that he is not of this world, although he has hinted at it on many occasions.

One day, he told her, somewhat sadly, that he had to leave and that they wouldn't see each other again for a while. Indeed, when the time for his usual visit came, he didn't show up, and for many months he didn't appear. It was during this time that the incident at the little hotel with the yellow-footed "ummita" occurred.

Today, the strange symbiosis between José Luis and the blond man still works. I doubt I'll ever have the opportunity to personally meet this figure from the "beyond" and exchange a few words with him. I presume my presence is "non grata" because I have a strong tendency to question and get to the root of things. And as we've seen, these beings don't like being questioned about their origins and their intentions in our world.

On many occasions, I've written entire forms for the various "contactees" to use when they were visited, and in virtually every case, my friends returned without their questions being answered. Instead of answering questions, they prefer to give instructions.

And on some occasions, when faced with the human form, they have told him bluntly that what I had to do was listen, instead of asking.

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RUFUS

I will now address the case of Rufus.

Because I'm directly involved in it and don't know how it will end, it's harder for me to write than anything I've written so far in this book. I do it partly out of fear, because I don't know if I'm violating someone's will or breaking some mysterious law, something I wouldn't want and if I am, I fear it will be dangerous for me; and partly out of curiosity; a bold curiosity, because I presume that writing these lines will have some direct influence on my better understanding of the extremely important phenomenon we are studying in this book.

I understand that all these phrases are somewhat sibylline, but the entire phenomenon is sibylline, refusing to let itself be definitively grasped by reason and playing with it, as it has been doing since the beginning of time. We have thousands of facts, concrete but contradictory facts, which cause human intelligence to flounder miserably when analyzing them, rendering it unable to reach any clear and definitive conclusions.

I'll start by explaining who Mario is and what my relationship is with him and everything that's happening to him.

Mario is an extraordinarily intelligent young man, a university student, and I feel very strongly about him, partly because of our close relationship, which wasn't so distant between my grandfather's family and his. As a chemical sciences student, he's brilliant, and given his parents' more than adequate financial situation, he has a computer at home, which I use frequently when I want to present a carefully written project, or when I want to do it quickly, because the truth is that I type much faster on his "machine" than on mine.

We hadn't heard from each other for many years, so when he called me one day and told me his first name, without his last name, I didn't initially understand who he was, since I had seen him about twenty years earlier, at his parents' house in his home province, when he was little more than a baby. He had heard me talking about parapsychological topics on the radio and tried every way he could to get in touch with me. It was difficult for him to get my phone number, but after going in person to the station where I had spoken, he managed to get it there.

We agreed to meet at my house. He came over, and naturally, I asked him about his entire family, whom I hadn't seen in just as long. He told me about many things I'd practically forgotten, and about others I was completely unaware of because they had happened during the thirty years I'd been in America.

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I noticed he was hesitant, until, sensing that he wanted to tell me something he didn't dare to say, I asked him:

"Tell me, why did you decide to call me and come see me?"

I noticed him shrinking, and from a quick sideways glance he gave my wife, I realized that her presence was making him uncomfortable. I didn't press my question, but as soon as she left to get the coffee, I said, "I notice my wife's presence is

preventing you from telling me something you want to tell me. If it's so secret, I'll tell her to leave us alone."

He quickly interrupted me: "Some

very strange things are happening to me..."

Then I had a hunch about what was happening to him, and I was the one who

interrupted him: "If that's the case, don't have the slightest qualms about talking in front of her, because she knows as much about these things as I do. She won't be surprised at all, and she'll keep your secret just as I do."

At that moment she came in with the steaming coffee. To break the ice and
To make things easier for our guest, I said bluntly to my wife: "I think Mario

has something very interesting to tell us."

—I just don't know where to start. The other day I heard you on the radio talking about entities that rule this world from behind the scenes, and that we're sort of slaves to other, more intelligent, invisible beings... and that some people hear voices... and that's what's happening to me. Well, something else is happening to me...

I instantly understood that I was privy to a goldmine of information I couldn't waste, and that at the same time I could be of help to a human being in serious danger. This wasn't a psychopath looking for an outlet for his frustrations or psychological pressures, or someone seeking notoriety, etc. Mario was a young man who had everything he could wish for: parents who loved and cared for him, an enviable financial position, a good-looking man, without complexes, and full of health, and above all that, he had hesitated for a long time to come and tell me what was happening to him.

Until the day he came to see me for the first time, he hadn't told a soul, not even his parents or his girlfriend. He was so disoriented by what was happening to him that he didn't know what to do. That's why the night he heard me on the radio, he saw me as a lifeline to which a shipwrecked person desperately clings. That same night, he decided to get my address and tell me everything, before the inner anguish and worry began to take its toll on him.

He closed the chemistry book he was studying and fell asleep with the firm idea of calling the radio station first thing in the morning.

—Tell me what it's like with the voices. —

Well, it started about a year ago. One day I was in bed without

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I was sleeping and suddenly felt inside me, not in my head but rather towards the pit of my stomach, that someone was trying to talk to me. I heard something but didn't understand. It was almost as if someone were inside me. I was surprised, but since I didn't feel anything else, I ignored it and fell asleep. Two days later, while I was sitting studying, I felt the same thing again, but more clearly and stronger. It lasted about twenty seconds. But I couldn't continue studying. I kept thinking about what it could be and listening to see if I would feel it again. But that day I didn't feel it again.

"Two days passed, and again, while I was studying, I heard something like a warning, and then, a few moments later, an inner voice that I could now understand. It spoke to me in a clear voice:

"We're going to give you the Mahabharata of the year 2000."

"I remained stunned, mulling over what I had just heard. On the one hand, I was trying to find the meaning of those words, which meant nothing to me, but on the other, I wondered why such a strange thing was happening to me and who was speaking to me like that. I wasn't afraid, nor did I get excited, thinking that I was the chosen one. I simply remained calm, mulling over such a strange fact in my mind. I also wondered who the person could be to whom I could tell everything that was happening to me, but I couldn't find anyone. This worried me a little. Because I had to tell someone; not to boast about it or just to talk, but to see what they would advise me.

"I also wondered if I was going crazy, but I quickly dismissed that idea because I looked completely normal. And I still look the same now, even though many other, even stranger things have happened to me since then.

"Since we were having a lot of problems at the university in those days, not political ones but with some professor who was making things very difficult for us, I soon forgot about the matter. Actually, I didn't really forget it, but rather relegated it to the background; but even in the midst of the troubles in class, it kept coming back to me.

A few days later, when I was home, it happened again. At first, it felt like a warning, but then I heard the clear voice. This time they said something that made me smile: "You're going to be great." I thought they were flattering me, and for a moment, a feeling of vanity crossed my mind, but it quickly vanished. What worried me most was not having anyone to tell what was happening to me. I racked my brain, thinking of and remembering people's names, but I dismissed them all because I was sure they wouldn't understand me and, deep down, they would think I was starting to go crazy. They simply weren't prepared for such phenomena, just as I wasn't. But I was the one suffering from it, and that's why I had no choice but to face it.

»As the days went by, the voices became clearer and

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The messages I received were longer. It's not that they came more often, but each time I heard the words, the message lasted longer, though never more than a minute. I had already gotten used to hearing them, and somehow, I could sense when they were about to speak to me. I had already resigned myself to not having anyone to tell what was happening to me, when one night I heard you on the radio talking about these phenomena in a very natural way and complaining that science and psychiatrists didn't talk about or know anything about this. A few months earlier, I wouldn't have believed anything you said, but that night what you said was like a lifeline to which I desperately clung.

My questions, when Mario finished telling the essence of what was happening to him, were these:

—Tell me: How are things now? Are they still talking to you? Have you had any changes in your health or any kind of physiological transformation? Can you continue studying normally? Have those around you or your family members noticed anything? What are the voices telling you now? Has there been any visible physical effect outside of you?

All of these things mattered a lot to me, because these phenomena usually follow a generically similar pattern, and depending on how they manifest, one can also infer in a general way what the final outcome will be.

Mario is an intelligent young man with a clear and organized mind; therefore, faced with the avalanche of my questions, he didn't flinch. On the contrary, I noticed he smiled, as if satisfied that despite the complexity of his problem, someone understood and took him seriously. As if he were taking an exam, he organized the questions and said to me: "Let's take it step by step." First, they keep talking to me, more or less with the same

frequency. The messages have been getting longer, and they've started to give me a lot of scientific information, especially about astronomy and physiology.

"No one has noticed anything because I haven't told anyone and I'm continuing with my normal student life. What's happening to me, while it's true that it worries me, isn't to the point of not allowing me to study. As for any physical changes, I think my sense of sight is becoming much sharper; I see colors where other people don't. My other senses have also sharpened, but not as much as my sight."

"As for the physical effects, there were only two things I could say. I used to have a pretty bad headache, and it still does from time to time, which when it happens prevents me from studying. Well, about a month ago, one day I was lying in bed with a severe headache, and I heard someone say, 'Go over to the television and touch it with one hand.'"

»The pain bothered me so much that without a moment's hesitation I got up and went to the

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television, which was then off. It's a small color television, and I placed my right hand on it. As if by miracle, the migraine disappeared instantly. On the one hand, I was amazed, but on the other, extremely happy that the pain was gone. I remember closing my eyes to see if it was just an illusion or instant autosuggestion, but it wasn't. No matter how still I remained to see if I felt any pain inside me, I felt absolutely nothing. The headache was completely gone in a second.

"Naturally, this isn't a physical effect anyone could see outside of me, since I was the only one feeling the pain; I understand that it can't be proof for anyone. But it was for me.

»Another physical effect involving other people could be what happened just a fortnight ago while I was at home with my parents. I had been told that morning, when I was half asleep in bed, that I was going to see a UFO that day. I had heard of UFOs, but I had never given them much importance. It's not that I denied their existence, but I considered there was a lot of darkness in it all and that we should wait until the whole matter became clearer.
So when they told me that, I thought it might clear up my doubts, but I didn't give it any more thought.

"During the day I forgot about the matter. At night, after dinner, I peeked into my parents' house onto a sort of rooftop or semi-open corridor, from which a good portion of the sky could be seen.

Since the town where my parents live is small, the countryside is very visible from the rooftop. I was shocked when I saw a red ball, about the size of the moon, above some trees. I stared at it for a few moments and immediately remembered what they had told me that morning. I intended to shout for my siblings and parents to come and see it, but I restrained myself. I continued staring at it, and when I saw that it wasn't moving, I quickly went downstairs to tell them to come and see what was suspended in the air. I did so without excitement, although they were the ones who got excited, because as soon as I told them, they ran off to see it. When they got to the rooftop, it was no longer there. They tried to look at the sky from other places, but they couldn't see anything anymore. They bombarded me with questions about what it looked like, what I was doing, etc., but from that whole incident, they couldn't deduce anything about what was happening to me, nor did they think anything negative about me. They thought I had indeed seen something and that they were just unlucky to be late. And the whole incident ended just like that. But I know very well the connection between the voice I heard in the morning and what I saw in the afternoon.

»The thought came to me that the fact that they didn't see anything at night, after I saw it so clearly, might mean that what I saw was a

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hallucination, but I don't think so because I'm very aware that I'm a very normal guy and that I've never had a hallucination in my life.

That's more or less how things were when Mario first came to visit me at my house. Naturally, I took the matter with great interest, and we agreed that he would call me whenever something worthy of attention happened to him.

For my part, I assured him that the phenomenon he was experiencing wasn't as rare as he and most people thought. And above all, I gave him two pieces of advice: not to get too excited about what was happening to him, devoting energy and time to it or expecting everything from the voices he heard, as if they were the voice of God. On the contrary, he shouldn't be afraid or despair, thinking he was going crazy or something bad was going to happen to him.

That he should continue living his normal life and that as long as the voices told him to do things that didn't harm his normal life, he should do them, but if they told him to do something that was too much work or took him away from his student obligations, he should ignore them.

We agreed that if anything new happened to him, he would call me, even if it was in the middle of the night, and that he wouldn't fail to tell me anything, no matter how strange. I gave him this warning with the almost absolute certainty that he wouldn't follow it, because it's a general rule that all these people who are spoken to from other planes are forced to keep secrets. The famous "secret of Fatima" is one among hundreds. And, indeed, shortly after, Mario told me that there were some things he'd been told that he couldn't tell me.

Several days passed since our first interview, and I received another call from Mario. We met at his house. He lives alone in an apartment his parents rent for him, which consists of a living room, a bedroom, a small kitchen, and a covered roof terrace, where he has a large sofa where he often lies down to study.

The purpose of his call was to tell me two things. The one that intrigued him most was the one concerning his eyesight: since the day before, he'd been seeing the auras of people and every living being. He'd barely heard of it, but as soon as he began to notice it, he went to the university library to see if he could find out more about it; he was able to find little, because it's a sad truth that official science is very closed to certain truths that a minority of humanity has known for many centuries.

The truth is that Mario could see a multicolored luminescence around every living being, which varied greatly from one being to another and which could vary from moment to moment within the same being. The phenomenon fascinated him and was something he had constantly before him without having to do anything or make any effort. He simply had to look. It felt like what happened to a person who had had a television in their home for years.

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black and white, and suddenly a color television was placed in front of him. For long moments, he distinguished the differences in each person's auras and how they changed in relation to the subject's mood.

As time has passed, Mario has learned many things about the aura, and thanks to it, he can now distinguish many aspects of a person based on their aura's colors. Very often, upon seeing someone, even for the first time, he can already draw a portrait of their physical and psychological qualities. Although he says he believes he will be able to use this power much more effectively once he learns more about the relationship between the aura and a person's state and becomes able to see it even better.

The other thing he told me that day was that they'd told him they'd be visiting him in person soon, and that he'd be able to see them. I took the opportunity to use his computer a bit, and we said our goodbyes until two days from now, when I'd come back to copy some drafts I'd typed onto it.

Until then, I had to proceed "by faith." That is, I had to believe everything Mario told me, because I hadn't actually seen anything with my own eyes.
When I went to his house two days later, I found him lying on his sofa, complaining of a severe sore throat. He got up and started looking for some pills in the bathroom medicine cabinet. He couldn't find them, and I remember helping him a little, but to no avail. When he'd stopped searching, I went into his room for some reason, and there, in the middle of the soft bedspread, on top of the made bed, was the medicine box perfectly visible.

In this case, I didn't have to take a leap of faith in what Mario told me. We had both passed by it several times, and if we had been in that same place, we would have seen it immediately. Besides, Mario hadn't seen that medicine for days, and he himself had made his bed a few hours earlier and had never touched that little box. It just appeared there by magic.

If this were the only fact or the only proof I had of the reality of what's happening to Mario, I would deserve to be labeled naive. But this was only the first of the proofs that have grown in importance over time.

The first time Mario saw one of these beings was like this. He was at a post office in Madrid, checking a small package. While he was in line, he struck up a conversation with a young man behind him who said his name was Andru. The conversation was about a trivial topic, and the young man was nothing special, except that he seemed very well-mannered and pleasant-looking, but nothing extraordinary.

When he finished he said goodbye to the young man, but the latter told him that if he wanted to go to "El Corte Inglés" in Castellana he could take him, because he had a car and he was in that one.

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address. Indeed, Mario was going to "El Corte Inglés" on Castellana, and it wasn't an act of telepathy on Andru's part, since he had told him so in the conversation they had had.

Along the way, and when Mario least expected it, his companion said to him: "Do you think humans are the only intelligent beings on this planet?"

Mario's head raced. He turned and stared at his companion. He drove the vehicle naturally, and he saw nothing unusual about him. But the question he had asked was highly suspicious.

Mario answered with another question:

“Why are you asking me that?”

He must have asked him abruptly and as if startled, because Andru smiled widely until, turning to him, he slowly said, looking him in the eye: "You're hearing voices. Don't be afraid. I know everything that's happening to you."

"I didn't feel a single shiver," Mario told us at his house, "and I don't think I even flinched in the slightest. I smiled at him as if to say, 'Oh, you rascal, you were trying to trick me.' He remained silent for a moment and told me I didn't have to worry. That little by little I would learn more about them and that from the moment I was born they had taken care of me because I was destined for important things. I didn't speak. I let him do the talking, because that seemed much more important to me.

"He talked to me about general things that were meant to reassure me and told me we'd see each other again soon. We arrived at the corner of Marqués de Villaverde and Orense Street and said goodbye with a handshake. When I got out, it didn't even occur to me to check the car's license plate, and, pensive as I was, I barely noticed what it looked like. I remember, though not with much certainty, that it was a fairly new car, not very elegant, and a modern model.

A few days later, I went into the VIPS on Velázquez and Ortega y Gasset and started browsing the new releases at the bookstore, something I do quite often. While engrossed in a book, I felt a tap on my shoulder. Andru was standing there, smiling. Once again, I felt a great sense of tranquility in his presence, and it occurred to me to invite him in for a coffee. He agreed, and we went to the bar. I ordered a coffee, and he said he'd prefer a glass of water. We talked, or rather, he talked, most of the time, about various topics. He spoke with great confidence, even if it was about the future. He never clearly stated who those speaking to me were or where they came from. He insisted that I was more of them than of this planet, and that, like me, there were plenty of others; and also that I would learn many things later when I was sufficiently prepared.

»He said goodbye, telling me again that we would see each other again, and he left through the

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entrance door, disappearing into the crowd that was waiting their turn to get in. I stood there for a while thinking about what he had told me and going over in my head everything that was happening to me.

"By then, my communications with Mario were much more frequent, and this, he told me, gave him more peace of mind than when he was alone, not knowing who to talk to about what was happening to him. In fact, that same afternoon, he called me to inform me about the VIPS meeting.

Summer arrived and Mario, after having gotten very good grades, went to his parents' house and later with his entire family—two sisters and two brothers—spent two months in Marbella.

While he was at Barajas Airport to catch his flight, as he was leaving for his parents' house, another incident occurred in which I was unwittingly and unconsciously involved. He had called to tell me something that had happened the day before, and I offered to drive him to the airport. While there, a problem arose with the ticket. According to the Iberia agent, the ticket was invalid because it had been issued incorrectly. He had to call the agency that issued it, and there was no time to do so because the flight was about to depart. Furthermore, there was overcrowding and a long waiting list.

Mario and I protested loudly, but the clerk stood his ground, and in the face of our angry protest, his determination deepened: there was no way I could travel with that ticket... but suddenly he stopped. He hesitated. He looked at us as if in astonishment and turned to consult with a colleague.

They whispered for a few moments, and then he turned to Mario, all smiles:

"Young man, there's no problem. You can take this plane. I wish you a safe trip."

I was shocked.

I couldn't explain the reason for that sudden change. It wasn't that the clerk had discovered he'd made a mistake—he didn't look at the bill again after giving it back to Mario—it was that, for no apparent reason, he'd changed his mind. The exchange with his colleague was also very strange.

When his luggage was already checked in, Mario called me aside and said,

“Have you noticed?”

—Tell us about what?

—But haven't you seen anything?

-No, nothing.

—Didn't you see Andru next to you looking at the "Iberia" guy?

I hadn't seen anything at all. The only thing I saw was the employee of "Iberia" to stand still and suddenly change his mind.

—Well, you had it stuck to your left shoulder. It appeared suddenly and when the

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"Iberia" told me I could go, smiled, and disappeared just the same. I thought you'd seen him because he was right there next to you.

The whole episode, if it weren't for the inexplicable behavior of the man at the counter, would have made me wonder about Mario's capacity for fabrication. But there was another circumstance that proved to me that something paranormal had indeed happened there.

When I got home, my wife looked at me with a puzzled expression, which made me wonder why she was looking at me like that. She came over and touched me on the left side of my neck. Indeed, I'd been feeling a kind of itching in that area for quite some time. But I hadn't given it any thought.

He looked at me closely

and said, "Why is this part of your neck so red, and why is there nothing on the other side? Have you been sunbathing? But it's very strange that you're only burned on one side."

Of course, I hadn't been sunbathing or even getting much sun that day. I told her what had happened at the airport, and without waiting for me to say anything else, she practically shouted, "Andru! The red on your neck is radiation Andru

was emitting! I hope it's not malignant!"

Indeed, Mario had told me that, when he appeared, he was standing to my left, looking toward the employee who was arguing with Mario at the time. My wife's conjecture is more than conjecture. It's the repetition of a fact we've encountered many times in UFO cases. On some occasions, the radiation effect wasn't so innocent, and the human died within a few hours.

A short time later, when Mario was already on the beach with his family, his most curious encounter with Andru occurred. One day, he was lying alone in the sun, reading, when there weren't many people on the beach yet. When he looked up from his book and turned to change position, Andru was sitting on the sand beside him, dressed in light clothing, but not a bathing suit. Mario was surprised to see him there all of a sudden and asked him how he had come.

Andru said calmly and smiling: —Well, just by

showing up.

—I don't believe it. Here, in front of so many people! Someone must have noticed.

"Well, that's not the case," Andru replied. "Do you want me to repeat it?"

-Yeah.

In a flash, Andru was gone. Mario looked around, but there was no sign of Andru. He had vanished. A few seconds passed, and there he was again, sitting and smiling. Mario, who was getting used to seeing strange things,

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He simply shrugged and answered with another smile without commenting further.

That day, Andru was more communicative and told her many things about his own life. According to what he told her then, he was a being just like Mario; that is, born on this planet but actually belonging to another; his body was human, but his mind or soul was from outside, apart from the fact that "they" had intervened very directly in his conception, gestation, and birth.

During childhood, "they" closely monitor all the activities of their "implants" to ensure nothing serious happens to them. First, they choose healthy families where they believe they will receive a good education, although the "goodness" they refer to doesn't exactly match what we call "good."

Although these individuals' bodies are human, they have certain variations, most of which are imperceptible to the naked eye. However, because they carry the genes of their people, they often bear no resemblance to other family members. In fact, Mario doesn't look like his siblings and has completely different physiological characteristics. Andru, on the other hand, resembles him quite a bit.

He continued to tell him, still lying on the sand, that he had once been in the same situation as Mario was then; that is, beginning to discover all these tremendous and incredible realities.

Little by little, "they" were teaching him things and activating his abilities so that now, despite living in a specific place in France and behaving like a human being, he had much greater communication with "them" and was capable of doing "impossible" things like what he had just demonstrated a few moments before, or, even more incredible, moving from where he lived in France to the Spanish beach in an instant. With a tap on the shoulder, he told Mario to be patient, that he could do the same, but to do so, he would have to go through, just like him, a whole range of preparation that would be given to him when "they" believed he was mature enough.

She also told him that the beaches were quite polluted, and that many people would develop skin diseases as a result. She also warned him not to overdo sunbathing, and in fact, at Mario's urging, she put cream on his back.

He also told him that he would come see him from time to time, but that his main dealings would be with others of "them" who were specially charged with instructing him and who were not human like him and Mario, that is, born on this planet, but came from the original world to which they all belonged. They said goodbye, and in a moment Andru was no longer there. He didn't walk away as he had done on other occasions, but suddenly disappeared. Mario looked around to see if anyone among the many people who were already on the beach had noticed him.

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account. But no one seemed to have seen anything.

After that interview, he had a lot to think about, reflecting on everything his mysterious friend had told him. The first thing that came to mind, corroborating what Andru had told him about the special protection he had enjoyed throughout his life, was the terrible motorcycle accident he had suffered years earlier, in which "miraculously" nothing had happened to him.

Mario was riding as a passenger on the back of a very powerful motorcycle driven by a madman. They were traveling on a highway at over* 180 km/h; something happened, and Mario found himself flying through the air. He was left lying on the side of the road more than a hundred meters from where the first impact had occurred. He recalls that when those who came to help him reached him, they didn't dare go down to the bottom of the ditch where he was lying motionless, thinking he was dead. They couldn't deduce anything else, having witnessed how he was thrown from the tremendous impact. The driver of the motorcycle, although not dead, had broken all his bones.

Mario, after a few minutes of being stunned, slowly sat up and knew nothing had happened to him!

However, despite the shock of the accident, he was always left with a very strange feeling that overshadowed it: he had the impression that when he was flying, after the impact, someone was carrying him through the air as if holding him in their arms. When he hit the ground, he felt the same impression; there was no violent impact, but rather it was as if he were being gently placed on the ground.

This wasn't the only accident Mario has been involved in. On another occasion, he was riding next to the driver, not wearing his seatbelt. It was a small car, and the young man driving it was traveling at high speed. Visibility was poor, and at one point, they found a large truck stationary in front of them.
Literally the entire front end of the car Mario was traveling in, despite braking sharply, was embedded under the truck bed.

In this type of accident, usually those in front, and especially the accompanying the driver, are often left decapitated or with their skulls smashed.

In our case, the impact was so severe that the young man in the back seat, immediately behind Mario, was killed instantly and could only be extricated much later. The driver had to wait a long time for cranes and instruments to be brought in to extract him from the mass of metal in which he was trapped. He suffered multiple fractures and injuries, but was miraculously alive.

The car was literally wedged under the truck, and the people who approached immediately shouted nervously when they saw that nothing could be done to get the occupants out, since the doors no longer existed in that pile of twisted metal.

Mario tells me:

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—I saw the truck suddenly appear, stopped; I felt the brakes and the tremendous impact, but then I found myself among the people screaming next to the car. To my right, a woman, in a fit of hysteria, was screaming: "My God, how horrible! They've all killed themselves!"

To which I instinctively replied: "No, ma'am,
nothing happened to me."
«Then they all turned to me in disbelief and looked at me like a ghost.

"—But were you in there?"
"Yes," I told them. "And there are two more." And they continued to look at me in a strange.

"I didn't have a scratch. I always thought something strange had happened there, but it never occurred to me that someone could be so closely and effectively watching over my personal safety.

As our dealings became more and more frequent - today we I consider him as if he were my own son—, on some occasions we have gone on some bicycle excursions on the outskirts of Madrid. Well, one day when he fell off his bike, when I approached him to see if he had hurt himself, he simply said to me: —The same thing happened to me again as with the motorcycle accident; they have deposited on the ground.

At this point, just as Andru predicted about a year ago, Mario already has some paranormal abilities that I've witnessed many times. It's a blend of telepathy and clairvoyance, which, if properly developed and used, can help him greatly in life.

According to him, when he wants to know something, he closes his eyes, concentrates, and a small screen immediately appears on which is written what he wants to know. I've tested this with him several times, and I'm convinced he can know things his conscious mind doesn't.

When I ask him something to which I already know the answer, I have a right to suspect that it's telepathy; that he's reading my mind, which in itself is a paranormal phenomenon. But to avoid this, I've often asked him questions to which I don't know the answer, and even after going to his screen, he's answered them.

For this, I have made considerable use of the instructive game called Trivial Pursuit, which has thousands of questions on a variety of topics. Well, on the rare occasions when, based on his own knowledge, he is unable to answer a question—remember that Mario is a brilliant student of chemistry and has also been a great reader since he learned to read without any instruction—he closes his eyes, puts his hands on his forehead, and in seconds he spells the words.

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out loud what he reads on his screen, which he says is sometimes a bit blurry.

One of the most significant things in this whole process that is developing with Mario is the entrance on the scene of Rufo.

Just as Andru had told him, Mario was going to meet other individuals who hadn't been born in this world, and one of whose missions here was to instruct and protect him and the other "Marios" out there. And indeed, that was what happened.

One day Rufo appeared "in the flesh."

I don't actually know what his real name is, or even if he has one, but as soon as Mario started talking to me about him, I christened him "Rufo," and that's the name he's stuck with. Although, like all these extra-human individuals, they attach great importance to names—actually, to the sounds and vibrations they produce—I wouldn't be surprised if one of these days I get an order not to call him Rufo again and to change it to something else of his own choosing. Which I wouldn't like at all, especially if the new name were similar to others I already know and am very suspicious of.

Rufus wasn't the first non-human Mario saw. Others had appeared before him, taking turns, but the one who has been visiting him regularly these past few months is Rufus.

They all wear more or less the same clothes. They wear a light-colored cape with sleeves that falls below their calves. Their average height is 1.75 to 1.80 meters, and they have shoulder-length, not very light blond hair.

His way of making contact with Mario isn't like Andru's. Andru is more "physical," more human, and that's why it's more natural for him to blend in with people and appear to be walking, even though he can also appear and disappear suddenly, as we've seen. But Rufo and his companions usually show up at Mario's room or house, just as we see in certain television series. That's how he saw them for the first time.

He was asleep; he felt himself being awakened, and the voice said to him:

"Go to the living room, you have visitors."

He got up immediately and, in his pajamas, went to the living room, where he found two men who greeted him very warmly. They talked for a while about generalities and told him that he would continue to receive visitors from time to time, and when they saw that he needed them. They also told him that later they would have to take him for two weeks to give him instructions and all the training he needed to be able to function well in the world.

Mario didn't like the idea of being "away" for two weeks, not knowing exactly where. In fact, they invited him to meet up one evening near a lake about a kilometer from his house, but he didn't show up. Another day they invited him again, again near another small lake, although this one was only a hundred meters from his house and the size of the lake was 100 meters.

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much younger and, I don't know if influenced by my advice, he didn't attend the meeting either.

He thought they would be angry with him for it, but they didn't. On several occasions, they told him to always do what he thinks he should do.

Before the "Rufus era" began, which is the one we're in now, he had a few experiences with others that never came back. The strangest of all was the following.

One day, while he was at his parents' farm with his family, he felt that he was being awakened during the night and heard someone say: "Get

dressed and go out to the patio."

He got dressed and went out to the patio.

Although there are a few houses scattered about, the open countryside with scattered trees can be seen, and a large expanse of sky can be made out. Mario left the house and walked a little away. About three hundred meters away, about thirty or forty meters from the ground, a large circular device was hovering in the air, emitting a brilliant glow.

Mario, without much concern, although it was the first time he had seen such a thing, stared at it for a while, when he saw something like a thread of light or an illuminated wire emerging from the device, rapidly moving in his direction. He stood still and could see a very thin line of light extending from the device to about two meters from where his feet were. As he was contemplating this strange thing, he saw something moving along the thread of light.

It was a human being gliding rapidly towards him.

In a flash, a seemingly human being, albeit in slightly different attire, stood before him. He greeted him and asked how he was, in perfect Spanish. He told him they were his brothers and sisters and that he had come to visit him so he would have faith in them, and a few other things along those lines.

After the conversation—some parts of which I believe Mario is withholding from me at their request—the mysterious visitor said goodbye and returned to the device the same way he had come. He seemed to be skating on that beam of light, although this time he was going uphill.

Mario turned to enter his house and was astonished to see another ray of light before him, exactly like the one he had just seen, extending from beneath his feet toward the door of his house. Without making any effort on his part, he felt himself being pushed, so he began to slide gently over the ray. Since he slept in the upper part of the house, the ray of light also ascended the stairs and reached his very bed, so that without any effort he found himself back in his room, without anyone in his house, where everyone was asleep, having noticed anything.

The "Rufo era" itself began in 1986-1987, when Mario returned to

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the University, in Madrid. Rufo would frequently appear at his house, especially when Mario was having some difficulty, and there were many such difficulties at that time, as the students were quite agitated and Mario actively participated in all the demonstrations.

Furthermore, Rufo was very attentive to Mario's minor emotional conflicts, as he had found a girlfriend at the time. She had a very lively temper, and he wasn't exactly shy about it, so in the early days, although they loved each other and still love each other truly, they had quite a few clashes. This greatly distressed Mario, and that's when good old Rufo made his appearance. Not exactly as some kind of Celestino to make peace with his girlfriend, but to help him regain his peace of mind, since not having one, according to him, was quite detrimental to his maturing process and his ability to receive all the lessons they wanted to impart to him.

One of the times Rufo came, I was at Mario's house working on the computer. He was very agitated, having had a serious argument with his girlfriend.
I spent about an hour typing, completely immersed in my work, in the large living room. From time to time, I heard faint whispers coming from the room where Mario was. I paid no attention to them, and at one point I assumed it was the television, which Mario had turned down very low so as not to disturb me.

I was already reviewing what I had done, when Mario came in with a very smiling:

—You haven't even noticed.

—Aware of what?

—That I've been talking to Rufo for an hour.

He had been sitting on the sofa all that time, talking quietly with Mario, and according to him, no one could distinguish him from a normal human being.

Sometimes his advice is very specific, like when he told her not to go out in the center of Madrid on certain days because there was a risk of an attack. Indeed, at that time, ETA attacks were frequent, and in the most unexpected places.

The best proof I had that Mario wasn't lying was one day when I began to write about what was happening to him, but focusing on it in a negative light. Because the reader must realize that dealing with these issues, and even more so getting caught up in them, is something that, first of all, requires a great deal of serenity and composure, and secondly, demands many hours of reflection, if not perplexity and even a desire to escape from something so confusing and incomprehensible to the mind.

Well, I had written at home a whole page, single-spaced, with everything

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what I knew until then—which was still very little—about the Mario affair.
Probably, if I had known more, I would not have approached it that way.

As I said, I presented it as something negative that should be avoided at all costs and compared Mario's case with others in which the contactee had ended very badly.

I hadn't finished writing it for half an hour when the phone rang: "Salvador, I have a message for you. You

shouldn't write what you're writing."
I pretended not to understand:

"What are you talking about?"

—Well, I don't know exactly, but that's what they told me.

I changed the conversation to other topics, we spoke briefly and hung up.
the twenty minutes new call from Mario:

—Are you going to be home? I have something to bring you.

—Yes. I'll wait for you here.

Half an hour later, he arrived with a folded sheet of paper. I opened it and couldn't believe my eyes. On that sheet of paper was copied verbatim everything I had written about two hours earlier. I remember I had hidden the originals and the copy and went to look for them to compare them with what Mario had just brought me. Except for one place where I had written a proper name in abbreviation and Mario had written it out in full, everything else was exactly the same word for word and point for point.

I asked him,

“How did you write this?”
—It was dictated to me.

As I've already said, Mario didn't have the ability to read on his screen that's as developed now. Nowadays, he only needs to close his eyes and concentrate to read the text without having to have anyone dictate to him.

One day, Mario came to my house, very distressed because his girlfriend had told him she was leaving him, and the reason was that he wasn't spending all the time with her that he should have. He told her everything in a phrase he repeated constantly:

"You love your books more than me."

Mario didn't want to give up on remaining at the top of his class, but on the other hand, he felt deeply for that girl, hence his despair. My wife and I had been talking until the wee hours of the morning, mixing his romantic problems with the "otherworldly" problem he was embroiled in, and the hours had flown by.

Suddenly he stood up and said in a very decisive manner: "I have to go."

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Since he has his own car, I didn't offer to drive him home and I saw him more natural that he left.

The next day he called me: "Didn't you see anything yesterday?"

—No. What did that have to do with it?

—When I said I had to go, they just told me to come downstairs, because they were going to pick me up at the entrance and take me somewhere to talk. That's why I asked if you saw the car they came to pick me up in from the window.

—I thought you'd gone off on yours, but if I'd known, I would have gladly shown up. So, let me know again.

Four individuals had picked him up. One of them was Rufo, who gave the impression of being the boss, while the others were merely assistants, as they barely spoke and obeyed whatever Rufo told them. The car's color, according to Mario, was light. He remembers that they drove along the M-30 for a while, until they reached a spot on the banks of the Manzanares River, where there is an esplanade.

There he saw a bus. They got out and got on. Mario was astonished, because what looked like a bus on the outside was actually a huge hall inside that could fit many buses. Inside, there were quite a few people, men and women, all dressed like Rufo, busy with various tasks. They barely paid any attention to the newcomers, even though Mario was different from them. However, in his opinion, Rufo was the boss of all those people.

According to what he's told him, there's only one other person in Spain who's in the same situation as him; that is, he's a transplant here. He's in the city of Cádiz, and Mario doesn't know him, but one day he'll probably get to know him, just as he knew Andru.

Most of the people on the "bus" were focused on countless screens displaying all sorts of things and people. On one of them, Mario could see the faces of people closely related to him in succession. According to what Rufo told him, "they" keep track not only of the people who interest them directly, but also of those who are immediately related to them.

This is how Mario's case stands at the moment.

Where will it all end? I don't know. What I do know is that I'm neck-deep in it, and even deeper than I've been able to tell the reader. Because the truth is that I've been given permission to publish all this only on the condition that I keep other things to myself. And the truth is, I don't want to incur the wrath of such powerful lords.

I understand that the reader may be a little disappointed, as I only have my word to prove all these facts. But I hope, some time from now, to have some tangible proof and to be able to give you more details about all this.

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fascinating subject and even to be able to tell you what my personal impression of Rufo has been, because I have faith that one day he will keep his word to Mario to let me see him and talk to me.

But don't think that in the meantime I'm going to be nervously centering my entire life around the moment they decide to appear before me. Nothing of the sort.
I will continue living my normal life, trying to learn more about this mysterious world we live in every day and striving to be a better human being every day.

Breaking

News As in the old days of journalism, there is a “breaking news” written when the entire book is ready for printing.

Yesterday I needed my ID for some errands, and no matter how hard I looked, it wasn't anywhere. Desperate, I told my wife to call Mario and see if he could do anything.

Mario protested because Rufo had told him he was overusing his "screen" and that he shouldn't use it unless absolutely necessary, as there was a risk that overusing it could later hinder the full development of his ability to see through it. But at my wife's insistence, Mario told her he would make an exception and would call us as soon as he had something.

I don't think it was five minutes later when the phone rang.

—I saw on the screen that in addition to the ID there is a passport and a card in the that reads something like "The Guard", but I can't read it clearly.

—Indeed. But where are they?

—They're on the fifth shelf in the library, counting from the right, and on the third shelf, counting from the bottom up. They're under a pile of Galician books lying on their sides.

I went there immediately.

I picked up the books and there were my ID and other things. A month earlier, we had rearranged the library books, and the documents had been inadvertently buried. If it hadn't been for Mario, it would have taken me months to discover them, and only by chance, since it never would have occurred to me to look where they logically shouldn't be.

As for the card on which he read "La Guardia" it was a certificate of Venezuelan vaccination done years ago in the port of La Guaira, The mystery remains.

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CONCLUSION

We've reached the end, and I suppose the reader is perplexed by such strange events. If it's any consolation, know that the author is too. But there's no point in inhibiting ourselves or shrugging our shoulders and letting things continue as they are. I believe that faced with such events, it's imperative to make some decisions. Because if everything we've said here is true, it would be foolish to remain inactive, although unfortunately that is the attitude of most mortals when they have to make decisions of a momentous nature.

The first decision would be of a purely mental nature:

- Are the facts narrated accepted or not accepted?
- And if they are accepted, how are they accepted?
- As absolutely objective, just as the common incidents of a normal day are accepted?

- Or do we accept them, but filtered through the minds of those who perceive them or those who have transmitted them to us?
- Are facts only true for those who have witnessed or been victims of them and not for the rest of humanity?
- Are we witnessing the beginning of the gestation of a modern myth, just as current religious myths had their beginning at some time in history?

This would be the first decision we would have to make. And, as I said, shrugging our shoulders at the possibility that such facts could be true is highly irrational.

Because if they are, their impact on the life of humanity could be of enormous consequence. And not precisely for the future. I firmly believe that the consequences of the objectivity of these facts and what they imply are already a thing of the past and are reflected in the horrific history of humanity, in the chaotic present we have had the misfortune to witness, and specifically in the existence of the great religions that have imprisoned the minds of the vast majority of humanity.

The first decision, then, would be to become aware of the problem. Apparently, official science and the ruling classes of this world not only became aware of the problem some time ago, but also declared that the facts were untrue or due to other causes. This is the dominant belief in "cultured" society today, and that's why those of us who dedicate ourselves to studying these strange things are frowned upon.

But the facts are still there and appear month after month in the columns of the world's major newspapers and magazines and in the offices of the main

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News agencies. Twenty times they've tried to kill all this kind of "obscurantist and medieval" news, and twenty times they've risen from the ashes. There's someone or something that won't let them die. And that something is their own objectivity. Men and women continue to see, hear, and feel strange things.

We are witnessing the "return of the sorcerers" that Pauwels and Bergier predicted almost thirty years ago.

Let's say that an educated person has the right to doubt such strange facts. Those who doubt trivial facts can remain content with their doubts because they have no significant consequences. But those who doubt facts of great significance have the obligation to overcome their doubts. And today, thanks in part to science, we have a thousand ways to investigate these facts, no matter how strange they may seem to us, and I believe that today we can be certain that they have some form of reality.

It may not be exactly what it appears to be or what witnesses say, but I believe that today, even speaking from a strictly scientific point of view, we can no longer doubt that behind all this huge accumulation of paranormal events, witnessed by so many thousands of human beings, there is something, even if we do not know what that "something" is.

Therefore, the obligation to investigate the facts persists, just as humanity feels obliged to investigate the cause of cancer or AIDS. And science in particular has no right to shrug its shoulders and say the facts are very strange. That is no reason not to investigate them.

But let's leave the eternal doubters alone and see what those who have become aware of the problem should do. It may not be in their power to investigate it, but it is in their power to take an interest in what others discover and, above all, to pass on this knowledge and this healthy concern to younger generations, contrary to what has been done until now.

We must abolish the narcissism of thinking that "we are the kings of creation," that "man is the most intelligent of creatures," that "all things and animals in Nature are at the service of man," and similar nonsense. We must tell them clearly, without falling into the narrow-minded fanaticism of different religions, that above us there are other intelligent beings who, just as humans do with animals, intervene in our lives directly or indirectly, whether we know it or not. And this is true both at the individual and collective levels.

As long as humanity, and especially its leaders, refuse to accept these tremendous truths, things will go as badly as they have been, and we will remain disunited, disoriented, deceived, constantly at war with one another, and in a state of mental development that has barely changed in recent millennia.

On the contrary, the day that the leaders of Humanity assume this tremendous

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It is true that man will begin to abandon the state of semi-barbarism in which he lives and will begin to evolve towards the stage of superman.

But today, the leaders of the planet—those "visible lords of this world" we saw in the first chapter—don't accept this truth. It's too compromising for them.

Scientists—who in matters truly human are always the last to know—laugh at all this. To their short-sighted eyes, there is no reality other than that of their laboratories and that studied in university textbooks. Politicians are too caught up in their power games; military men, their pride prevents them from believing it, prefer to continue playing with their planes, their ships, and their little flesh soldiers; bankers are engrossed in increasing their dividends and playing the stock market...

The only ones who admit this are religious leaders. They do know that there are other intelligences superior to man, but the problem is that each one has a different idea about them, and each one believes their religion holds the key to understanding them. Furthermore, their idea of these entities is false because it is overly simplistic. They divide them into totally bad and totally good, turning one of these into the Supreme God, who is indirectly blamed for all the errors and evils in the world.

What must an evolved man—even a solitary one—do who has realized this tremendous truth?

Once you've become aware of the problem, you'll need to take concrete steps to avoid becoming a plaything for any of these entities.
Furthermore, as soon as it is in your power, you must help your fellow human beings wake up and realize this terrible reality, so that human history does not continue to be what it has been until now: a series of horrors inspired by them and immediately caused by the puppets they have chosen as their ministers over the centuries.

I understand that what I'm saying is so far-reaching that the mind resists accepting it without further ado. Misconceptions about humankind's place in the cosmos have been ingrained in our genes for millennia, and that's why many people, even intelligent and well-intentioned, find it completely impossible to overcome them.

But in reality, the great and small gods of pagan religions and the "spirits from on high" that Christ and St. Paul speak of are the same entities we have been discussing throughout this book. And to them must be added the Yahweh who for several centuries deceived the Jewish people from the cloud and whom Christians later accepted as a universal God, despite seeing him commit all sorts of horrors against the nations of Palestine and even against his own "people."

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selected".

Christ would not fall into this category because, although extraordinary, he was only a man born of a woman on this planet and, like all founders of religions, he was manipulated by these entities.

Proof that some of them surpass us in power and intelligence is the fact that after thousands of years of manipulating us at their whim, they still have us in doubt about their existence. And as long as we humans continue to doubt their existence and believe that we are the "kings of creation," we will not take defending ourselves against them seriously and will continue to be manipulated at their whim.

We are a farm. A farm of rational animals. This is a terrible truth.
and will continue to be so for a long time.

It's very difficult for farm animals to rebel against farmers because farmers are smarter and can anticipate potential rebellions. And since we're a farm of "rational" people, we're led to believe in ideologies that not only prevent us from rebelling, but even lead us to believe that it's good to be subservient.

For irrational animals, it's enough to feed them well and maintain a pleasant environment to keep them satisfied. But for rational animals, this isn't enough: we must invent "moral values" to follow, "ideals" to fight for, and with this, they will be kept busy, fighting with each other and oblivious to their own progress and that of humanity as a whole. And above all, they will be unaware that they are being used. These "ideals" and "moral values" are the homelands, religions, and social and economic ideologies into which humanity is divided and which have done so much harm.

For anyone who wants to delve deeper into these ideas, we recommend reading Let's Defend Ourselves from the Gods, as I developed this whole topic in more detail there.

Here I want to boldly summarize what I think about these entities, and do so without half measures or ambiguous terms so as not to fall into the excommunication of science. I've already said that official science knows nothing about this, and therefore I don't care what pseudo-scientists who dare to criticize me might say. For science, none of this exists, and therefore the best thing it can do is remain silent.

I said "boldly" because I know very well that it is reckless to dare to speak.
so specifically about something that has such bad press.

The human mind prefers to gorge itself on literature, good and bad, that describes fictional situations and worlds; it revels in novels, adventures, and tense situations, when the reality is that the subject matter of this book far surpasses in intensity and suspense any novel or adventure that literary figures can imagine.

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Both ordinary readers and editors themselves often associate these themes with science fiction. They don't like to take them seriously, and when they do approach them, they do so with some trepidation.

It's very easy to go beyond human limits in the style of a novel or science fiction, but it's very hard to leave behind, based on real facts, the world we know and enter the realm of the "beyond," which until now was the absolute monopoly of religions and which Christianity has always presented with terrifying overtones.

And to speak of "entities," "spirits," "intelligences," and even "extraterrestrials" is to enter that "beyond" in which the psyche feels very uncomfortable and defends itself by calling those who speak of it crazy.

Here's what I believe about these non-human intelligent entities:

- They are ordinarily invisible to the human eye.
- Some are visible to young children and pets, who react to them with terror.

- Others are also invisible to domestic animals, which nevertheless detect them with some sixth sense, showing great concern around them.
- They are extremely varied, and there are enormous differences between them—much greater differences than those between the various races and classes of human beings.
- There are those who are more intelligent and more evolved than man and those who are less so.
- They come from "other levels of existence," which may belong to this physical planet or to other unknown worlds.
- Some of them have a profound impact on the lives of humans at an individual level and even more so at a social or global level.
- Some intervene negatively or just for fun, without caring that their interference harms human beings.
- Others interfere positively and try to help.
- I think there are more negative interferences than positive ones.

- Some of them have many limitations when acting in our world and all of them are far from being "omnipotent."
- All of them, even those who help, primarily seek their own good.
- Some are infatuated with certain people or communities and openly help them, and have no problem harming others to help their protégés.

- Vice versa, some become infatuated with certain people or communities, making them victims of their heavy and sometimes macabre jokes.
- Some species of these entities have a great tendency to interfere in human marital or sexual relationships.
- Offspring have often been predicted for couples who, for various reasons, could not logically be expected to have children.
- Their interference in sexual matters is not only predicting offspring to human couples, but also intervening in sexual unions, appearing

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in human form or by making the man or woman physically experience sexual intercourse with an invisible entity. There are thousands of past and present examples.

- The most evolved ones can very easily influence the minds of humans and are not only capable of reading their minds but also of getting them to make decisions without them realizing they are being manipulated.
- They camouflage their activities behind natural phenomena. Sometimes they make something that is purely natural appear "extranatural," and sometimes, on the contrary, they make something that is directly caused by them appear as a natural phenomenon.

- They are not "pure spirits" as the Church presents its angels. These entities, including the angels of Christianity, have physical bodies composed of wave fields, some of which can be detected in many of the devices used by human technology today.

- For this reason, many of them are very sensitive to electromagnetic fields, radiation or subtle energies from the atomic and subatomic world.
  Some of these energies, produced by our devices or naturally originating from the Earth, or the bioenergies produced by the minds of some psychics, facilitate their presence in our dimension, while others impede it. In the future, humanity will use these energies as a means to defend itself against the undue intrusion of these entities or to make contact with them.

- Some of these beings enter the human level with ease, either because of their proximity to it or their high degree of evolution, while others do so only by accident or with great effort.

- The logic of their actions toward us is completely different from ours; that's why we often can't explain what they do, let alone why they do it.

- Generally speaking, they don't have a religion as we understand it. They've outgrown the childish idea of a personal, "humanized" God; but they use it to dominate us, knowing how deeply rooted such an idea is in the human mind.

- The most evolved of them have great mastery over matter: they usually manifest in different forms that they can change instantly at will. Others use varied forms when they appear, but they need time to create them and cannot change them at will. Still others always appear in the same form, and finally, still others manifest in their own form and cannot change it. The least evolved can barely manifest at our level of existence: they are only capable of doing so in the form of lights of varying magnitude; when they do appear in more solid forms, they usually avoid all contact with humans.

- The instructions that the most evolved give their contactees vary greatly. Very often, they are about scientific subjects (for example, how to build a device—which often never ends up being built or functioning) or elaborate theories and formulas of advanced mathematics or physics. It is also common for them to speak to them about the Cosmos and the motion and origin of bodies.

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Celestials. Religious contactees are driven to found religions or reform existing ones, often leading to their being attacked or killed by other fanatics.

- Other contactees, however, receive a whole jargon of unintelligible pseudo-philosophical concepts, which most often end up in the trash when the recipient dies, after having kept them jealously guarded for years.

- Sometimes this leaden, nonsense-filled jargon finds its way to the printing press and becomes a famous or "sacred" book that stupefies the minds of thousands or millions of men. Such has been the case with the Book of Mormon, the Oashpe, the Urantia books, the Book of Light, the Koran, the Vedas, the Zend Avesta, etc., etc., and of course the Christian Bible. However, some masterpieces, both of literature and art, have
- been dictated or inspired by "them."

These are the invisible lords of the world.

I am often told that I free the mind from the belief in a God great and unique to make her a slave to small gods. But that is not the case.

My sole aim is to inform; to uncover something that is hidden; to advise, if anything. Far be it from me to enslave anyone by telling them to do this or stop doing that to appease or please these "gods," as Christianity or other religions do with theirs.

I don't feel like their slave in any way. Technically, knowing their existence and the evil practices of some of them, I try not to let myself be used. But I feel free and live peacefully without them. I don't spend my life scared to death like good Christians have lived for centuries, who are threatened with hell all their lives and who have always been taught as a rule that "the fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom."

I have always thought that the fear of God is an insult to God.

Apart from what I have already said, the human being, considered individually, has many more defenses against these entities than society considered as a whole or all of humanity.

I do not fear these intelligences, no matter how "superior" they may be to me. Furthermore, I know that after this life these "gods" have nothing to do with me, because they will no longer have any power over me. And I am even certain that they too die. In the Cosmos, everything that lives dies. And everything that dies is resurrected. And the birth and death of all creatures is the heartbeat of life in the Universe.

The bacteria that were born just a few minutes ago die, and man dies after living for years, and planets die after living for millennia, and stars and galaxies die after living for hundreds of millions of years.

It is the gigantic systole and diastole of the heart of the GOD-UNIVERSE.

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I'm not afraid of these poor devils who watch us from invisible windows. I simply do what I think I have to do, without looking to see if they're watching me or not and if they like me or not. I know that some of them are stronger than me and can destroy me if they want to, and I know that others can only interfere in my life if I'm weak or foolish, putting myself at their disposal or inciting them to do so.

That's why I no longer invoke anyone in particular and I dedicate myself to growing internally, trying to ensure that when the time comes for me to leave this world, I have done what my mind tells me I should have done.

I simply do what the ant does, which laboriously carries the seed to the anthill with peace and diligence, without caring whether there is some human "god" watching it.

Naturally, if the ant knew that the human "god" watching it at this moment intended to pick it up and put it in a box, the best thing it could do would be to abandon the seed and run to safety, because the human "god" has the power to do so. And the curious thing is that, for reasons completely incomprehensible to the ant, it will do so without thinking that it is doing anything wrong. It feels entitled because it is a human and the ant is an ant. These are the cosmic scales, each with its own "moral" standards.

But the ant knows nothing of this. Not even that the human "god" is already bending down at that very moment to pick it up and put it in a box with an ant from another anthill, to have them fight; and that's why it doesn't defend itself.

The same thing that has happened to humans for centuries: they haven't believed that there are certain superhuman intelligences that amuse themselves by making them fight, and that's why they've never defended themselves against them and have allowed themselves to be fooled like children, turning our history into a mountain of misunderstanding and hatred and a river of blood.

And the sad thing is that we're still the same, because some of those "gods" are so cunning that they have convinced the "visible lords of the world" that they don't exist and that those of us who say such things are crazy. And the Reagans and Gorbachevs of the day, with brains like ants, continue to increase their atomic arsenals, with which they can reduce this vast human anthill to smoke in a second.

And in the face of my inability to convince both of them and their followers that it would be more rational to dedicate these enormous sums of money to raising humanity's standard of living or to something as basic as satisfying the hunger of millions of starving people; and in the face of my rage at seeing so many large and small "pentagons" filled with violent ants, and at seeing so many fake politicians and so many religious fanatics poisoning the world with their doctrines, from the small platform that these lines are, I shout at the top of my lungs: Imbeciles!

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These "visible lords of the world", this "black brotherhood" must be held in high regard.
more fear than the "invisible gentlemen."

On a global scale, the former can do nothing without the latter. Because the former are the ones who immediately cause wars and divide humanity with their patriotism and fanaticism, and who oppress us with all kinds of taxes, lies, injustices, and abuses.

That is why the salvation of humanity lies in freeing ourselves from these fools who serve as front men for certain "invisible lords."

But how can we free ourselves from them if they are of the same making as us and we see that even though they may be of humble origin, as soon as they reach a position of power they become corrupted, catching the disease that all rulers suffer from?

The liberation of humanity will not come until there are many more internally free men capable of assuming the leadership of their younger or less evolved brothers without corruption. And the true freedom of man lies within himself.

He must free himself internally from his ambitions, his fears, and his voluntary dependencies, and he must reach intellectual maturity so as not to be deceived and so that his mind becomes more creative and prepares for future stages, beyond this rudimentary planet.

As long as most people behave like sheep, flocking to see and hear their political or religious "leaders," and feel patriotic enthusiasm at seeing phalanxes of robots marching by with weapons on their shoulders, or enjoy gathering like flocks in stadiums or cathedrals to see spectacles or to receive blessings, it will be a sign that humanity has not yet overcome its infantile stage.

We need a ferment of evolved human beings, who will gradually accomplish the arduous task of convincing their brothers and sisters that it is time for us to rebel against the "invisible overlords" and begin to behave like truly rational beings, repudiating puppet leaders who only defend their privileged positions and keep alive the discord that divides humanity.

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APPENDIX

This book having been completed, a voluminous work entitled The Matrix reaches us from the USA, a compilation of numerous reports originating from very diverse sources, some of them governmental.

The "gods," Jinn, or extradimensional intelligent entities we refer to throughout the book, appear in The Matrix as authentic extraterrestrials, with physical bodies and even political ambitions in our world.

And of course, interfering heavily in the lives of men, now no longer secretly but through the highest authorities on the planet, even though they have kept it a secret until now.

The Matrix is a confirmation of many of the ideas presented in this book, although both the compiler of the reports and we arrived at them by very different paths.

Its credibility varies widely, and it must be admitted that in some cases it becomes suspect; but throughout all research into the UFO phenomenon, this is a constant we're already accustomed to. The "confusion-causing" elements the Ummites spoke of are always present, and it's something we must reckon with.

The report states that:

- There have been quite a few saucer falls in various parts of the world.
- The United States has managed to rescue several of them and is preserving them after having studied them in detail.
- They have managed to study the lifeless bodies of the crew members of the crashed saucers.
- They have not only recovered corpses but also live bodies of UFO nauts, and the report says that they have kept three of them, called "EBE-1", "EBE-2" and "EBE-3", in an electromagnetic "bunker" called YY-II at the Los Alamos Air Force Base (New Mexico).

- The United States government—and this is one of the most important parts of the report—made a deal with certain types of "extraterrestrials" whereby, in exchange for highly advanced technology it would receive from the aliens, it would facilitate their activities among us.

- The United States was deceived into the deal. First, because they believed it was exclusive to them, when in fact the "aliens" had made a very similar one with the Russians. And second, because they discovered the aliens had lied about their activities on our planet.

- The cattle slaughters that have been reported all over the world,

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Especially since 1974, they are one of these activities. They use animals to somehow harness their tissues and vital energy.

- They use men and women, without their knowledge, to conduct genetic experiments. They also use them without their knowledge, although in this case without causing them any apparent harm.
- They take human beings, especially children, without ever seeing them again. The purpose of the abduction is unknown, although it is suspected that it may also be for some kind of genetic experimentation that involves the destruction of the individual.

- The five classes of "extraterrestrials" currently in increased contact with humans are described, along with their shortcomings and the hostilities between them. It is alleged that the Russians and Americans are currently preparing
- a weapon against them. The first test was conducted this past spring, but according to a report, it was unsuccessful.

This is the general content of the book-report *The Matrix.*

The last two statements sound like science fiction and may very well be nothing more than elements that sow doubt about all the other information that has now become undeniable and unconcealable.

Let's stick to the Spanish saying, "when the river sounds, water flows." All these rumors, reinforced by hundreds of indisputable facts, have been circulating for quite some time now, and with increasing persistence, so there's no truth to them.

What can be safely deduced from this whole set of reports and books such as Dimensions by Jacques Vallée and the aforementioned Communion and Intruders is that something important, mysterious and frightening is brewing behind the screen of the much-ridiculed "flying saucers."

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ILLUSTRATIONS

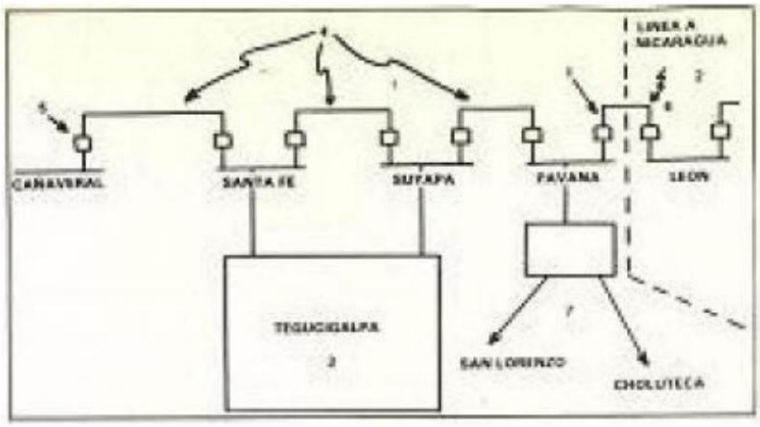

Illustration 1.

Blackout of October 14, 1978. 1 = connection error discovered; 2 = transmission line to León; 3 = La Leona substation; 4 = 138,000 kW lines; 5 = affected location after a strange glow was observed; 6 = possible lightning strike site affecting Pavana; 7 = southern part of the country also affected by the blackout.

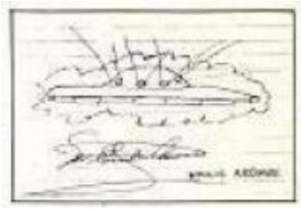

Illustration 2.

This is the drawing made by Mr. Emilio Aronne, another witness to the October 27 blackout in the city of Choluteca, Honduras. 100 meters long and about 25 meters high.

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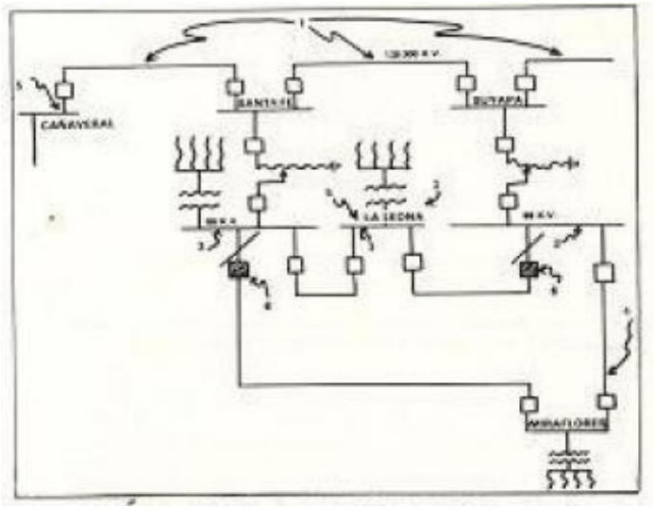

Illustration 3.

Blackout of October 27, 1978, at 8:30 p.m. 1 = 138 kW lines; 2 = La Leona substation; 3 = 69 kW lines; 4 = Miraflores line where a tail or rope was found; 5 = strange simultaneous glow in Cañaveral and La Leona; 6 = open circuits when the blackout occurred slowly; *[Back]*

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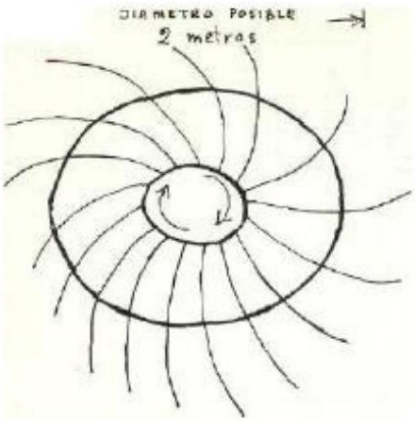

Ilustración 4. *Esquema del grup observa sobre la estación de L Leona.*
1 = cúpula verdosa girando a la qu estaban nectadas las «barbas»; 2 «barbas metálica brillantes girand

Illustration 4.

Diagram of the group observing the La Leona station. 1 = rotating greenish dome to which the "beards" were connected; 2 = "slowly rotating shiny metallic beards"; 3 = Interior part that remains static.

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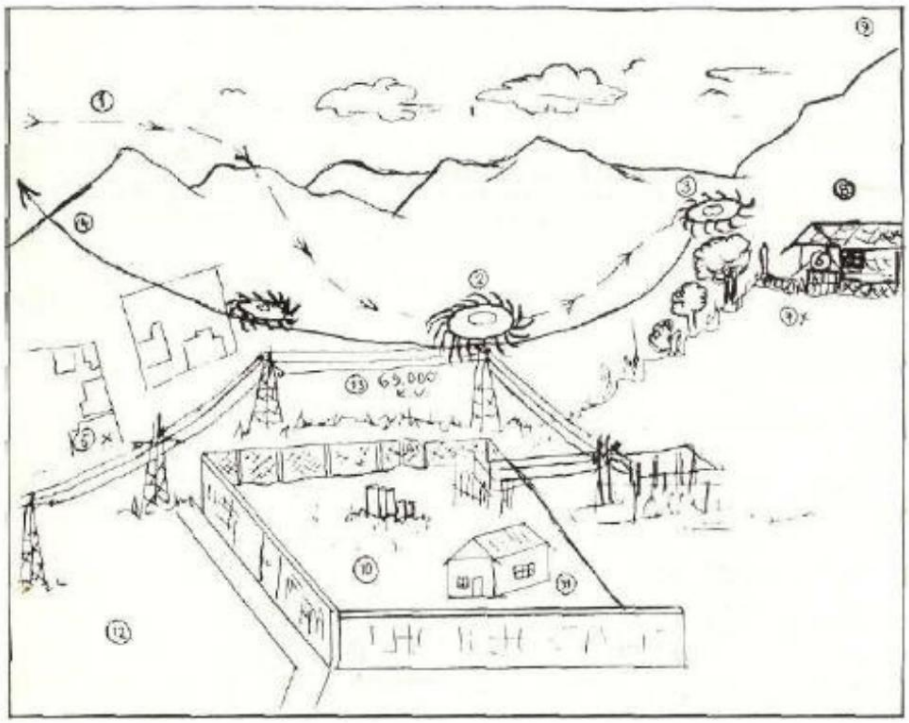

Illustration 5.

Schematic profile of the Tegucigalpa La Leona substation.

1. Possible arrival route of the UFO.

2. Parking point where the explosion occurred (short circuit).

3. UFO observation point after the "crash." Above a mango tree.

4. Apparent route of exit of the UFO.

5.Observation point of witness Rosendo Ponce, security guard of the apartment building.

6. Observation point of Mrs. Donatila and her daughter Elizabeth, from the balcony of your house.

7. Observation site of the girl Isabel Manzanares, in the courtyard of Donatila's house.

8. House next to Donatila, from where the storekeeper of the granary (Abastos) and his wife observed father-in-law.

9. El Picacho hill with 1,200 m above sea level.

10.La Leona substation.

11. Control panel booth, where the shift workers were.

12. Street adjacent to the substation, through which you enter La Leona.

13.69 Kw transmission lines.

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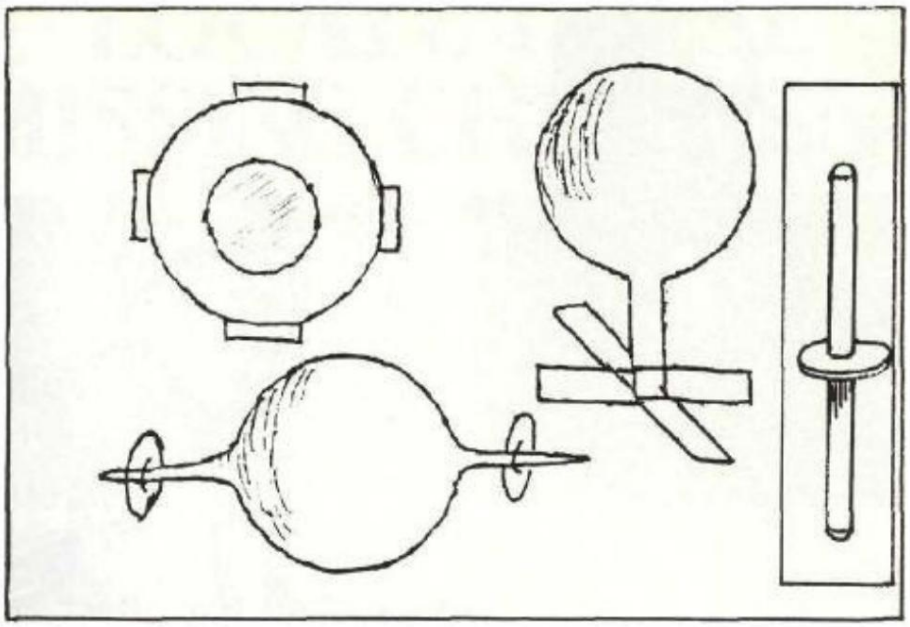

Illustration 6.

Small circular artifacts used by the Ummites.

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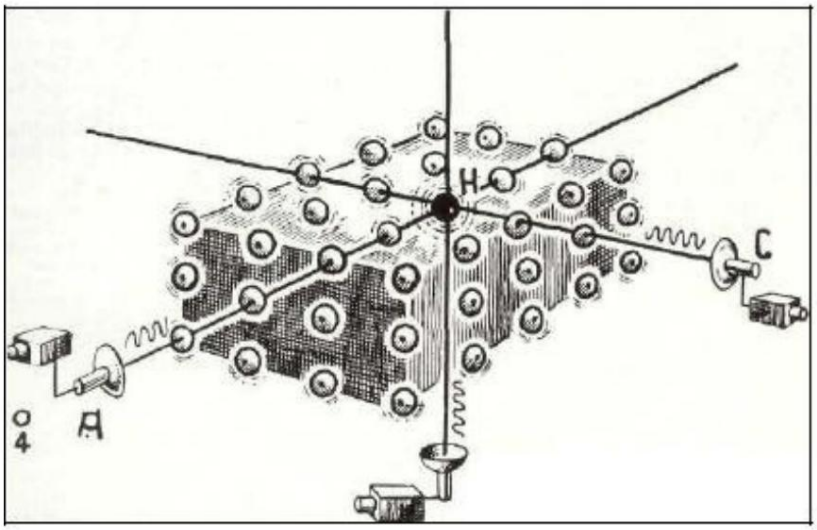

Illustration 7

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Illustration 8.
Edwin

Illustration 9.
George Valdar dressed in the light blue uniform worn inside the ships. This drawing was painted from memory by Edwin after Valdar returned to his home planet, following a two-year stay on Earth, during which he worked for a time in the same factory as Edwin and was his best friend (taken from the book "UFO Contact from Koldas").

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Illustration 10.

Drawing of one of the "aliens" who kidnapped a woman in Mirassol (Brazil) and subjected her to a biogenetic experiment that apparently resulted in a hybrid creature.

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Illustration 11.

Page from the magazine that Eastern Air Lines distributes on its planes. This is from April 1985. The headline reads: "CAN YOU... "HELP FIND THESE MISSING CHILDREN?"

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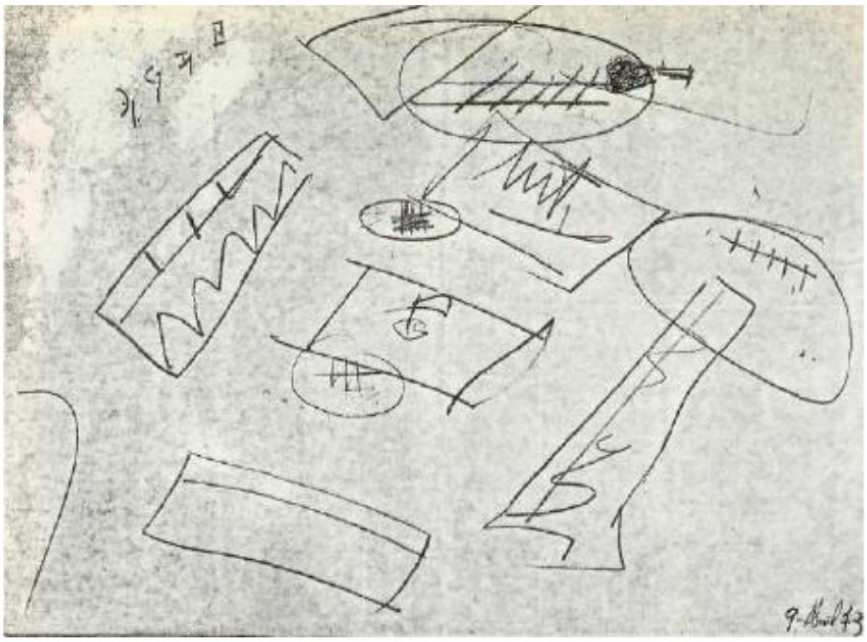

Illustration 14.

A photocopy of the drawing the blond man made in front of JL, predicting archaeological discoveries near the Zócalo square in Mexico City. It shows other places where even more important discoveries are to be found.

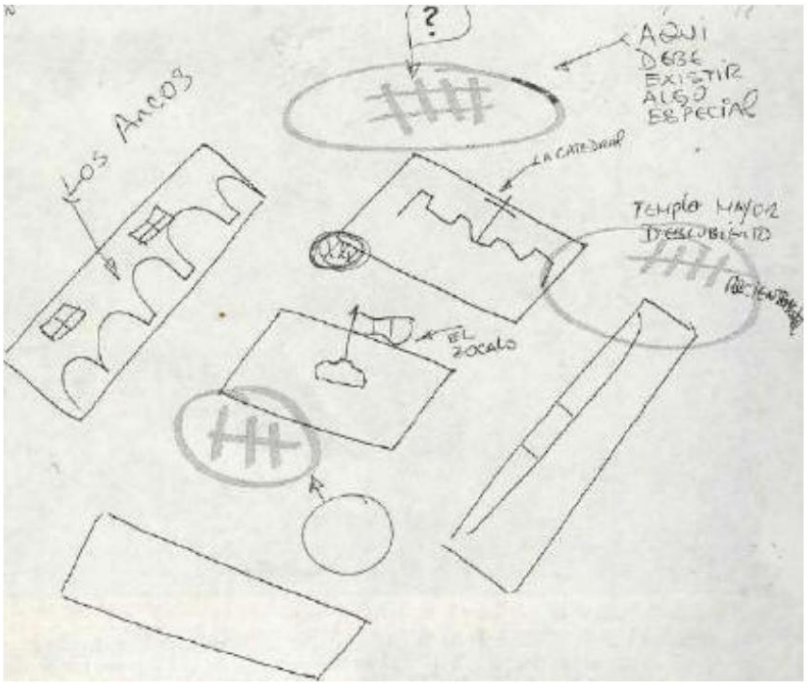

Illustration 15.

JL's interpretation of the drawing made by the blond man. According to him, what's there where JL put a question mark is even more important than what has already been discovered.

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GRADES

[1] After writing these lines, I contacted that person again, precisely to find out how his relationship with these creatures was going. He told me that he had to move out of that house because as soon as he was alone there, the creatures would appear and harass him to such an extent that he became afraid of them. (Editor's *note)*

[2] In the book Without a Trace, Charles Berlitz quotes the author at length and echoes the abundant information that the latter gave him about many mysterious disappearances that were occurring in the Caribbean in those years and in particular on the island of Puerto Rico where he was living at the time. *(Editor's note)*

[3] For this whole topic, the book Mysterious Disappearances by Patrice Gastón *(Plaza and Janes Publishing)* is very interesting , from which we have taken some of the data for this chapter.

[4] An exception among us is Engineer Juan Domínguez Montes who in his book El Pluricosmos *(Agora Bookstore)* has delved without prejudice into the study of the Ummite formulas and their profound philosophy, arriving at conclusions that both in the technological and philosophical order are capable of greatly enriching knowledge and the human spirit.

[5] I have developed this theme in my book Christianity, another myth. (Editor's *note)*

[6] Recently, the hypothesis has been put forward that Juan Pedro was literally melted by the acid carried by the tanker truck he was traveling in, or that his disappearance is related to the heroin stash discovered in the truck. Anything is possible. But in any case, the solution to one case does not erase the reality of thousands of other mysterious disappearances. (Editor's *note)*